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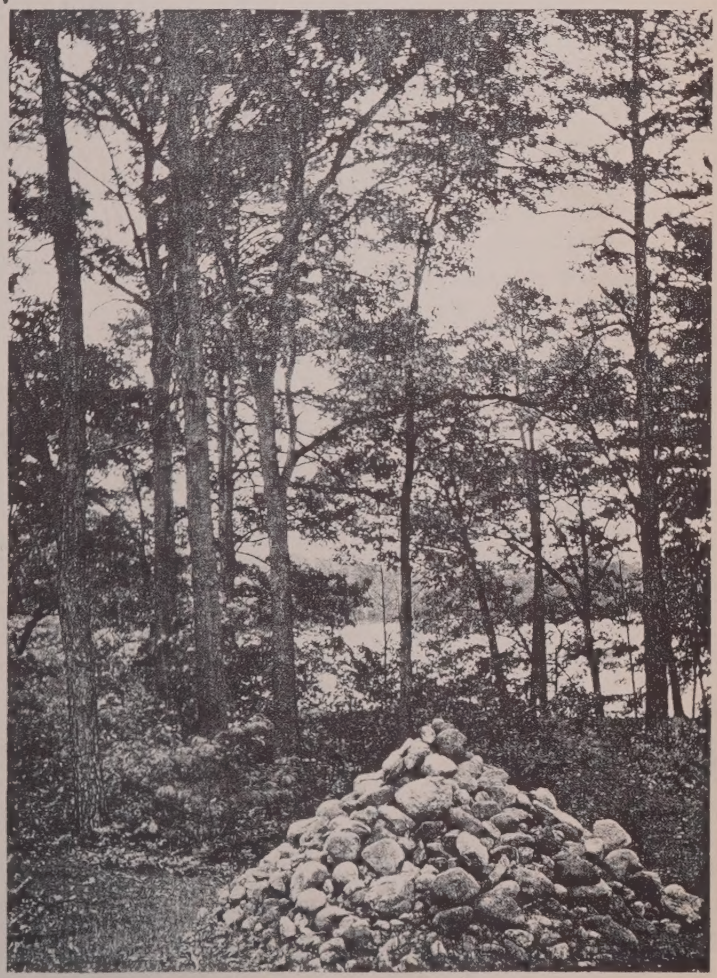

MELVILLE'S CHIMNEY

By

WILLIAM G. CROWLEY

During the summer of 1855, Herman Melville wrote his rather humorous and successful, though somewhat long-winded magazine piece, "I and My Chimney." As several persons have pointed out,[1] it was also sublimated biography, actual and psychological. It lays claim, in fact, to be easily "the most intimately personal of all his magazine sketches."[2] A scrutiny of the work and some facts from Melville's private life at this time lead me to think it all this and more:

I. A conscious statement of his literary position in the fifties.
II. An account of his mental-physical illness which resulted in an examination by Dr. O. W. Holmes.[3]
III. An attack on femininity.[4]
IV. A classic picture of the unhappy marriage—in some respects his own.

These motifs, vined around an ambiguous but definitely phallic symbol, the chimney, are extremely confused and entangled, probably for the double reason that Melville shied away from developing such latent themes for the readers of Putnam's Weekly and, also, because he was himself uncertain how much he was trying to say. Nevertheless, those themes are in his story—demonstrably—and will be examined in the order listed above.

I

What does the chimney stand for? Primarily Melville's talent, which he associates with his masculinity[5] and, in this particular summer, his poor health. Surely his talent is in his mind when he writes early in his sketch:

> Though I always say, I and my chimney, as Cardinal Wolsey used to say, I and my King, yet this egotistic way of speaking, wherein I take precedence of my chimney, is hardly borne out by the facts; in everything, except the above phrase, my chimney taking precedence of me.

Visitors "call more, I suspect, to see my chimney than me." This chimney is called his "spine" and "backbone" and "foundation," and is, in truth, his inner soul, which from time to time he has tried to fathom "away down in the umbrageous cellar there, whose numerous vaulted passages and far glens of gloom resemble the dark damp depths of primeval woods." If this chimney "is so expressive a symbol of a man's essential self,"[6] can we doubt its symbolization to Melville of his creative source?

But the chimney, like Melville's talent in 1855, is not what it once was. All the stories of this period--wintry in tone and subdued in manner, as Newton Arvin has said--connect Melville's ideas about failure, anti-climax, and a drawing back from the life of men. All these ideas operative at the time reflect Melville's belief that he has left youth and hope far in the wake. So in the story the old I and his chimney settle more every day and I is running "quite behind the age" now. Although Melville is willing to admit--with a smile, too--this failing, he seems also to try to say that his talent (and this runs counter to his more conscious equating of chimney and talent) fails him sometimes: "I much minister to it, yet never does it minister or incline over me; but, if anything, in its settlings, rather leans the other way." Actually, however, if the symbols stand up, Melville complains not that he has lost his ability but acknowledges that he is carrying on a modified self-destruction to preserve it[7] in some essential fashion--against the attacks of his family, as it develops. His artistic self-mutilation was writing for the magazines after the personal catastrophe of Pierre. His loss of heart took the form of acceptance of his large failure with a determination to continue to write under less strain and less demand on himself.[8] This is my understanding of Melville biography, and it more or less coincides with the story of the chimney.

The chimney, too, has been altered radically in past years ("many years ago" fits quite well with I's advanced old age) and was actually beheaded by a "surgical operation."[9] I says two operations were performed because "the picturesque yields to the pocketesque." Melville succeeded in sacrificing that high-reaching talent of his so well that he never completed another full-length novel after Pierre. His publishers' forcing of this change may be expressed in the sentence: "But at last the man who has a mortgage on the home dropped me a note reminding me that, if my chimney was allowed to stand in that invalid[10] condition, my policy of insurance would be void." This condition of the chimney had been caused by "naked ...exposure"--perhaps that of Moby-Dick and Pierre? By the time of the fictitious action, however, I has come to think he was "a little out of my mind" when he sued to go digging around the base of his chimney--in the cellar mentioned above. In other terms, is not Melville saying he no longer plumbs the deepest reaches of his talent? This idea would seem to be reinforced later in the story when I refused to break into an inner chamber of the chimney for Captain Dacres' treasure. This refusal, in a different sense, is the pivot of

the narrative of the story. But whatever his failures--of nerve or fiction--Melville continued to write and husband his talent, even though "the truth is, my wife like all the rest of the world cares not a fig for my philosophical jabber. In dearth of other philosophical companionship, I and my chimney have to smoke and philosophize together.... It is now seven years since I have stirred from home. My city friends all wonder why I don't come to see them, as in former times. They think I am getting sour and unsocial.[11] Some say that I have become a sort of mossy old misanthrope, while all the time the fact is, I am simply standing guard over my mossy old chimney; for it is resolved between I and my chimney, that I and my chimney will never surrender."

II

That Melville was, on occasion, blunt in his biological metaphors is well known. In "I and My Chimney," his architectural descriptions have definite biological development, not to say sexual and psychological. For example, the chimney in the house refers to his mind, his talent, and his body.

On a simple level, the narrator often discusses the house as if it were the body,[12] in which the soul, the talent, is the dominant force. Referring to I and the chimney as "both rather obese" and implying his own stocky frame ("mine is a very wide house and by no means lofty") Melville[13] further describes it, and claims that "never was there so labyrinthine an abode" in which everything "dovetailed." This symbol is reinforced by the disguised appearance of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as the master mason, Hiram Scribe, who, at the wife's bidding, comes to inspect the chimney.[14] Melville has his fun--both with the idea of his insanity and with O. W. H. Scribe, "a rough sort of architect," whose elaborate examinations, especially at first, correspond to the physical probing necessary for sciatica.[15] There is a good deal of examiner Scribe, viz., his remark about the chimney: "I wouldn't have it in a house of mine, sir, for a gift.... It's a losing affair altogether, sir. Do you know, sir, that in retaining this chimney, you are losing, not only one hundred and forty square feet of good ground, but likewise, a considerable interest upon a considerable principal?"

Can one help thinking of Holmes' money-making ability and his small talent? Nor is the identification unaided by the essay style of Scribe's letter on April Fool's Day, suggesting closer appraisal of "a secret chamber," or what could easily be a mock criticism of Holmes' writing: "a griffin-like house of wood and stucco, in the highest style of ornamental art, graced with four chimneys in the forms of erect dragons spouting smoke from their nostrils; the elegant modern residence of Mr. Scribe, which he had built for the purpose of a standing advertisement, not more of his taste as an architect, than his solidity as a master mason." There is also this: "Mr. Scribe, for all his pretended disinterestedness, was not opposed to pocketing five hundred dollars by the operation."

Melville was likely in dead earnest when I refused to have anything to do with the projected search for the secreted riches supposedly left by a kinsman, Captain Dacres (sacred?). He had done his diving deep and his searching in Moby-Dick and Pierre. Subconsciously anyway, and probably consciously, Melville's anxiety over his mental condition, aggravated by his family's hyper-concern, was deepened by the analogy, not expressed anywhere, which must have suggested itself, between him and his father, who went mad and died in 1832. That the malady might be hereditary (note the kinship between Dacres and I) must have occurred to the entire family as Merton Sealts has indicated in his summary at the end of his article on "I and My Chimney:" "It is Melville's account of the examination of his mind...because of anxiety over Melville's nervous condition and...fear of possible hereditary insanity."

Probably also in the back of Melville's mind, as the story tells us, was a kind of belief in the ancient precept of the divine insanity of the artist, and his unwillingness to break into the hidden recesses of the chimney bears a more important significance than any mentioned before. To use modern terms, he was unwilling to submit to the analyst's couch, or, for that matter, on the literary level, to submit to an artistic grappling with his real meanings.[16] Melville may really have feared his father's end, but it is more likely that he is repeating, with different emphasis, that the mystery of his talent no longer bothers him; he will accept it. If talent is irrational, then it is; and, if he is going to guard it until both he and it settle down and die (or go mad), then, at least, "I and my chimney are settling together, and shall keep settling, too, till as in a great feather bed, we shall have both settled away clear out of sight."

Melville's decision, even if it was no godlike struggle with Leviathan, shows a steady courage and, usually, a good humor about himself. We had best appreciate this humility because of the antagonistic gestures toward his wife and his mother in the same story. We must, however, also realize that Melville's

search as a human being[17] for symbols with which to adjust himself to the world went on with amazing vigor throughout his life, and his felt desire not to dive deep again probably opposed a stronger urge to redefine his philosophy during these years of crisis.

III—IV

Trying to ferret out of such a sketch an attack on femininity and a picture of Melville's marriage, on the psychological level, means that we must consider these two aspects as interwoven and implicit in the husband-wife relationship set forth in the story.

On this level, the chimney still retains its objectification of talent and soul, but the emphasis of this interlarded theme is more strictly masculine--and, of course, more phallic, too. First of all, its place in the scheme of the story equates masculinity with death. Now the theme of death bulks large, of course, in Melville's writing. The suicide of Ahab and Nelson's invitation to death in Billy Budd--two clear examples--evidence thanatos clearly. In both I and his wife, Melville personifies the psychological truth that "woman does not share equally man's affinity for death.... It is probably...true that among the polarities of the universe, masculinity and death, femaleness and life, are linked together."[18] In the perpetual warfare of I and his wife, this truth is reinforced. Clearly the war--so Melville tries to make us believe--is between masculinity and femininity. The wife, as the life spirit, is forever active, never suffers from a toothache, lies awake at night "planning her campaign for tomorrow," and is "in spirit...young as my little sorrel mare, Trigger, that threw me last fall." In fact, his "wife never thinks of her end." "Straight as a pine," filled with "youthful incredulity" and "infatuate juvenility" she seems to believe she will live forever. Since she "doesn't believe in old age," she "takes to nothing but newness" and with "unwarrantable vitality" battles the flow of life toward its end. Some of this campaign is merely ridiculous: planting flowers[19] where they cannot grow and elms where they will be of no use, and even hating the sunset. Much of it, as the narrator makes clear, is directed at himself, "the old man," who has chosen to protect his chief masculine symbol, the chimney. It is, of course, this decision and the fight over it which, in the simplest terms, afford the conflict-incident around which the tale is built. But there is in I's recalcitrant stand, obversely, a good example of that other psychic pole, and once we establish that we can look further at the ambiguous positions Melville takes in this story.

Not only does I "take to oldness in things" but he would find "ashes not unwelcome all but in my mouth" and is, as mentioned in another context, looking forward to settling away clear out of sight. He makes no bones over "indolently weaving my vapors--in contrast with his wife, "needles in hand indefatigably knitting a sock"--and looks forward also to sinking meditatively with his chimney into the earth. In this idea, in which are linked a phallic symbol, Melville's symbol of his talent, and I's symbol of masculine inviolability, we have an artistic and, perhaps, personal equation of sexual failure (the death-wish) and life's end.

Once we accept the fact that his perception of sexual polarity has been felt strongly by Melville and imbedded in a work of art we can proceed to see how the story also illustrates some common psychological truths about marriage.

Although, in reading the story, Elizabeth Melville realized how her husband had borrowed some real life incidents, she identified the tyrant of the story with Herman's mother, Maria, who had, in fact, supervised the building of the barn much as I's wife had. As Newton Arvin says, "It is natural and touching that Lizzie should have been able to believe this, but the truth is that wife and mother had been fused in Melville's mind into a single image of intrusive and oppressive hostility."[20] The hostility Melville did not manipulate in his story. It is revealed unconsciously and follows so definite a pattern that it seems almost too pat when we isolate this strand from its place in the whole. Yet the hostility pattern is true, I am sure, and, most likely, was true to a great extent in Melville's life with Elizabeth at Arrowhead.

In the process of marital disintegration, one partner, at least, fails the other. The second then retaliates in aggression, which takes two opposite courses--one for the husband, the other for the wife. Once begun, the action-reaction pattern repeats with increasing destructiveness and bitterness until an impasse--death or divorce--is reached. From the woman's standpoint, aggression against her (which is usually neglect or lack of love) begets frustration, which, of course, leads to more aggression on her part: "feeling herself oppressed and frustrated by a male, woman identifies herself with the aggressor and depreciates her own femininity," which is the form of self-destruction peculiar to women.[21] So, in Melville's story, we have, for example, the building of the barn without consulting I. Indeed, his wife has "frequently made me

propositions to take upon herself all the responsibilities of my affairs. She is desirous that, domestically, I should abdicate; that renouncing further rule, like the venerable Charles V, I should retire to some sort of monastery.... I find myself through my easy compliances, insensibly stripped by degrees of one masculine prerogative after another." The wife also hires help and consults architects. In actuality, as Lizzie's letters attest, Herman had no head for "practical affairs."

Psychologically, the woman doing this kind of usurping really desires the exact opposite of male abdication, and in direct relation to the accomplishment of this castigation of her husband's masculinity and her repudiation of her own femininity she frustrates herself and thus begets more aggression and further frustration. The vicious circle becomes almost inescapable when we consider the normal response of husbands: "The chief sin of men with reference to their wives and children is...passivity,"[22] which women take to be aggression, or further aggression, against them. Usually, according to Dr. Menninger, there are two elements in this lassitude: the general passivity that makes men seem to surrender to the woman the masculine prerogatives which she wishes he would retain, the surrender of which makes him lean upon her in a dependent way as if to make her a mother rather than a wife;[23] and the withdrawal of his erotic interests from his wife and the transference of them to male associates and male activities. Melville's I is certainly less obvious than this, but he does wish to settle down peacefully with his "pipe...chimney...elbowed old grape vine... club-footed old neighbor...[and] claw-footed old chair." His passivity, for all its obtuseness, amounts to a perverted passive resistance: "I have not a single scheme or expectation on earth, save in unequal resistance to the undue encroachment of hers."

So it is logical that the next step, analytically, is "those innumerable attacks upon his masculinity which the frustrated wife inflicts in the course of the daily routine of life... neglecting, reproaching, destructing, criticizing, ridiculing, interfering with pet hobbies and habits, playing the martyr and giving the impression of being the victim of the husband's suspicion or cruelty, disappointing him in major and minor expectations."[24] In the story, all the hate thus generated crystallizes in assaults on the chimney. "No opportunity, however trivial, was overlooked for a fling at the pipe," that is, the chimney, the symbol of passive masculinity. The extreme to which Melville's imagination carried this female war is indicated by the paragraphs in which Holofernes is the key. Melville was probably not as astute as his contemporary, the German playwright, Friedrich Hebbel, who in his Judith seems to have perceived the same hidden theme in the Biblical account as Freud:[25] the destruction of Holofernes by decapitation (i.e., symbolic castration) was necessitated by his deflowering of Judith. Nevertheless, such a meaningful image appeared in Moby-Dick (Chapter LXX, "The Sphynx"), where "that blood-dripping head hung to the Pequod's waist like the giant Holofernes' from the girdle of Judith." That this image, one step removed, is implied in "I and My Chimney" would seem obvious when one considers the dominant theme of the story. How easily then the unexpressed impulse of I's wife coalesces into one threat. Decapitation, the destruction of the chimney, castration, the destruction of I, the end of Melville's career—surely they are all one emotional complex. Actually, there is no indication that the domestic war at Pittsfield ever became open or vicious, and, probably, Melville was a better campaigner than I, although his uneasiness in victory (like that of I) might well be expressed here: "I live in continual dread lest, like the golden bowl,[26] the pipes of me and my chimney shall yet be broken." But if I was triumphant, passively, he still refused to face up to his male obligations and assume dominance and leadership, and, therefore, there could be no possibility that this thwarting and disappointing of his wife could do anything but perpetuate the war. One campaign succeeded another.

Having allowed for conscious rational belief, artistic awareness in non-conceptual terms, and unconscious revelation, we may yet qualify our whole understanding of the meanings of "I and My Chimney" by wondering how much self-justification a great artist like Melville could work into such a story. Whatever I's faults, he is never guilty of the acts of revenge manifested by his wife. Was his unconscious mind writing the story? Quite possibly. Whatever catharsis the composition afforded him, the sketch shows how much Melville hated the feminine--both in his own fussiness and in his persistent resistance against his wife. That his attitude carried over to his daughters we can see in the superfluous description of the confused suitor, which prefigures his daughters' accusations in later years that he did not treat their suitors with proper seriousness. Thus even the smallest matters seem to fall into place. We are left, then, only to wonder about the pervasive good humor of the whole story. Does it conceal[27] a personal tragedy or crisis in Melville's life at this period? Or does it indicate the resolution of one? Although the evidence at hand offers no clue, Melville's whole career

indicates the latter.

Humor, with Melville, was never just a weapon or a defense mechanism, as it was with Mark Twain. As part of his character, it testified to the double vision of the artist. He could be completely involved in a situation and yet retain his identity---indeed, could view himself and the situation as if from the outside. His best writing is absolutely convincing on this score. Can we, then, deny him that critical detachment in life? If we do, we are reducing him to our own level, but, even if this were possible, we can hardly say less than that this particular story had best be comprehended in the light of Melville's Faustian objectivity. Even if his vision were less than perfect in life, in his art he almost always seems to have possessed it, and nowhere more obviously than in "I and My Chimney."

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1 For example, Merton Sealts, Richard Chase, Newton Arvin and Jay Leyda.

2 See Leon Howard, Herman Melville, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1951, p. 224.

3 Merton Sealts analyzed this aspect in his "Herman Melville's 'I and My Chimney,'" American Literature, XIII (1941), 56-59.

4 Melville also manifested a more wholesome view of women. See my M.A. dissertation at Trinity College in Hartford.

5 For Melville's association of literary activity and sex (esp. in the "Tartarus of Maids") see Richard Chase, Herman Melville, A Critical Study, N.Y., 1949, p. 163, and his introduction to the Selected Tales and Poems, N.Y., 1950.

6 See Newton Arvin, Herman Melville, N.Y., 1950, p. 236.

7 His sanity as well.

8 His finances were comparatively sound in 1855 for the first time in his life. See Leon Howard, op. cit., for full details.

9 The suggestive imagery of such words as these should be remembered when we consider how Melville's illness is revealed in the story.

10 See note 9.

11 The biographical interpretation common some years ago.

12 A classic idea and a Freudian one.

13 Since his physical imagery and its import have been convincingly explained by Merton Sealts, I have used his conclusions without repeating his arguments.

14 Maria Melville probably insisted on the examination. See Newton Arvin, op. cit., p. 210.

15 Real in life and mentioned in the story.

16 In this regard, notice the references to sardonic and fault-finding Momus, whom I vaguely chides for desiring to see into the soul of man through a glass plate.

17 And as an artist, too, although this rich development has been obscured because Melville for many years confined himself to verse, a genre in which he had few natural gifts.

18 Lillian C. Smith and Paula Snelling, "Man Born of Woman," North Georgia Review, Winter, 1941, p. 75.

19 A well-recognized sexual symbol, of course, and one already used by Melville. See Merrell R. Davis, "The Flower Symbolism in Mardi," M L Q, II (1941), pp. 625-638.

20 Newton Arvin, op. cit., p. 204.

21 For this information and for a general understanding of the psychological meaning of the male-female relationship in marriages like those in this story I am indebted to Karl Menninger's Love Against Hate, N.Y., 1942, especially chapter iv, "The Depreciation of Femininity."

22 Menninger, op. cit., p. 53.

23 This confusion was present in Melville's mind when, in 1851, while filling out the birth certificate for his son Stanwick, he had listed himself and his mother Maria as the parents. Further speculation might well be made regarding this or Melville's word relationships around such terms in the story as "Henry VIII;" "monastery;" the demands his horse-riding "juvenile" wife makes on him; the possibility of some kind of impotence in Melville at this time and afterward; the relation of a settling phallic chimney with himself represented in old age and the fact of his having had his last child born that year; his middle-aged awareness of an incomplete development of masculinity as related to his attachment for his mother and his rejection of his father; the ambivalent repudiation of masculine aims and character, disclosing the latent homosexuality which reappears in Billy Budd; Lizzie's felt or known desires for sexual gratification. Although we have little conclusive evidence about Melville's marriage, these problems deserve to be mentioned. None of them is baldly "true." But Melville was aware of many deeply hidden phenomena within himself that he could not explain, understand or condone; and he was too honest an artist to ignore them.

24 Menninger, op. cit., 116-117.

25 Compare Freud, On War, Sex and Neurosis, N.Y., 1950, p. 239. In considering the Bible, Freud distorts the facts, assuming a "deflowering," whereas the Old Testament specifically denies that Judith in any way yielded to Holofernes.

26 A symbol of the cranium in Ecclesiastes--another reminder that Melville equated his sanity--not his dementia--with his talent. Incidentally, I's favorite author was Solomon, with whom, at least in his sentiments if not in his marital accomplishments, I saw eye to eye.

27 Mardi or Pierre is probably a better (i.e., more direct) statement of Melville's inner struggle with marriage and sexual maturity.

THOREAU—CITIZEN OF CONCORD

By LAWRENCE WILLSON

Like all the Transcendentalists, Thoreau lived, or thought he lived, primarily in and for the present moment. His message was not for the Sandwich Islanders, but for men of Concord, men of New England, right here and now.[1] "I live in the present," he said. "I only remember the past, and anticipate the future."[2] When he went to Canada he was impressed to discover that the people and the nation were incredibly behind the times, that they had even slipped to a point behind the times of their ancestors, because of their respect for the "rust of antiquity...of conventions and formalities."[3] He was, almost in spite of himself, a modern and progressive Yankee, eager to accept any indication that the prevailing commercial spirit was bringing good things to pass.[4] He liked to think of himself as a piece of nature, living as the tree lives, oblivious to the passage of time, completely concerned with this immediate moment of eternity. "What difference to the meadow-sweet or the swamp white oak, or to the silver-flashing maple leaves, a thousand years ago or today?"[5]

Thoreau the Puritan and scholar could not, however, rest in this tranquil dissociation from all save the immediate moment. A unifying thread bound all time and all nature together in God; another thread, hardly less strong, bound a man to ancestors and to history.

When he entered Quebec he wished to scrape away the rust of antiquity, but he also felt, with a certain tremulous jubilation, that he was entering another century, where perchance, because the life was simpler and closer to nature, the rule of perfect living--always his essential aim--might be the more easily observable. He felt this excitement often with an even greater force at home in Concord, where, in the phrase of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, "all history repeated itself." He recollected there first of all, of course, the everlasting permanency of nature, which made the same stars to shine over him as had shone over the Assyrians; he sat at the window watching the same goings-on as he would have seen there three thousand years ago, and it made him feel "like a priest of Isis." He walked abroad and heard the "telegraph harp," and suddenly, as it stung his ear with "everlasting truth," bringing a message "from the Highest," Concord was allied to Athens and "both to Elysium;"[6] present, past, and future were welded into one. He sat on the cliffs above Fair Haven Pond and looked out over the moonlit countryside and was reminded "of a far-away, long-passed civilization, of an antiquity superior to time, unappreciable by time."[7]

In Concord he was peculiarly favored, not only for the ease with which he could associate with nature, but for the ease with which he could re-create the past history of America and meet with its relics. Concord was the oldest inland town in New England; it was the scene of the first battle of the Revolution--and long before the Revolution it had had a glorious history as the seat of Sachem Tahatawan, as a center of operations during King Philip's War, and as the headquarters of the Praying Indians to whom the apostle Eliot preached. It was to this period of Concord's aboriginal history that Thoreau was first of all and primarily attracted. Not long after he started to keep his Journal he wrote in it:

> Everywhere in the fields...the earth is strewn with the relics of a race which has vanished as completely as if trodden in with the earth. I find it good to remember the eternity behind me as well as the eternity before. Wherever I go, I tread in the tracks of the Indian. I pick up the bolt which he has but just dropped at my feet.... I scatter his hearthstones... and pick out of the embers of his fire the simple but enduring implements of the wigwam and the chase. In planting my corn in the same furrow which yielded its increase to his support so long, I displace some memorial of him.[8]

Thoreau's major concern with the history of Concord had to do with the period when the aborigines alone dwelt there; it was forcibly brought to his attention whenever he went forth for his daily saunter and kicked up an arrowhead. But the Concord which had existed from 1635 was also vital; everywhere it forced itself into his consciousness, pushing both nature and Indians aside occasionally. The waters of Musketaquid remembered Tahatawan and Waban and Squaw Sachem, but they likewise remembered Captain Lincoln and his drummer, Colonel Barrett, Major Buttrick, and a host of others less distinguished but equally human and representative of divine law.

"It is all storied," said Thoreau, as he walked along the riverbank by the spot "where the old settler was drowned when crossing on the ice a hundred years ago."[9] He remembered that Captain Kidd was reputed to have buried a large cache of doubloons and pieces of eight at the mouth of John Hosmer's hollow near the river--as in nearly every other township in eastern Massachusetts--and he was pleased to see where men had recently dug for it, on directions originally supplied by Moll Pitcher.[10]

It reminded him that some men of Concord were still "dreaming...like children." "I would [rather]," he said, "they should have even that kind of faith than none at all."[11] He must also have remembered, when he walked into the vestry of the old parish church to deliver his defense of John Brown, that in that very room the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts had met in 1774 to plan for armed resistance to Great Britain.

He did not always approve of his white predecessors--not, certainly, as much as he approved of the Indians--but occasionally they had done wise and intelligent things, even improving on the beauty of nature which God had bestowed on Concord. They had set out the elm trees, for instance, a fact which "deserves to be recorded," he said, for "Nothing more proves the civility of one's ancestors."[12] He gave them unstinted honor for their foresight in planting sugar maples on the Common, even "though one of the selectmen did take the cold which occasioned his death in setting them out."[13] And, his antiquarian interest thoroughly awakened, he proceeded to gather so many facts about his native town that at least one of his friends urged him to write a history of it. "It would be a...labor...for which you are singularly qualified," he wrote.[14]

His first authority on the history of Concord was his father, who, when he died,

> was not only one of the oldest men in the middle of Concord, but the one perhaps best acquainted with its inhabitants, and the local, social, and street history of the middle of the town, for the last fifty years.

"I think," said Thoreau, "that he remembered more about the worthies (and unworthies) of Concord village...than any one else."[15] For the rest--for the history and gossip of an older Concord, and Concord beyond the village bounds--he went, first of all, to older inhabitants: Brooks Clark, Conant, Jacob Farmer, Garfield, Joseph Hosmer, and George Minott, who was a nephew of Mrs. Thoreau's stepfather, and whose uncle, Abel Prescott, had ridden into Concord before the British on that famous morning in 1775. From these venerable informers he could learn far more and of greater value than he could learn from Lemuel Shattuck's History of the Town of Concord (Boston and Concord, 1835), for Shattuck's account, as Minott told him, "is not right by a jugful...he does not come within half a mile of the truth, not as he [Minott] has heard tell."[16] On at least one matter--the date when the stone bridge was built--Thoreau himself was able to contradict Shattuck, on testimony gathered from E. Wood and Abel Hosmer and Benjamin.[17]

The questions which he asked these men, judging by the answers which he received and recorded, concerned almost every facet of local history and legend. Not only did he ask for dates of bridges; but for dates, descriptions, and locations of old forts and gristmills; for the exact location of old boundaries; for the origins of local names, such as "College Road;" for descriptions of the town as it used to look; for statements as to just who lived in what houses; for the history of just who dug which old cellar-holes and what subsequently became of the diggers; for gossip about Whitney's slave Cassy and Squire Cuming and other "worthies" of the old town. And, of course, he asked about the Revolution.

When he was only a youth, he carried a notebook around the town and recorded in it verbatim the statements of old residents about what had happened in their homes on the day of Concord Fight. To read those details now is to be convinced that Thoreau was as much interested in Concord gossip of the old days as his mother was said to be in Concord gossip of the new. He recorded the story of Anna Jones down to the final detail that, after the Fight was over, her brother Stephen brought his company home and treated them to "his mother's best cheese and--two pailfuls [of cider]."[18] He went to look at the relics of the battle, of course, although he grumbled characteristically on the way that there were many better things to be seen in Concord --oaks, for example. He examined with scrupulous care a series of engravings which showed scenes of the village at the time of the Fight, noting as nearly as he could the identity of those who had then lived in each of the houses shown. He conducted researches to discover what the weather had been in April, 1775, because he doubted the legend "that the grain was waving in the fields and the apple trees were in blossom" when the embattled farmers gathered.[19] Almost the only details which failed to interest him were those of the Fight itself, which he never once dignified by the title of "Battle." "Concord Fight!" he exclaimed with evident scorn; "Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded."[20] A much more important fight in Concord--and this one he did call a Battle--was the conflict of ants which he witnessed at Walden Pond. The numbers involved were greater; the heroism displayed was greater; the cause no doubt as just, and the results as memorable.

Thoreau's real aim was, of course, merely obscured by the purely antiquarian excursions into which he was constantly driven by his

Yankee love of exact information and "facts." What he must have heard with the greatest pleasure in the recital of Anna Jones was the stalwart remark of "Mr. Buttrick the miller," who, when the British told him they would send him to hell, replied that "he had such a well-established mind he was'nt afeard, They might do as they pleased, he could'nt live long at any rate."[21] This miller was obviously a man fit to stand beside Tahatawan in Thoreau's affection, a man worthier of his place in the chronicle than Amos Baker, who during the excitement "went over behind the hill to the old Whittaker place...and stayed," to be later celebrated as "the only survivor of Concord Fight."[22]

The study of history was for Thoreau worth while only because one might discover a lost but recoverable principle of living in it. His concern was not for the event, but for the men who had been involved in it. If they had acted with a due regard for the laws of nature and of God--the only laws for which Thoreau himself ever showed any regard--then he could learn something from their example which would stead him in his day. Thoreau went to Concord Fight to learn something about the men who had been involved in it, and about their manhood. He was looking for nobility and he found it--in Mr. Buttrick the miller; he found its opposite--in Amos Baker. His conclusions were variable, depending on his purpose of the moment and on his temper. In a Transcendental mood, he was properly scornful of the past and its "heroes," of whom, said he:

> We only know that they ate, and drank, and built barns, and died and were buried, and still, perchance, their tombstones cumber the ground.[23]

Then he looked about him and saw smug and fearful men, devoted to the worst aspects of the commercial spirit, and he lamented that by the standard of '75 "Our Buttricks and Davises and Hosmers are retreating."[24] The inhabitants of Thoreau's Concord talked proudly of their ancestors; they ate parched corn in remembrance of heroism in the family, and they rang the bells on the 19th of April; but they were no longer prepared to stand by the North Bridge in defense of a principle. They could not, for example, be excited into action by the plight of the miserable fugitive slave. When a principle needed defending, they too "went over behind the hill...and stayed." Again, however, no more frightened than Emerson and Whitman by inconsistency, he could by implication praise Amos Baker's prudence, noting that the principle which dignified the Revolution had not been a love of liberty so much as an annoyance over "a threepenny tax on their tea."

Thoreau was certainly not altogether frustrated in his search for noble manhood as he perambulated the town collecting the lore of history. Sometimes, if he did not find it in the tales they told of the Revolutionary soldiers, he found it in the tellers of those tales, the oracles he went to consult. Still in Concord, few though they were, he could find

> rude and sturdy, experienced and wise men...fuller of talk and rare adventure in the sun and wind and rain, than a chestnut is of meat, who were out not only in '75 and 1812, but have been out every day of their lives.[25]

These men lived close to nature, loved it, and depended on it. Chief among them was George Minott, who had, indeed, fought in the War of 1812--and had not been ten miles from home since.

Thoreau admired the spirit of the man who knew how to live at home, as he admired the fact that the fences on Minott's land had not been changed since twenty years before the Revolution. He loved to go to the little house on the hill above Emerson's, where he sat under John Beatton's old clock, which had begun to tick "when Massachusetts was a province," among old furniture and old people, talking of older people, hearing tales of the treacherous General Hull and of turkey-shoots and of the unbelievable days when there was open "gaming--shaking dice for money--on Concord Common." It is safe to say that in that little house he felt safer and happier and freer than he ever felt in Emerson's more elegant parlors below.

Minott, indeed, came pretty near to being Thoreau's ideal man: he was a good husbandman without being a drudge, his motives were not pecuniary, he knew his own farm intimately, he used the old-fashioned methods of doing things--his barn floor was held together by oak pins, not iron spikes, for example--and he liked to walk in a swamp, listening to the pines groan. Never, in all the dozens of references to Minott in the Journal, is there a single word of disapproval or dispraise, although Emerson and Channing and Ricketson and his other friends all receive their due--and some of them their undue--share of censure. Of Minott, however:

> He adorns whatever part of nature he touches; whichever way he walks he transfigures the earth for me. If a common man speaks of Walden Pond to me, I see only a shallow, dull-colored body of water without reflections...but if Minott

> speaks of it, I see the green water and reflected hills at once, for he has been there.[26]

There lies the marvelous secret: Minott had been both in Concord and in nature. He was equal authority with Old Josselyn and Bradford and Joe Polis and Goodwin on matters of the weather and how to predict it; he could tell, as well as the Indian could, what herbs and roots would cure what diseases; he knew the countryman's names for birds and plants--which Thoreau liked to use, because "All true greatness...wears the homeliest dress and speaks the homeliest language." What matter if he did still believe "that the earth is an extended plain"? He had simplicity and sound sense and a thorough knowledge of the palpable, as well as perfect faith in the impalpable, and he spoke Henry Thoreau's homely language: he still adhered to the Old Style of the calendar, saying, "New Style does not change the weather."[27]

Minott was a product of the older Concord and of the tradition upon which it was founded. Consequently, association with him gave added impetus to Thoreau's antiquarian research. Having discovered one good man who derived from the past, how many others--possibly even better--he might trace in the records of that past! So he continued his delving, often for the pure love of the fact and often because his profession of surveyor made it mandatory that he should arrive at exact divisions and boundary lines.

Thoreau examined the old deeds and original grants of land recorded in the town clerk's office and noted the names which were given to the various fields and ponds and ditches, together with the dates when these names first appeared.[28] He consulted such other primary sources of local history as the "Wast Books," or ledgers, of Ephraim Jones, who had kept a general store in Concord fifty years before the Revolution. The details which he found were almost as precious as arrowheads:

> There is no more authentic history of those days than this 'Wast Book' contains, and, being money matters, it is more explicit than almost any other statement; something must be said. Each line contains and states explicitly a fact.[29]

From such research he learned the value and the beauty which might derive from the commercial spirit in some of its manifestations.

He was pleased to note that in the days of Ephraim Jones, only a century before his own, the inhabitants had raised almost everything for themselves and had even, like the Indians, made their own thread. He was delighted also to know that Concord had been then wild enough to harbor deer and wildcats, and that Ephraim's customers had brought these reminders of an aboriginal day to the store for barter. "Methinks my genius is coeval with that time," he said.[30] "Ah! already I shudder for these comparatively degenerate days of the village."

He read also the printed record: Edward Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence, John Josselyn's Account of Two Voyages, William Wood's New England's Prospect, and the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, all of which provided him with various facts and fancies about old Concord. As he read these and other accounts, he checked their accuracy where he could, for his initial purpose as historian was to bring the record more nearly to rest on the absolute facts. When he read of something interesting in the neighborhood, he went to see it, asked questions about it, corrected his source if it needed correction, and often concluded with a philosophical note. Thus, for example, he received and acted upon a hint from Lemuel Shattuck's History:

> I visited today an old mill on the [Shawsheen River] in Bedford said by Shattuck to have been...built before Philip's war & to have been owned by Michael Bacon then...now owned by a Fitch. Fitch the miller son of owner said the original mill had been burnt a great many years ago--but showed us a wall which he thought was as old as the first & many old oak timbers much decayed. His grandmother [said] there had been a mill there 200 years--[31]

The "philosophical note" which concludes Thoreau's comment is of special interest in its illustration of his ultimate purpose as historian--to discover evidences of manhood and neglected principles of living--and its further indication of the unity of his historical interest with his concerns as naturalist, social critic, carpenter, antiquarian, and Transcendentalist generally:

> I was most struck by some stairs made of solid oak timber sawed diagonally the hypotheneuse resting on a straight backed oak horse-- The miller thought them a hundred years old at least-- They commanded my respect. Old times had stout men.... The oldest monuments of the white settlers hereabouts are probably some dilapited [sic] & now undistinguished stone walls--laid long before Philip's war--not houses certainly perhaps not cellars--but old unhonored stone walls & ditches-- But it is difficult to find one wall authenticated. I respect a stone wall therefore.[32]

In such monuments of wood and stone Thoreau looked for evidences that the older life of Concord had been idyllic. He visited old houses in particular, declaring, "This is where the men who save the country are born and bred. Here is the pure fountain of human life."[33]

Hoping still to find the source of that fountain, he reviewed old houses and their history with his father; and with Stedman Buttrick, whose grandfather had been in Concord Fight, he sallied forth to visit Tommy Wheeler's house, noting that the pine timbers in it told "of the primitive forest here." He visited often the houses on "Conantum" and at the Baker Farm, and despite his pretended scorn for mere antiquity, he recorded his sorrow that they were falling into ruin. He examined these houses carefully, from top to bottom, taking notes and drawing diagrams; he rummaged through their cellars--for cellars and cellar-holes also fascinated him and could reveal much--and noted with patient disapproval just how many barrels of liquor each had been designed to hold, and undoubtedly had held. "The first settlers made preparations to drink a good deal," he observed, and they did not disappoint themselves."

When the old house on the Lee farm burned, in 1857, he made numerous trips to the site, examining the ruins, making suppositions about the exact date of construction, the direction in which it had originally faced, and so on. He pored over its ancient bricks, comparing them with other ancient bricks which he had either seen or heard of, declaring, until he remembered the gravestones on the hill, that the one which he carried away was "our sole Nineveh slab, perhaps the oldest engraving in Concord."[34] When, in 1859, Solon Hosmer tore down the old Hunt house--a part of which had been built by John Winthrop--Thoreau hastened day after day to the spot, to study and measure and to meditate about the past. Nothing in or about or concerning the house eluded either his interest or his attention. And when he learned the exact position of the original front door, his scholarly--and sentimental--jubilation was lyrical. By no means can one convince himself that it is Thoreau the Transcendentalist who exults over such a discovery.[35]

Inevitably we return, however--as Thoreau himself inevitably returned, after he had assembled the facts--to a point of loftier intention. What sort of men lived in the old houses when they were new, and what was their living like? In the very last analysis, all Thoreau's excursions into antiquarianism and history were inspired by the same motive that inspired his excursions into the woods and up and down the river: to learn more about the basic relationship in which man and nature stood to each other, especially in Concord--where, if anywhere, he must <u>be</u>.

Life was incontestably simpler in the old days of Ephraim Jones and Mr. Buttrick the miller; men had perforce to live closer to nature when wolves as well as British soldiers roamed the old Marlborough road, and when there would be no food for the family unless one went out and shot or snared it. If it was a hard life--if the snows were deeper then, as Minott reported--it was also infinitely more exciting. Thoreau, good Puritan that he was, could embrace hardship with a Puritan's grim joy. Moreover, the hard life was also, paradoxically, the easy life. The men of old Concord could in a measure saunter to their work, as Thoreau wished to do, and have a wide margin of leisure left over. If a man had chosen then to go fishing, he could have gone openly, "not skulking through the meadows to a rainy afternoon sport."[36] A man's work had not been even then exactly his play, but it had preserved a better balance between the two; and there was more evidence in the old houses that living had been vitally lived than he could find in the newer houses, even in the shanties of the Irishmen who lived by the railroad tracks in a necessarily closer relation to the soil than the rest of the villagers.

Thoreau did not, of course, always find what he sought in the records of life in an older Concord. The settlers had built their cellars to accommodate barrels of rum--and since they dug the cellars before they raised the houses, it could be said that the rum had been their first interest; such a theory was indeed substantiated by a glance at the habits of their descendants of the first generation, as revealed by the debits and credits in Ephraim Jones's ledger. The Minutemen had been brave and hardy in a rather obvious way, but it was an illusion to think that they had fought only for high principle. To travel in the past was at last to learn the superior wisdom of living in the present, as to travel in society--old or new, unless perhaps one went far back, among the aborigines--was to learn the virtue of seeking the solitude of nature.

Meanwhile, as he studied Concord and rambled through it, always with the lofty aim somewhere in his mind--occasionally, as when he measured the bricks in old houses, pretty far toward the back of it!--he himself became "what old Fuller would have wisely called one of the worthies of the town."[37] Thoreau <u>knew</u> Concord; he had learned it. Like Minott, he "had been" there. And although the town had once thought of him as one of its "unwor-

thies," to be classed with Bill Wheeler and Goodwin and Melvin, it eventually came to admire him as a worthy son and citizen. In September, 1851, he was invited to accompany the Selectmen on their time-honored pilgrimage to "perambulate the bounds" of the town. Although, characteristically, he scoffed at the custom and the invitation, and later felt "inexpressibly begrimed" by his association "even with the select men," he must have realized, as Concord did, that he was by way of being one of them. When he died, one of his friends wrote to another, "I think it no small achievement to so live as to raise the value of one's surroundings. That Thoreau has done."[38] Concord--or Jerusalem--could hardly ask more.

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1 The title page of the manuscript of Walden (HM 924) bears the legend, "Addressed to my Townsmen." Throughout the manuscript Thoreau crossed out "Concord," emending it to "New England." See also Walden, p. 4. (All references prefaced by the symbol "HM" are made to Thoreau's manuscripts in the Huntington Library, here quoted by permission. All references to the published writings are to the Walden edition, published in 1906, the volumes of the Journal being numbered 6-20. I have used the alternate numbering, 1-14.)
2 Letter to H. G. O. Blake, 27 March 1848: Familiar Letters, p. 163.
3 Excursions, p. 81.
4 A surprisingly spirited defense of the commercial spirit is to be found in the speech which Thoreau delivered at his Commencement from Harvard. He considered the moral influence, which seemed to him good and promising. See the full text in Kenneth W. Cameron, The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.), Hartford, 1958, I, pp. 234-235.
5 Journal, IV, 152. 6 Ibid., IV, 458-459.
7 Journal, II, 477. 8 Journal, I, 337.
9 Journal, XIII, 111.
10 See Journal, VII, 70, and IX, 168.
11 Journal, IX, 169.
12 Journal, V, 127; see also Excursions, p. 5.
13 Journal, XI, 218.
14 Letter from Thomas Cholmondely, Rome, 1856, quoted in F. B. Sanborn, The Life of Henry David Thoreau, Boston & N.Y., 1917, p. 307.
15 Journal, XI, 436-437.
16 Journal, XI, 110.
17 Journal, XII, 238 and 245.
18 HM 945. Thoreau wrote down the "Statement of Anna Jones" when she was "aged 86--[18]37." His manuscript is now almost indecipherable because he erased the "Statement" and superimposed upon it a series of "Nature Notes" when his interest in local history waned.
19 See Journal, III, 412; VIII, 362; XII, 162; XIII, 303. In the first he noted, despite his doubt of the tradition: "It may confirm...however, what Grandmother said,--that she carried ripe cherries from Weston to her brother in Concord Jail the 17th of June the same year." 20 Walden, p. 255.
21 HM 945. 22 Journal, III, 87.
23 Journal, III, 10. [388.
24 "Slavery in Massachusetts," Cape Cod, p.
25 A Week, p. 6. 26 Journal, X, 158.
27 Ms Am 278.5. Quoted by permission of the Houghton Library, Harvard University.
28 For his discussion of the origin of the name of Walden Pond, see Walden, pp. 202-203. Although he mentions the possibility that the Pond may have been named after Saffron-Walden and notes elsewhere (Journal, X, 219), on the authority of Shattuck's History, a suggestion supporting the authenticity of the derivation of the name--since the Minotts of Concord were descended from a Thomas Minott, whose son was born at Saffron-Walden while Thomas was secretary to the Abbot of Walden--Thoreau does not seem to accept the theory as conclusive. He wrote elsewhere (HM 924) that the first representative of the Concord Minotts to arrive "appears not to have come to Concord till... long after the pond was named." A more plausible derivation, which it seems very strange that Thoreau should not have known--as he apparently did not--is that the Pond was named for Richard Walden, a distinguished early citizen of Massachusetts, a trader among the Indians along the Merrimack, and a friend of Simon Willard, one of the founders of Concord. See "Concord Books," Harper's New Monthly Magazine, LI (June, 1875), 29.
29 Journal, VI, 79. 30 Journal, VI, 88.
31 HM 13182. 32 Ibid.
33 Journal, XII, 203. 34 Journal, IX, 261.
35 Thoreau's particular account of the Hunt house, at the time of its destruction, is in Journal, XII, 36-38, 47-48, 59-60 and 86-87. For other comments on the house and its history, see Journal, III, 393-394, 412-413; IV, 487; V, 416; VII, 457; VIII, 159; IX, 275-276; X, 224, 279; and Cape Cod, p. 201.
36 A Week, p. 32.
37 "Editor's Easy Chair," Harper's New Monthly Magazine, LXV (Sept., 1882), p. 631.
38 Theo Brown to Daniel Ricketson, 19 Jan. 1868, in Daniel Ricketson and His Friends, Boston & N.Y., 1902, p. 215.

R. W. Emerson.

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EMERSON'S POETICS

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There is need for high literary standards in our country. In the almost-forgotten writings of Emerson, perhaps, we could find them, for deeply imbedded there is a serious and penetrating effort to get at the heart of the poet's genius and craft, an effort which rewards the reader with real illumination on the nature of poetry. The most finely chiselled thoughts and ideas in his Journals, Essays, and Poems constitute the core of his theory of poetry. Since Emerson's poet, like Emerson himself, is no ordinary man, he needs to be considered from four aspects: his genius, his nature, his function, and the manner and method of his verse-making. With these facets of Emerson's poetics this paper will deal.

I. THE GENIUS OF THE POET

> ...Poets...men endowed with highest gifts, the vision and faculty divine! --Plato.

To Emerson who craved for the quintessence, the highly concentrated and intensified meanings of things, poets maintained the closest semblance to an ideal. They were a race apart --"Olympian bards who sung divine ideas below, which always find us young, and always keep us so."[1] His poetic theory is essentially and significantly an adaptation of Platonic idealism. Like Plato, who believed poets to be the inspired oracles of the gods,[2] Emerson called them "liberating gods who with their figurative writings, open new worlds for other men."[3] Plato's poet finds his inspiration in the gods; Emerson's, in nature. Plato would have him a herald of the divine regions; Emerson, a passive vessel filled to the brim by an onrush of the Oversoul. To Plato, poetic genius was "madness;" to Emerson, divine inspiration. Controlling the creative impulse, for Plato, was a portion of reason, which rendered man incompetent to produce poetry.[4] Inspiration restrained through discipline, for Emerson, checked loquacity and resulted in the enormous force and ecstasy of few words.[5] On this last point, the Greek philosopher and the Sage of Concord differed.

The Emersonian theory of the "Each and the All" and the "One and the Many" is basically Platonic. There are, for both, the visible world of images and reflections (which are only conjecture) and the intelligible world of truths known only by reason. Emerson's Poet, like Plato's Philosopher, possesses the flexibility of ranging up this scale, from the visible to the intellectual world, seeking the cause of many effects, diving into the profound with the self-assurance that he will at last arrive at an absolute and sufficient One--a One that shall be All. Emerson believed that poetry shows this relationship of the Many to the One by the use of symbols selected from objects of Nature, through the medium of which the Poet appeals to the intellect of man and leads him to recognize the truth, to distinguish the actual from the ideal, to differentiate the concrete from the abstract. Others may be moved by objects of sense to sensuous delights or by human actions to ethical understanding, but Emerson's Poet, like Plato's Philosopher, goes beyond the sensible world into the ultimate unity of beauty and truth.

> Beauty through my senses stole;
> I yielded myself to the perfect whole.[6]

Emerson's Poet symbolizes the Platonic immortality of which, in this life, we perceive only the "trailing clouds of glory." For him all poetry was written before time was, on some invisible tablet in the Eternal Mind:

> The sea, the mountain ridge, the Niagara, and every flower-bed, pre-exist, or super-exist, in pre-cantations, which sail like odors in the air, and when any man goes by with an ear sufficiently fine, he overhears them and endeavors to write down the notes without diluting or depraving them.[7]

Plato's Philosopher descends into the cave of darkness and doubt where shadows and images are mistaken for realities and liberates the chained prisoners, revealing to them the light of eternal beauty and the knowledge of eternal truth.[8] Emerson's Poet turns the world into glass and shows all things in their right perspective; he puts eyes and tongue into every dumb, inanimate object; he unlocks our chains and admits the reader into a world of reality.

On the idealistic philosophy of Plato, Emerson bases his poetic principles, creating a Poet who in nature, function, and method excels all men. He would have no "piano or parlor verse"--

> No jingling serenader's art,
> Nor tinkle or piano strings,
> Can make the wild blood start
> In its mystic springs.[9]

His Transcendental theory challenges aspiring poets to lean "on a principle," for they are called to be "vehicles of ideas"--their wagons hitched to a star.

II. NATURE OF THE POET

> And his mind is the sky,/ Than all it holds more deep, more high.
> --Emerson.

By nature, Emerson's Poet is an "emperor in his own right;" his birth is "the principal event in chronology."[10] He is distinguished from his contemporaries by his individuality. They are but partial men; he is the complete man, for he "apprises us not of his wealth but of the common wealth."[11] He is first in the scale of being and, therefore, sees the relationships among other beings, has the ability to detect similarities and discover analogies, dealing with the essences of things. He can best see and best say what is ideal, what belongs to the world of soul and beauty.

He is not merely a man of talent or one with whom the thought of the poem is secondary and the finish of the verse primary. He is a genius, having the largest capacity to receive and impart, for "talent is the severalty of man" and "genius, the universality." Emerson designedly defines Genius as "that power which constitutes a poet,"[12] who sees what everyone else sees, but sees more intensely. He has the power of expression and can interpret circumstances in words which everyone understands. This delicacy of the mental antennae, quivering to the faintest vibrations, gives the Poet insight and power to appreciate the infinitesimal in the world of beauty.

Isolated among his contemporaries by his truth and art, the Poet is undisturbed by temporal vicissitudes; he moves apart in the throng; his thoughts are with the firmament; he stands too high to be partisan in any strife. (Jour., V, 220).

> But if grown bold, the poet dare
> Bend his practices to his prayer
> And following his mighty heart
> Shame the times and live apart.[13]

> Men consort in camp and town
> But the poet dwells alone.[14]

He has intimate knowledge of human beings and is especially open to the invitation of nature's charm, color, bloom and weather--to the motion of the seas, the infinity of the stars, the exhilaration of a swim or a ride--as aptly expressed in Woodnotes:

> When the pine tosses its cones
> To the song of its waterfall tones,
> Who speaks to the woodland walks?
> To the birds and trees who talks?
> Caesar of his leafy Rome,
> There the poet is at home.

The power of the Poet's imagination gives him a sensibility so keen that the scent of an elder blossom, the timber yard, the corporation works, all subjects--politics, economics, stock brokerage--as much as sunsets and souls--become poetic when placed in proper perspective.

Over and above all, the Poet is born for the future. He is always young since the love of the universal and eternal beauty is pregnant with youth and vitality. (Jour., III, 254). He may be found in the thick of ideas and in the heart of a restless world. Sooner or later, he will draw all men to him, for all men live by truth (The Poet) and "stand in the need of expression."

III. FUNCTION OF THE POET

> He shall daily joy dispense
> Hid in song's sweet influence.
> --Emerson.

The function of Emerson's Poet is essentially that of a philosopher--but more than that. The philosopher talks about life; the Poet represents it in its extreme moments, its raptures, its tragedies, its victories. There are those who would discount these attributes of the poet, but Emerson believes that their attitude results from a failure of self-analysis.

> ...people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics.[15]

> We are greatly more poetic than we know; poets in our eyes, and ears, and skin. (Jour., VI, 191).

Man unconsciously leads two lives--one trivial and ordinary; the other, spiritual and idealistic. This latter the poets nourish and sustain.[16] The Poet's highest function, then, is that of an ambassador, repeating in the finite the creative process of the Infinite Creator. So long as he is a faithful agent and repeats conscientiously his divinely inspired message, his verse is necessary and universal.

He is an interpreter between man and nature, and between man and his own nature. He spends his life in the cause of humanity, assuaging man's aesthetic hunger and thirst with poetic inspiration. His heart beats in unison with the time and with his country. He writes for readers often unknown to him, even for those personally prejudiced against him. Both will find reflections of their own thoughts in his verse.[17]

Although to the Poet all things are poetical, Emerson warns the genuine bard to discriminate and reject the lower forms of life in favor of the higher. A constant refinement should permeate his works. Nature ought not to be only a hieroglyphic but a patent message as well. (Jour., VI, 190).

The Poet should be eminently and justly honored by his nation, for he is the exponent and measure of progressive civilization. As a

silent witness to the unrest of the past and a harbinger of peace, he nourishes the frail trust of bewildered mankind, possessing such self-reliance that "every heart vibrates to that iron string."

IV. METHOD AND MANNER OF THE POET.

Great is the art,
Great is the manner of the bard.
--Emerson.

Emerson marvelled at the mystery of poetry--the delicacy of its touch and the eternity which it inherited. "Poetry," he said, "must be as new as foam and as old as rock."[18] One of his definitions reads: "By poetry is meant all those illustrations of truth by natural imagery, which spring from the fact that this world is the mirror of him who made it."[19] Great poets, moreover, "are to be judged by the frame of mind they induce" and, therefore, "the severest criticism is due" them.[20]

Poetry must communicate by symbol,[21] the material objects in nature representing truths behind nature and natural laws corresponding to moral laws. In proportion as a man's life becomes aware of truth, his thoughts express themselves in natural symbols,[22] which act as stimulants to other intellects, emancipating them so that "we seem to be touched by a wand which makes us dance and run about happily like children."[23]

Words, for Emerson, were particularly significant in poetry. "There is always a right word, and every other word is wrong." (Jour., II, 402). The poetic word should become one with the thing, so perfectly should it be chosen. "I take up a poem: if I find that there is not a single line ...nor word but expresses something that is true for me as well as for him...it is adamant. No critic can hurt it, he will only hurt himself by tilting against it." (Jour. I, 401).

In poetry, compression is essential. "Though prose may be ideal in content, poetry must be." (Jour. VII, 517). The laws of poetic composition are as strict as those of sculpture and architecture. Poetry, like Michael Angelo's art, must be a "purgation of superfluities."

> There must be no fumbling with words, no acceptance of the nearly fit...no embellishment, no laying on of colors, but the work of art must perfectly represent its thought. Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty that it has been taken for it--beauty is more than fitness, but it must include it.[24]

"Every good poem I know," Emerson wrote, "I recall by its rhythm also. Emerson wanted from his bard "no manufacture of rhyme and rhythm but a vortex, a musical tornado that whirled the materials of their minds into the same grand order that planets and moons obeyed, and seasons and monsoons."[25] Rhyme is a transparent flame which "allows almost the pure architecture of thought to become visible to the mental eye." Still, means of expression must be subordinated to the imaginative truth to be expressed, for "it is not metres, but metre-making argument that makes a poem."[26] The color, the image, and the idea must come to the poet spontaneously. His interest in the achievement of seventeenth-century metaphysical poets like Herbert, Crashaw, Marvell and Donne is expressed in a note of 1831:[27] "I often make this criticism of my friend Herbert's diction, that his thought has the heat as actually to fuse the words, so that the language is wholly flexible in his hands and his rhyme never stops the progress of sense." Emerson's Poet, like Herbert, must be interested in common things; he is a "land-lord," "sea-lord," and "air-lord."[28]

V. EMERSON'S SELECT POETS.

The men who lived with him became
Poets, for the air was fame.
--Emerson.

In the light of Emerson's poetics, it would seem that no poet could possibly approach his standard. Indeed, he looked in vain for such a one,[29] confident that the ideal example must eventually appear.[30] Meanwhile, he had his favorites, though he found limitations in them all. Homer was too literal. Milton was too literary. Whitman was too much the whooping savage. Even Shakespeare was only half a man. In "The Harp" he catalogues his favorites, registering acute disappointment at the end of the list:

> And this at least I dare affirm,
> Since genius too has bound and term,
> There is no bard in all the choir
> Not Homer's self, the poet-sire,
> Wide Milton's odes of pensive pleasure,
> Or Shakespeare whom no mind can measure,
> Nor Collins' verse of tender pain;
> Nor Byron's clarion of disdain,
> Scott, the delight of generous boys,
> Or Wordsworth, Pan's recording voice--
> Not one or all can put in verse,
> Or to this presence could rehearse
> The sights and voices ravishing
> The boy knew on the hills of spring.

In the "Oversoul," he admits into his sanctuary: Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton because they are content with truth.[31] The "unfading petals five" of his poem, "Solution," are: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Swedenborg, and Goethe. Homer marks the "Genesis of the Poet" in our world. He

uttered not his own words but what the gods had put into his mouth. Homer's is the only true epic (Jour., III, 329) because it is the first; those that followed are copies and imitations. His is the universal; the others are particulars. Dante was a magnificent poet--all imagination. Although the Inferno had little appeal for Emerson, he considered Dante an "exceptional mind" and "a prodigy of imaginative function." The Divina Commedia was the work of a complete man, who apprised us not of his own wealth but of the common wealth. He had the genius to show similarities and analogies which no poet prior to him had succeeded in doing. Only by traversing the whole scale of being could Dante so realistically portray the vision of heaven, hell, and purgatory. He was free imagination--all wings--and wrote like Euclid, daring to "write his autobiography in colossal cipher or into universality,"[32] and realizing the fulfilment of poetic function.

> I am afraid to circumscribe within rhetorical rules, the circuit of such a towering and majestic mind, a taste the most exquisite that God ever informed among men. (Jour., II, 128).

Among Emerson's "Representative Men," Shakespeare is the philosopher, speaking the truth from the inner depths of his being:

> I see all human wits
> Are measured but a few
> Unmeasured still my Shakespeare sits,
> Lone as the blessed Jew. ("Quatrains")
>
> Nor sequent centuries could hit
> Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.
> ("Solution")

Speaking of his influence, Emerson said: "How literature, philosophy, and thought are Shakespearized."[33]

Milton comes next with the Paradise Lost--beloved for the music of his verse, his use of noble words and the wedding of thought and form. His poems unite truth, beauty and goodness.

> I comforted myself at midnight with Lycidas. What marble beauty in that classic pastoral. I should like well to see the analysis of the pleasure it gives. That were criticism for the gods. (Jour., III, 19).
>
> Classic poetry is very cold, but the omnipotence of the muse is in Lycidas. (Jour., IX, 449).

The standards Emerson sets for poetic excellence are the highest. He disdains mediocrity, smug satisfaction and vain complacency. "There is no luck in literary reputation," he says in Spiritual Laws. "They who make up the final verdict upon every book are not partial and noisy readers of the hour when it appears; but a court of angels, a public not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overawed, decides, upon every man's title to fame." America needs these literary standards today.

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1 Essays, N.Y., 1914, p. 208.
2 Irene Samuel, Plato and Milton, Ithaca, 1947, pp. 47ff.
3 William Braswell, "Melville: A Critic of Emerson," American Literature, IX (1937), 320.
4 Five Dialogues of Plato Bearing on Poetic Inspiration, ed. Ernest Rhys, N.Y., 1910, p. 6.
5 Norman Foerster, "Emerson on the Organic Principle in Art," P M L A, XLI (1926), 203; also his American Criticism, Boston, 1928, 71.
6 "Each and All," Poems, Boston, 1867, p. 15.
7 Essays, ed. cit., p. 245.
8 See The Republic, tr. Jowett, N.Y., n.d., 253ff. 9 "Merlin," Poems, p. 106.
10 Essays, p. 245. 11 Essays, p. 240.
12 Journals, IV, 251.
13 "The Poet," Poems, p. 266. 14 "Saadi."
15 "The Poet," Essays, p. 248.
16 Compare James Russell Lowell, The Function of the Poet, N.Y., 1920, p. 24.
17 Journals, III, 344.
18 Letters and Social Aims, Boston, 1885, 25.
19 Emerson Grant Sutcliffe, Emerson's Theories of Literary Expression, Urbana, 1923, p. 125.
20 Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Boston, 1884, p. 314.
21 Sutcliffe, op. cit., p. 8.
22 Letters and Social Aims, p. 68.
23 "The Poet," Essays, p. 223
24 Norman Foerster, American Criticism, p. 65.
25 Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England, N.Y., 1936, 260ff.
26 "The Poet," Essays, p. 212.
27 Norman A. Brittin, "Emerson and the Metaphysical Poets," American Literature, VIII (1936), 4. 28 Essays, p. 266.
29 Essays, p. 262.
30 "Shakespeare," Representative Men, p. 368.
31 "Oversoul," Essays, p. 186.
32 "The Poet," Essays, p. 262.
33 "Shakespeare," Representative Men, p. 357.

EMERSON'S "DAYS" IN FRENCH

By MAURICE GONNAUD

[The following translation of Emerson's best-known poem was sent to us by Professor Maurice Gonnaud of the University of Dijon, Côte d'Or, France. In his covering letter he wrote: "I do not feel up to the job of adequately rendering into French Emerson's pithy and deceptively simple masterpiece.... I tried to keep

something of the rhythm, occasionally lengthening the basic twelve-syllable line in order to suggest the reflexive quality of the poet's thought. How far I have succeeded in my attempt, perhaps some of the readers of the E S Q will be kind enough to tell me." Professor Gonnaud is completing a doctoral dissertation, after spending several months of last year at the Houghton Library in Harvard University. His address is: 115, Avenue Lyautey, Dijon, France.]

LES JOURS

Surgis du Temps, les Jours hypocrites s'avancent,
Muets, discrets, comme derviches aux pieds nus;
Ils vont séparément, en file interminable,
Tenant dedans leurs mains brindilles et bijoux.
Ils offrent à chacun le don qu'il veut bien prendre,
Pain, royaumes, étoiles, avec le ciel les contenant.
Moi, de mon jardin feuillu, j'observais le cortège;
J'oubliai mes souhaits au matin prononcés,
Hâtivement saisis deux pommes, trois brins d'herbe.
Le Jour se détourna et s'en fut silencieux.
Et moi, trop tard, sous le bandeau de majesté,
Je lus tout son mépris.

THOREAU'S MANUSCRIPT POEMS IN PRIVATE HANDS.

By CARL BODE

When the "New England Private Collector" had his Thoreau items catalogued for the Graham Sale, nine of them were manuscript poems. As I read through the catalogue I gathered that the texts of at least eight were largely unpublished. And yet I had the feeling that this could not be right. I read the descriptions again. Then I saw that in nearly all cases the compiler of the catalogue had implied one thing but had actually written another. This was done by using such phrases as "believed to be unpublished," "(in all probability) unpublished," and "probably unpublished." In two cases the cataloguer had said flatly that except for a quoted passage in each poem, the rest was unpublished. In both cases he was almost certainly wrong.

I myself have not seen these manuscripts--this I should stress--but "in all probability" much of the text of seven out of the eight poems has been in print for fifteen years or more. My guess is, in fact, that all seven were published in my Collected Poems of Henry Thoreau (1943) in one form or another. I know that other students of Thoreau will join me in hoping that the collectors who bought the manuscripts will let us know whether they are really unpublished. To help in clarifying the situation I list the items below, along with some remarks of my own.

402. "Life is a Summer's Day." Thirty lines out of thirty-three "in all probability" unpublished, according to the catalogue. The only item for which I believe the catalogue's claim is correct.

403. "Inspiration." Eighty lines out of eighty-four "believed to be" unpublished. I think this lyric has, with some variations, been published many times before. It is printed in the Collected Poems, pp. 230-233, with variations listed on pp. 333-334.

404. "The Freshet." Described as having four six-line stanzas, with the first stanza unpublished except for six lines. But the stanza has only six lines!

405. "The Soul's Season." Sixteen lines out of thirty-six "believed to be" unpublished. My guess is that most if not all of those lines will be found in the full version which I print in Collected Poems as "The Fall of the Leaf" (pp. 236-238, with variations listed on pp. 334-335) or in "Appendix A" of Collected Poems in my transcription of Huntington MS. 13201.

406. "Whether We've Far Withdrawn." Sixty-nine lines out of seventy-five asserted to be unpublished. Actually many of those lines doubtless appear in Collected Poems as "Farewell" (p. 215, with variations listed on pp. 327-329).

407. "I Seek the Present Time." The one poem for which the cataloguer makes no claim, and with good reason. It appears in Collected Poems, pp. 165-167, with variations listed on pp. 318-319.

408. "The Fall of the Leaf." One hundred and sixty-four lines out of one hundred and sixty-eight "probably" unpublished. On the contrary, many are, doubtless, printed in Collected Poems. See entry 405.

409. "The Fall of the Leaf." Eighty-four lines "partly" unpublished. Four of them admittedly published. Again, see entry 405.

410. "Cock-crowing." Fifty-six lines out of sixty definitely claimed as unpublished. Instead it is surely a longer version of "Upon the Bank at Early Dawn" (Collected Poems, pp. 203-204, with variations listed on p. 326).

LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS IN THE TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY

By THE EDITOR

In the Watkinson Reference Library of the Trinity College Library, Hartford 6, Connecticut, are the following literary manuscripts, many of them still unexamined. For permission to consult or edit, scholars should address their requests to Donald B. Engley, Esq., Librarian.

11 Hamlin Garland to Charles Dudley Warner covering the years 1896-1900.
2 Bret harte to Charles Dudley Warner (1872)
1 Julian Hawthorne to Charles Dudley Warner (1900)
15 Elinor Howells (Mrs. W. D.) to Charles Dudley Warner (1874-1880)
120 William Dean Howells to C. D. W. (1873-1900)
73 Helen Hunt Jackson to C. D. W. (1871-1885)
1 Henry James to C. D. W. (July, 1891)
41 Franklin B. Sanborn to C. D. W. (1872-1894)
2 Richard H. Stoddard to C. D. W. (1887-1897)
7 Harriet Beecher Stowe to C. D. W. (1874-1889)
13 William Winter to C. D. W. (1879-1896)
2 Samuel L. Clemens to Charles Hopkins Clark (1886-1887)
8 Samuel L. Clemens to the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell (1898-1905)
1 Oliver Wendell Holmes to Charles Hopkins Clark (1856)
2 Oliver Wendell Holmes to George M. Clark (1856-1860)
1 William Dean Howells to Charles Hopkins Clark (1887)
2 William Dean Howells to Samuel L. Clemens (1885-1887)

JONES VERY AND EMERSON'S FRIENDS IN COLLEGE CHURCH RECORDS By THE EDITOR

The following appears in the University Archives at Harvard: [UA I.20.814]

FORM OF ADMISSION TO THE CHURCH IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY Nov[r] 1 1814

We, whose names are underwritten, present ourselves for admission to this Church, in testimony of our faith in Jesus Christ, our acceptance of his religion, and subjection to his laws. We regard this transaction as an expression of our earnest desire to obtain the salvation proposed in the Gospel, and our serious purpose to endeavour to comply with the terms on which it is offered. We design to Commemorate the Author & Finisher of our faith, in the manner established in his church. In a humble and grateful reliance on God for the pardon of sin, and assistance in duty, we solemnly take upon ourselves the engagements of the Christian profession. We will, as we shall have opportunity, acknowledge our relation to this Christian community, by attendance on the services of religion, by the offices of Christian affection, & by submission to the laws of Christian order, beseeching the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that being faithful to each other, and to our common Master, we may enjoy the consolations of our holy religion here, and be accepted to its rewards hereafter, through the riches of divine favour in Jesus Christ.

[AMONG THE SIGNERS:]

Nov. 1, 1816	Levi Frisbie
Nov. 1, 1816	Francis W. P. Greenwood
Nov. 1, 1816	Convers Francis
Aug. 10, 1817	John C. Palfrey
April 8, 1818	Wm B. O. Peabody
May 11, 1818	Jared Sparks
June 6, 1818	William Ware
April 26, 1819	Francis Jenks
March 1, 1822	W. H. Furness
March 2, 1822	Benjamin Kent
March 2, 1822	Ezra S. Gannett
June 14, 1822	Charles W. Upham
Feb. 26, 1826	Samuel Kirkland Lothrop
May 6, 1826	John L. Sibley
Sept 20, 1826	Frederic H. Hedge
Oct. 28, 1826	H. B. Goodwin--Baptized in the Presidents Study Nov 26
Nov. 24, 1827	Geo. P. Bradford
Feb. 22, 1830	Andrew P. Peabody
July 19, 1831	John G. Palfrey
July 19, 1831	Henry Ware Jr.
Apr. 27, 1833	William Henry Channing
June 29, 1834	Cyrus A. Bartol
May 28, 1836	John Sullivan Dwight
Feb. 20, 1837	Harrison Gray Otis Blake
May 17, 1837	Jones Very
------- 1837	George Moore Baptized also
March 29, 1839	Francis Bowen
Dec. 3, 1842	Convers Francis
Jan 2, 1848	Cornelius Conway Felton

THOREAU'S "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE" IN GANDHI'S *INDIAN OPINION*

By GEORGE HENDRICK

As I pointed out in my article, "The Influence of Thoreau's 'Civil Disobedience' on Gandhi's Satyagraha [New England Quarterly, XXIX (December, 1956), 462-471] Gandhi read "Civil Disobedience" in 1907. He wrote Henry S. Salt that the essay "left a deep impression" upon him and that he "translated a portion for the readers of Indian Opinion in South Africa, which I was then editing, and I made copious extracts for the English part of the paper." I reproduce below all the extracts which were published in Indian Opinion, October 26, 1907, pages 438-440.

For Passive Resisters

"The principle of State necessity can bind only those men to disobey God's law, who, for the sake of worldly advantages try to reconcile the irreconcileable; but a Christian, who sincerely believes that the fulfilment of Jesus' teaching shall bring him salvation, cannot attach any importance to this principle."—TOLSTOY.

David Thoreau was a great writer, philosopher, poet, and withal a most practical man, that is, he taught nothing he was not prepared to practice in himself. He was one of the greatest and most moral men America has produced. At the time of the abolition of slavery movement he wrote his famous essay "On The Duty of Civil Disobedience." He went to gaol for the sake of his principles and suffering humanity. His Essay has, therefore, been sanctified by suffering. Moreover, it is written for all time. Its incisive logic is unanswerable. During the last week of October—a month of sore temptation to Asiatic passive resisters, whose silent suffering has now reached the whole civilised world, we present the following extracts from Thoreau's Essay. The original occupies a little over thirty pages of a pocket book and has been published by Mr. Arthur C. Fifield of 44 Fleet Street, London, in his beautiful "Simple Life" series, at 3d

The Extracts

"I heartily accept the motto—'That government is best which governs least'; and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe—'That Government is best which governs not at all'; and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are sometimes inexpedient."

* * *

"After all, the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule, is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it.

Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?—in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterwards. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. It is truly enough said, that a corporation has no conscience; but a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation *with* a conscience."

* * *

"The mass of men serve the State thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, gaolers, constables, *posse comitatus* etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of drift. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens.

Others—as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders—serve the State chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the devil, without *intending* it, as God.

A very few, as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and men serve the State with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it.

A wise man will only be useful as a man, and will not submit to be 'clay' and 'stop a hole to keep the wind away'."

* * *

"It is not so important that many should be as good as you, as that there be some absolute goodness somewhere, for that will leaven the whole lump."

* * *

"What is the price current of an honest man and patriot to-day? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret."

* * *

"There are nine hundred and ninety-nine patrons of virtue to one virtuous man. But it is easier to deal with the real possessor of a thing than with the temporary guardian of it."

* * *

"A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority. There is but little virtue in the action of masses or men. When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished by their vote. *They* will then be the only slaves. Only *his* vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his own freedom by his vote."

* * *

"Oh for a man who is a *man*, and, as my neighbour says, has a bone in his back which you cannot pass your hand through!"

* * *

"It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them, sitting upon

another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too."

* * *

"How can a man be satisfied to entertain an opinion merely and enjoy *it*? Is there any enjoyment in it, if his opinion is that he is aggrieved? If you are cheated out of a single dollar by your neighbour, you do not rest satisfied with knowing that you are cheated, or with saying that you are cheated, or even with petitioning him to pay your due; but you take effectual steps at once to obtain the full amount, and see that you are never cheated again.

Action from principle, the perception and the performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary, and does not consist wholly with anything which was. It not only divides states and churches, it divides families: ay, it divides the individual, separating the diabolical in him from the divine.

Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavour to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once?

Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy is worse than the evil. It makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults and do better than it would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ, and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?"

* * *

"If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth—certainly the machine will wear out."

* * *

"But if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn."

* * *

"I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbours constitutes a majority of one already."

* * *

"I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name—if ten *honest* men only—ay, if *one* HONEST man in this State of Massachusetts *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from this co-partnership, and be locked up in the county gaol therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done for ever. But we love better to talk about it: that we say is our mission."

* * *

"Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also prison."

* * *

"If any think that their influence would be lost there, and their voices no longer afflict the ear of the State, that they would not be as an enemy without its walls, they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person.

Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight.

If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood."

* * *

"I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a gaol once on this account for one night; and as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones to be locked up.

I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way.

I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my township, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body: just as boys, if they cannot come at some persons against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog.

I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes."

* * *

"If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man."

* * *

"There will never be a really free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognise the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived, and treats him accordingly. I please myself with imagining a State at last which can afford to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbour; which even would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbours and fellow-men. A State which bore this kind of fruit, and suffered it to drop off as fast as it ripened, would prepare the way for a still more perfect and glorious State, which also I have imagined, but not yet anywhere seen."

THOREAU'S NEW POEMS

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Professor Carl Bode, specialist in Thoreau's poetry, has called upon the owners of unlisted manuscripts to make known their holdings and to cooperate with scholars to the end that the canon of Thoreau's verse may soon be complete. I am grateful to the Reference Department of the Washington University Libraries, Saint Louis 5, Missouri, for permission to publish the following manuscripts in facsimile in order to put them before the world, and I have asked Professor Laurence A. Cummings of Yankton College, Yankton, South Dakota, who was one of the first to see them after they reached Washington University, to prepare a definitive edition for the EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY within the coming twelve months. Until his study appears, the following identifications will supplement those given in David and Jane Kaser, Washington University Manuscripts: A Descriptive Guide, Saint Louis, 1958 (Library Studies No. 4), p. 37:

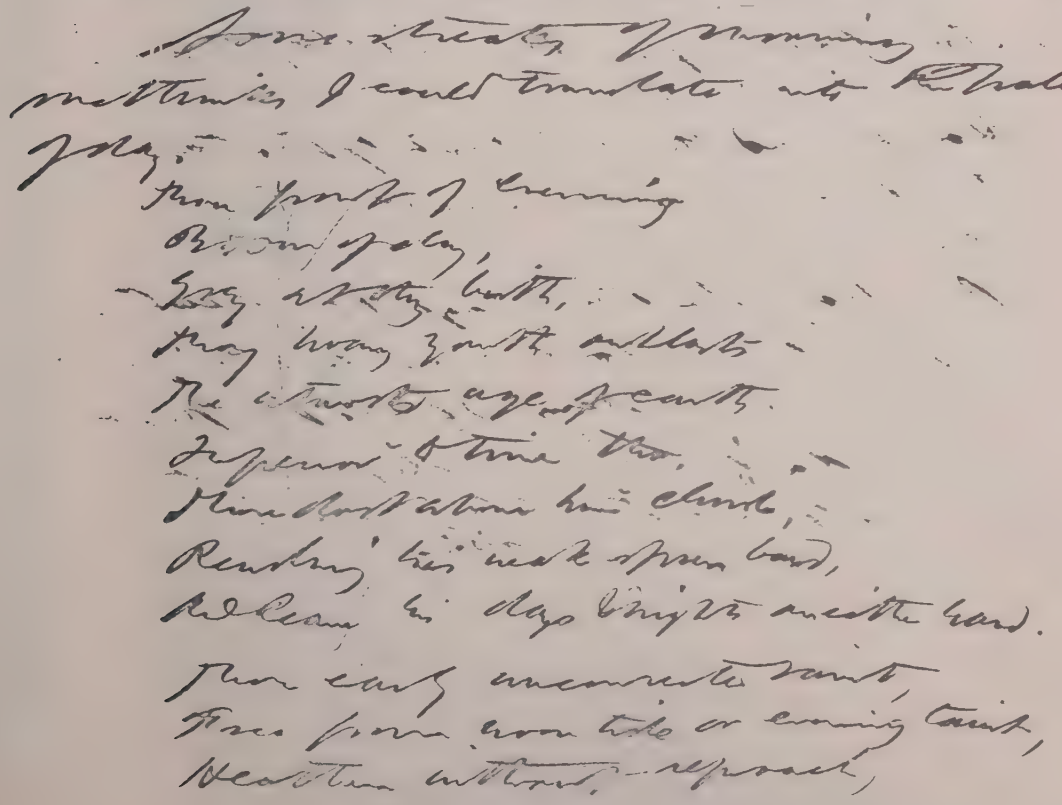
MS. "A" 1 leaf written on two sides, with poem beginning "Thou front of evening" [reproduced below and on page 22].

MS. "B" 1 leaf written on one side, with poem beginning "Tell me why should I live?" [Page 23].

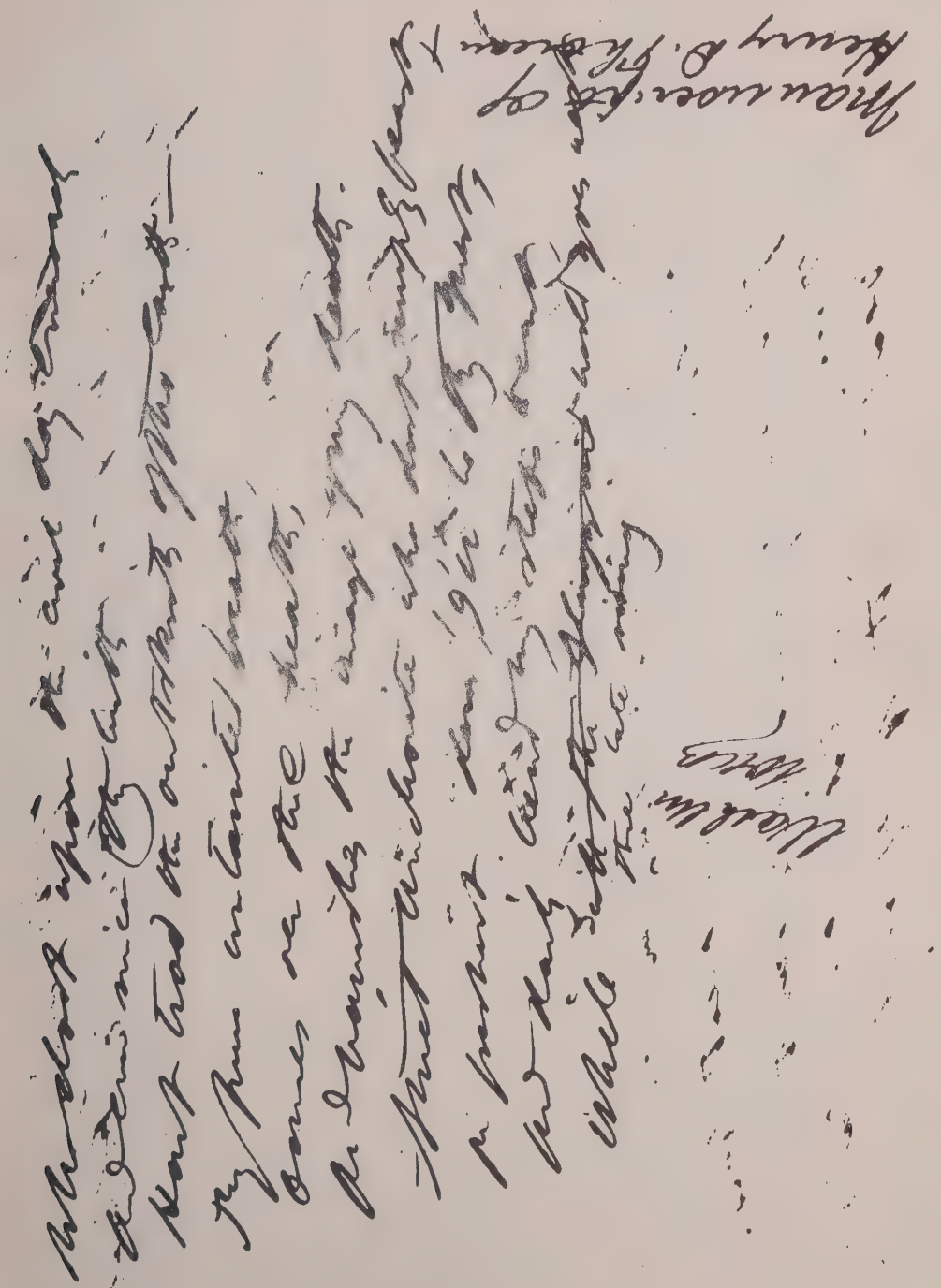
MS. "C" Large letter fold, written on four sides, with poem "If love fails in strife with love" or "My Friend, my Friend." [Pages 24-27].

MS. "D" Quarto leaf written on two sides, with much emended poem "The Just Made Perfect," beginning "A stately music rises on my ear." In Collected Poems, p. 315, Bode cites no manuscript authority. [Pages 28-29].

MS. "E" 1 leaf written on one side, with poem, "The Centaur," beginning, "Alas, when will this roving head & breast." [Page 30].



MS. "F" 1 leaf written on two sides, with a much emended poem, "Our Country," for which Bode in Collected Poems, page 311, cites no manuscript authority. [Pages 31-32].



Tell me why should I live?
Life is an idle as a tedious peace.
Then I can I could not give
One sigh to cancel grief nor cease
Nor dull my mind to pardon wrong.

Shall virtue be needless
Because we can relate with the Gods
For some of them are selfish
When Destiny the year
In my position a life's duty plan
Except the original sin
To strike my time and take the road again
Until the Spirit of valor bow me down

To Dare may stop the sleep
The heavy odorous of bitter tears
Modern Lethe's Keep
Some far remote and treasured hill again

If love fails me, I'll cope with love
Then it boldly looks above
And appeals to higher love.

1 My Friend, my Friend,
I ask not for tomorrow but - Date without end
Erase me, restore me, harden me then
With some dear serenity of total Heaven.
Scar my humanity,
Cure my insanity.
Teach me, ground me,
And I gladly pronounce thee my dearest friend.

5 With a tough tenderness
Strengthen my slenderness,
Waste me with care,
Bend me despair,
Prune me, my dearest -
Overpound me with hands:
3 Be so kind as be just,
Let me taste of the worst.

2 Dear Friend - sweet Friend,
Let pity have end,
I pray thee let mercy cease,
Let me have my release;
Smile not again;
Give me a glance that ends with my pain;
4. With poisoned dart pierce me through & through.

Only be true.

O my Friend – my Friend,
Let me feel once condemned.
Then I am not doubted,
Then I'll find the out,
Then our love will be sure,
Then our love will endure.
Then I shall believe that I am honoured,
and I shall not have a companion to tell.

Love me sometimes (that I may find courage)
Not as I wish love is given –
Own Love born of love,
Love pure from alloy,
Will forge a true chain
To bind us again.

Love not me at all
Than love with.
Know that I love not thee,
But thy destiny.
Cannot thou change each moment,
And so meet me anywhere?
Through all events I will pursue thee
Through all persons I will woo thee.

Who loves me alone
Is not false – my fate, love my home
Least thou be blind
To the world find?

Dost thou respect me, mon Etoile,
And all creatures, near & far?
Dost thou respect my mon Etoile,
& all creatures, near and far?
Dost thou love the morning air,
And the creation everywhere?
Dost thou love God?
Is he thy mate?
Dost thou feel his footsteps trod
And sympathy with Death & Fate?

Can't thou trust tenderly these powers,—
Send them some flowers?
Love thou some loving tear
To sweeten thine sorrow,
And ask thy restless fears
To smile their morrow?

Canst thou love with thy mind
And reason with thy heart?
Canst thou be kind,
And from thy closing mart

The good-how can we trust?
By the just are just.
Conform, conform, with awe,
Thou'rt not thou make it the law
Be [illegible] kind like God.
And justice is the kindness of the good.

The good be use,

The care we cannot choose.
There stars are none above.
The good they know & love,
But are not known again
By those [illegible] been. —
They do not claim us with their eyes,
But they transfix with their advice.
Our partial sympathy they feel
Not private woe or private weal
But with the universe, [illegible]
Whose knowledge is their sympathy.

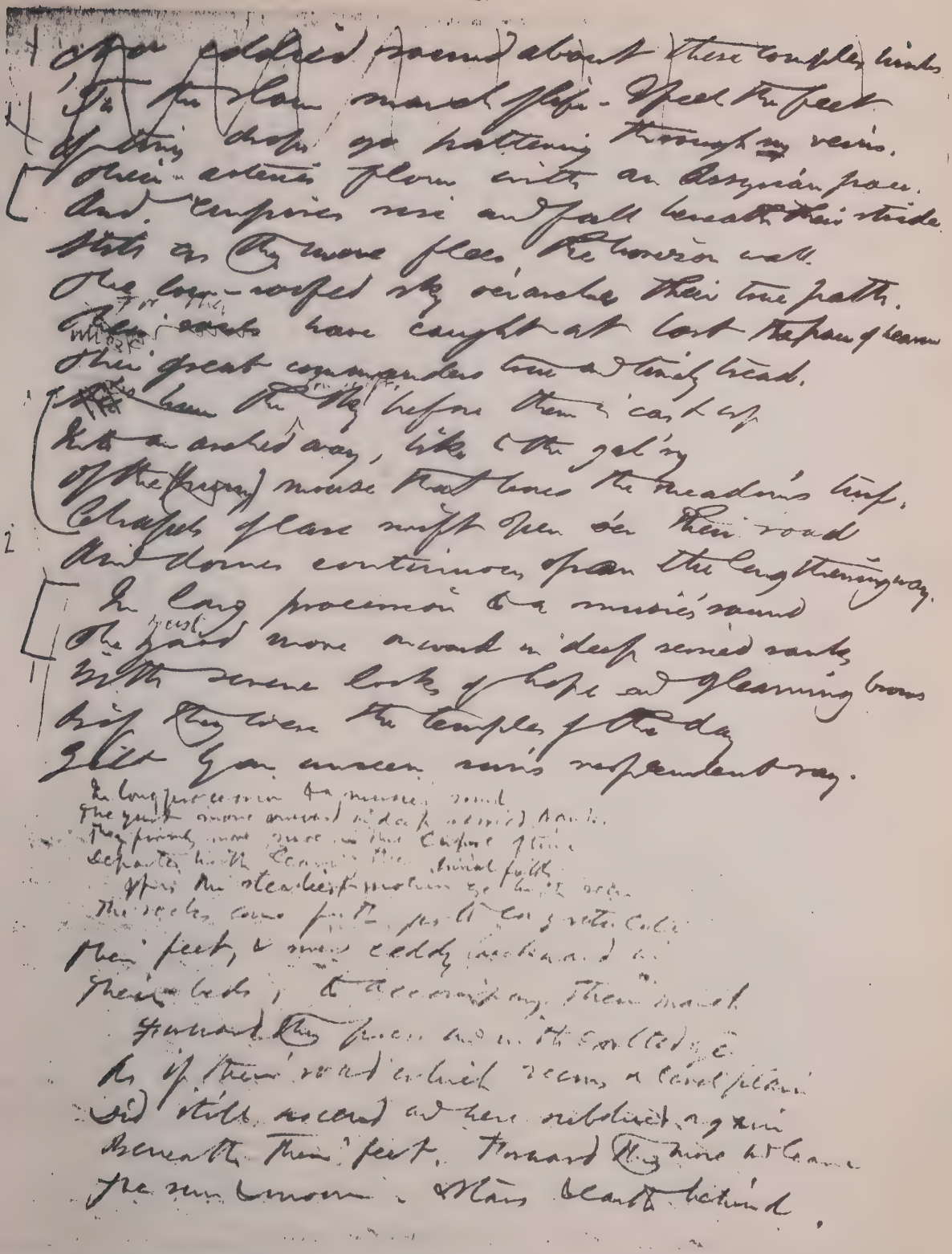
Ha, ha, dear worthy Mitchell
Fidelis

Ms. Mrs. Mark
Mr. Mrs. above
Thornton's Association

The Just made perfect

Provided by F.B.S.

Their
A stately music rises on my ear,
Borne on the breeze from some adjacent plain
A host of knights – my own true ancestors
Tread to the lofty strains and pass away.
They fainter more seem as the lapse of time
Elapsed with bearing them trivial fields
Where valor finds no worthy aim
And still the noblest cause of all is fame.
Forward the firm and lofty exalted eye
As if their road which seems a level plain
Did still ascend and were subdued again
Beath their [illegible] feet, Forward they move and leave
The sun and moon and stars alone behind.
And now, by the still fainter strains I know
They nearly pass, and soon their quivering harp
And faintly clashing cymbals will have ceased
To greet my ear.
If it the steadiest motion eye hath seen
A goddess progress, and the hills and rocks
The more come forth
To gaze and come to congratulate
Their feet the more eddy backward and
Other beds i leave
Seem upward to accompany their march.
Onward they move like a host of men,
Which cannot stay, but goes without delay
Right to the gate of death, not losing time,
To its majestic bed of eternity –
As if man's blood in veins flowed as fast as
Time as the eye could read the heart of hours.
into its veins



Penciled in the left margin: "I never hear a stately music but it suggests the march of heroes invisible but near —"

The Cenotaph

Alas, when with the ironing head & breast
Be welded to thy fiery heaving heart?
The sun may set & the silver moon may rise
But my unresting steed holds on his way
He is for you on this, the second day.
He is for you.

Past your dreaming eyes.
You may look down the ocean wide
Upon your own tide but you may see
Far in the horizon with expanded sail
Some Tartan bark stand out free
Homeward bound. Such is my life glide on and tell
To dearest you for ever, while yet spared.
A Cloud never standeth in the summer sky,
(leaving Bartell in) no eagle sailing high, with out spreading
Bartell's wing in it's flight, the air is not his speed
1 for instant in his flight, the air is not his speed
negligible if weather calm
2 { my bark doth pass to and fro
and rest the keel upon a friendly [illegible]
On stretch of plain the shoreless sea plain
Breasting the [illegible] with an unsanded [illegible]
1/ [illegible] my steed slackening his onward pace
In moments his wide [illegible] the tedious way

Our Country

Written by F. B.

O' is a noble country where we dwell,
T'is for a thousand miles outstretched;
From Madawaska to Red river west,
From Florid keys to the Missouri forks.
See what immensity of prairie streams
Come tumbling to the cold and sunken shore,
O'er it a million stars on their boreland bank
See the fair reaches of the northern lake
So cool in summer with their inland breeze,
And the long slumbering Appalachian range
Where its hoary arm in his snowy knees
See what a long-lipped sea doth dip the shore
And noble strands where navies may find port
See Boston, Baltimore, and New York stand
Fair as the sunshine on the eastern sea,
And yonder to the fair green prairie
See the red race with noble step retreat
Emptying their graves, striking the engraven tent,
See the thick tent of the fair hair'd band
Dotting the distance green - their herds around,
See the thick cities on the eastern strand
And their bright gardens covering the ground.
Behold the commerce rivers and the lake
Where he may trade to mend his own and his
And the broad corn and rich fields yonder where
The hands may gather forth our daily store.
It seemed rank, and with a distant clang
His fleet fly o'er bound for the northern lake
Whose liquid cave invites the wearied feet
See where his herds graze the fair prairie grass

The far reach and prospect of the
The yawning ravine in which from north to south
With channel foot resting a'many a hill.
It length doth trace its course & become
Its widening breadth doth make & endure
And spend its breath against the mountain hills.
See some remove paint the southern fields
While the stem unite reign a northern hills.
See the far east where the getting east,
The genial south, and the cool west North.
Look nearer down the basement field for
Seem the far travelled road, and the line not
The ever gushing current of the
The [illegible] upon brought in ocean ripple
And Oneida Otter, the hatchet Iroquois
The industrious bird - the fickle tongued Jane
In many ocean leaping all the rest.
All things unite the earth's inhabitant
Forsaken this line on instead of height,
And mind the expectation of the
Or must you
& the long watery

BOOK REVIEWS

Edward H. Davidson, Poe, A Critical Study. Cambridge (Harvard University Press), 1957. Pp. 296. $4.75.

This critical work illuminates aspects of Poe's mind and art. As a writer ever searching for clearly defined aesthetic principles, Poe is traced from his early poem, "Tamerlane," to the scientific romance, Eureka, with Gordon Pym as literary center. Although Davidson's main concern is with the philosophically minded artist who "dramatized the whole problem of what the creative imagination does when it is seeking ways of communicating" unusual modes of experience, he does not neglect Poe's relation to romantic idealism and the later Aesthetic movement. His attempts at social criticism in the stories of the grotesque show "compromise with the factual world around him--with law, commerce, finance, and slavery." Poe "never changed; he never grew; he remained to the end of his life an exponent of the hypostatized self-as-subject with which Romantic artists necessarily begin." Nevertheless, Poe contributed greatly to the later depth psychology.

--Richard P. Benton.

Simon Kasdin, Introduction to Prophetic Judaism: Selected Essays. [Parsippany, N.J. (Thunder Mountain Books issued by Dudley Kimball), 1954]. Pp. 95. $1.50. [Readers are asked to order copies direct from the author, whose address is given below.]

This unusual book attempts to do for modern Israel what Emerson attempted for or to Christianity --to liberalize or modernize it, adapting it to the American experiment and widening its sky. It probes the meaning of its key words. It is much more, of course, representing the keen insight of a loyal Jew into the prophetic tradition, first of all of his own religious inheritance and next, of its derivative traditions as well. Emerson is "among the prophets" of the second group. The book is a rich appraisal of the possibilities of human life by a sensitive, out-going, devout country lawyer, who has informed himself about other religions than his own and here manifests a remarkable capacity for loving people. However far one may agree with him, one cannot help admiring his tone and his importance as a person. From our viewpoint, this book is a flowering of the Emersonian tradition as well as Israel's. Mr. Kasdin indicates how Transcendentalism can be adapted in our age to the Jewish-Christian tradition which still sustains us. One lays down the volume, wishing that he might know Simon Kasdin better--might live near enough to him regularly to discuss with him around an open fire significant aspects of human life. Emerson would have called him a "God-ordained priest." The style is vibrant with conviction and enthusiasm. The book may be purchased from the author at 42 Western Avenue, Morristown, N.J., who says, in his "Introduction," "You can read most of these essays in three or four minutes: you can think concerning them for years."

William T. Noon, S.J., Joyce and Aquinas. New Haven (Yale University Press), 1957. Pp. 167. $3.75.

"Joyce's 'Thomism' is for the most part a matter of thematic correspondences and general categories or affinities of outlook," says Father Noon in discussing the artist's formal education. He interprets the "applied Aquinas" of Joyce's aesthetic and moves to an illuminating investigation of Joycean "epiphanies," the Aquinan basis for Joycean comedy, the Trinitarian theme which insistently recurs in Ulysses and Finnegan's Wake, the theme of artistic creation, and the relation of Joyce's "root language" to Scholastic analogical discussions. The study is fair to both Joyce and Aquinas, condensing a wealth of critical material in which might be called a Summa Contra Gentiles, the "gentiles" being sterile academicians.

--Michael P. Rewa, Jr.

David Clive, Scotch Reviewers: The "Edinburgh Review" 1802-1815. Cambridge (Harvard University Press), 1957. Pp. 224. $5.00.

Sir Walter Scott wrote in 1808: "No genteel family can pretend to be without it [the Review], because, independent of its politics, it gives the only valuable literary criticism which can be met with." Clive stresses the political and economic aspects, but in the fourteen pages assigned to literature he explains Jeffrey's ambiguous attitude toward Wordsworth and the Romantics: "It was the task of the critic to judge poetry by its successful appeal to universal association, but there was no reason at all why the critic himself should not follow his individual bent in personal tastes." We are told what Napoleon, Stendhal and Madame de Staël thought of the Review but nothing about its importance in America--especially to Emerson and Thoreau. Clive's approach is historical and merits respect.

--Michael P. Rewa, Jr.

Thomas F. O'Dea, The Mormons. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), 1957. Pp. 289. $5.00.

One of the most informative works on the subject ever to appear, illuminating the cult life, early history and social implications for our day. However one may feel about the origin of Joseph Smith's following, the validity of its impact upon American society is indubitable, just as its roots may be traced to vital traditions in that society. O'Dea does not provide us with a magnum opus or a product of vast personal research. He draws heavily upon others, whom usually he mentions with gratitude, but his handling of details is sympathetic and sure, and it will invite new studies and new interest in a folkway that is prominent today in the effort to provide a dynamic religious training for young people.

Sidney Cox, A Swinger of Birches: A Portrait of Robert Frost. N.Y. (New York University Press), 1957. Pp. 177. $3.75.

Frost, in the introduction, says that this ought to be a good book. "Everybody who has seen it in manuscript says it is. The author probably knew me better than he knew himself and consequently contrariwise he very likely portrayed himself in it more

than me. I trust it is in my favor." This gentle and perceptive remark prepares those of us who have known the genius of both Frost the poet and Cox the teacher for the last work Sidney Cox produced. (He died in 1952). If Cox himself here and there "contrariwise" emerges, it is as a worthy and self-effacing biographer and reporter who can teach us much about poetry and life through his subject. We hear Frost in conversation about love, work, writing, reading, teaching, art and war. We observe him assisting less gifted men to become articulate. "When you come around to agreeing with Robert Frost," writes Cox, "he does not agree with you. I never knew that to fail." "The good teacher," Frost once said, "knows how to get more out of a student by surrounding him with an atmosphere of expectation than by putting the screws on him." "You don't have to have a dozen love affairs to know about love. To get the essence of homesickness you need to be alone in a strange land but once. The great thing is not opulence or repetition; it is the sensitive touching of the hem." "Vowels have length there is no denying. But the accent of sense supersedes all other accent, overrides it and sweeps it away." "There's no such thing as progress. Try to improve things by accenting one of them: its opposite will be accented somewhere else. Soon we have the proportions re-established. So much love, so much rivalry, so much ingenuity, so much inertia. An iron ring." Every page has such memorable utterance.

George Wesley Whiting, Milton and the Pendant World. Austin (University of Texas Press), [1958]. Pp. xv + 264. $5.00.

In the preliminary "Note" the author states that his purpose is "to interpret Milton in an age increasingly skeptical" and to offer an apologetic for Milton's religious message to his own day and to ours. He fulfils his promise by "tracing the course of certain ideas, symbols, and themes" which are "embodied and transformed in Comus, Lycidas, Paradise Lost, and Samson Agonistes." Assuming that the search for God and the struggle to triumph over the material universe are as important for us as for Milton's world, Dr. Whiting gives a rich reading of Milton's moral and Christian poetry, keeping his commentary within the dimensions of the Hebraic view of history and time and the derivative Christian religion. In several respects he approaches Milton as Emerson did--for moral encouragement, inspiration and high purpose. The chapters on Comus and Lycidas would have delighted Concord. Like Miss Tuve, he illuminates the medieval and renaissance traditions which guided Milton in his composition. The "Prologue" is a tenderly moving testimony to Dr. Whiting's personal love for the sightless bard whom he regards as the greatest Christian poet.

Gordon Hall Gerould, The Ballad of Tradition. N.Y. (Galaxy Book: Oxford University Press), 1957. Pp. 311. $2.95.

First published in 1932 and now issued as a handsome paperback, this volume provides a useful survey of speculation on the folk songs that captivated the Romantics. Gerould deals with the nature of ballads; continental relations; ballad stories, tunes and characteristics; what they record of the past, the principle of variation and the development of the ballad as a musical and poetical form; broadsides; and some phenomena of American balladry. An appendix prints specimen ballads of American origin. An excellent bibliography, an index of ballad titles and a general index complete the volume, which provides explication throughout.

Newton P. Stallknecht, Strange Seas of Thought: Studies in William Wordsworth's Philosophy of Man and Nature. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), [1958]. Pp. xi + 290. $5.00.

Published in 1945 in a very limited edition, it offers, with augmentations, a detailed explication of some of the poems which evoked in Emerson the sense of the "moral sublime." Like Emerson, Wordsworth moved in his later years out of the world of spiritual freedom into one of Fate--a fact well documented in chapter VII ("How Poor A Thing Is Man"), which is an examination of the "Ode to Duty and "The Happy Warrior." Though the increasing Stoicism in Wordsworth derived preeminently from Kant, Schiller and Shaftesbury, he also drew from such thinkers as Cicero, Seneca and other writers of Roman prose. The usefulness of Stallknecht's study in a re-evaluation of Wordsworth's influence on Emerson remains to be fully assessed.

Perry Miller, ed. The American Transcendentalists: Their Prose and Poetry. N.Y. (Doubleday Anchor Books), 1957. Pp. xi + 388. $1.25

A remarkable anthology in a paperback, drawing upon all the important authors and classifying the selections under (1) The Essential Transcendentalist, (2) History and Doctrine, (3) Naturalism [sic], (4) Literary Aspiration, (5) Poetic Endeavor, (6) Politics and Society and (7) Future Reference. A good working bibliography and an excellent index round out the volume.

Richard Chase, The American Novel and Its Tradition. N.Y. (Doubleday Anchor Books), 1957. Pp. xii + 266. $.95.

Already a classic of contemporary criticism, this paperback opens with historical perspective, then moves from Brockden Brown and Cooper into the main stream with chapters on Hawthorne, Melville, James, Clemens, the novel of manners, Norris and Naturalism, and Faulkner. Two important appendices, a bibliography and an excellent index complete the work.

F. W. Bateson, ed. Selected Poems of William Blake. N.Y. (Macmillan), 1957. Pp. xxx + 144. $2.00.

Another attractive volume in the new Poetry Bookshelf Series--a critical edition of prose and poetry (100 examples in all) with explication. Biographical introduction. Scholarly notes. The format is excellent, with wide margins, colored frontispiece and clear type. The index is useful. An excellent textbook for a seminar in the eighteenth century.

Robert Graves, ed., English and Scottish Ballads. N.Y. (Macmillan) 1957. Pp. xxvi + 163. $2.00

A volume in the new Poetry Bookshelf series, having all the advantages of the preceding title in matters of format and quality. There are forty ballads (including everybody's favorites), and the less common ones are instructive. The critical introduction is worthy. Historical notes are appended.

G. B. Harrison, A Second Jacobean Journal: Being a Record of those things most talked of During the Years 1607 to 1610. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), 1958. Pp. x + 278. $5.50.

When one remembers Emerson's wide acquaintance with Shakespeare from his years in the Boston Latin School through the period of the "Early Lectures" (soon to be published), and into the period of Representative Men--and Thoreau's deep interest in Elizabethan and Jacobean biography, one wishes for a detailed study of the impact of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries upon Transcendentalism. Harrison's famous series of books, now for the first time published in the United States, are well known to specialists in the early period. Their excellent indexes can profitably be put to use also by scholars in the nineteenth century, who must, soon or late, come to terms with the vast book learning of Americans who relegated only their "idle times" to the printed page.

Samuel Eliot Morison, The Intellectual Life of Colonial New England. N.Y. (New York University Press) 1956. Pp. x + 228. $4.95.

This is the second edition of The Puritan Pronaos (1935) with a new title, some revisions, and an improved format. Taking issue with those who too easily dismiss the Puritan period as culturally sterile or "glacial," Morison leads the reader through detailed accounts of higher education, elementary and grammar schools, printing and bookselling, homiletical art, the literary genres, and scientific investigation to a favorable reconsideration of our forefathers. He makes excellent use of primary and secondary sources and crowns the work with a useful index.

Charles Child Walcutt, American Literary Naturalism, A Divided Stream. Minneapolis (University of Minnesota Press), [1956]. Pp. xii + 332. $5.00.

Walcutt's thesis is that naturalism is the offspring of American and foreign Transcendentalism, the American movement asserting the unity of Spirit and Nature and affirming that "intuition (by which the mind discovers its affiliation with Spirit) and scientific investigation (by which it masters Nature, the symbol of Spirit) are equally rewarding and valid approaches to reality." By the end of the century, two rivers emerged from the original stream: One approached Spirit through intuition, nourishing idealism, progressivism and social radicalism. The other approached Nature through science, plunging into "the dark canyon of mechanistic determinism." The first was rebellious; the second, pessimistic. Beginning in France with Zola, the "fountainhead of naturalistic theory and practice," and in America with Harold Frederic and Hamlin Garland, Walcutt proceeds to discuss successively Crane, Norris, Churchill, Dreiser, Anderson, Farrell, Steinbeck, Hemingway and Dos Passos, analyzing their principal works of fiction and terminating his work with a discussion of "Some Contemporary Consequences of Naturalism." His "notes" are kept in the rear and precede a satisfactory index.

Walter E. Houghton, The Victorian Frame of Mind: 1830-1870. New Haven (Yale for Wellesley College) and London, 1957. Pp. xvii + 467. $6.00.

Because the Victorian mind remains blurred in our generation, Professor Houghton has explored the paradoxical ideas and attitudes which are manifested in the literature of the age, classifying them conveniently and quoting extensively in each category: Optimism, Anxiety, the Critical Spirit, the Will to Believe, Anti-Intellectualism, Dogmatism, Rigidity, the Commercial Spirit, Worship of Force, Earnestness, Enthusiasm, Hero Worship, Love, and Hypocrisy. The age of the late queen comes to life in this well-documented study and the reader discovers that "but for the grace of God--or Freud" he himself descends from it. So do many "modern" attitudes. For most of our mid-twentieth-century gains over our ancestors, Houghton believes, there have been losses, many of them the result of our astigmatism. Emerson's English Traits is utilized. The work has an excellent bibliography and index.

Leon Howard, Herman Melville: A Biography. Berkeley & Los Angeles (University of California Press), 1958. Pp. xi + 354. $1.95. Paperback.

First published in 1951 and now issued in paper covers, Professor Howard's book, based upon the rich fact-hoard of the Melville Log, presents a useful and significant "life" as well as a caveat to the many theorists and lay psychoanalysts of Melville who confuse his finished novels with out-and-out autobiography or build great scaffoldings of interpretation upon inadequate foundations. The "Preface" is a worthy critical document in its own right, indicating a respect for "fact," an interest in literature for its human qualities, and a primary concern with available evidence concerning the growth of Melville's literary tree. "But the sort of critical botanizing that confines itself to speculations about the taproot and admiration of the foliage" is not to the author's taste. The volume, therefore, in many respects, complements and contrasts with Newton Arvin's. A useful index leads one immediately to the principal subjects.

Patrick F. Quinn, The French Face of Edgar Poe. Carbondale (Southern Illinois University Press), 1957. Pp. 310. $5.00.

Poe's sympathetic receiption in France owes so much to the devotion of Baudelaire that he, next to Poe himself, is central in this study. The stories of the American and the poems of the Frenchman illuminate each other, sharing such themes as death, sea-voyaging, unusual psychological states, beauty joined to the unusual, and fears of all kinds. The men shared the same dream world. In

translating Poe into French and giving him critical approval, Baudelaire augmented and developed themes and treatments often only implicit in Poe, and hence he may be considered both a disciple and developer of Poe's achievement. What most excited the French in Poe's writings was the American's preoccupation with the dark regions of the psyche--the "profundities"--which Transcendental and materialistic America naïvely was unable to assimilate. Good notes, an important bibliography on Poe and France, and a careful index complete this important chapter in American letters.

Frederick L. Gwynn and Joseph L. Blotner, The Fiction of J. D. Salinger. Pittsburgh (University of Pittsburgh Press), [1958]. Pp. viii + 59. $1.50.

Fourth in a series entitled "Critical Essays in English and American Literature" intended for "both the scholarly and general reader," this deceptively short paperback volume provides a satisfying analysis of Salinger's work to date, with illuminating footnotes, a check-list of his fiction, and a list of critical studies on his achievement. Briefly outlining the known details of Salinger's life and concentrating on his works, in the modern manner, the authors introduce their treatise with a general appraisal, discuss the productions of his apprenticeship (1940-1949), evaluate those of the "classic period" (1948-1951)--which ends with The Catcher in the Rye--and summarize recent stories ("Seen through the Glass Family, Darkly: Religion through Satire"), marking a possible decline. For psychological insight, keen awareness of plot and character elements, suggestions which Salinger himself might find profitable, and a compact, racy style, the little volume is a treasure.

Leo Stoller, After Walden: Thoreau's Changing Views on Economic Man. Stanford, Calif. (Stanford University Press), 1957. Pp. 163. $4.00.

Professor Whicher has demonstrated how Emerson passed from an extreme idealism, in his early years, to a qualified acceptance of the limitations imposed by the natural realm and society. In his closely reasoned study, Professor Stoller does the same for Thoreau, warning his readers that the idealism of the Walden period--simplification of life and perfectibilianism outside of society--was tempered during the last ten or twelve years of Thoreau's life. The union of principle and expediency manifested itself earliest in his attitude toward the forest, its succession of growths and the need for corporate action in preserving natural resources against man's exploitation, at the same time making allowance for the profit motive. The mellowing revealed itself next in his coming to value "humanized nature" (nature under cultivation) as against unexplored wildness and his beginning to accept industry as a part of necessity. He came next to dispraise simplicity of living that sprang from ignorance rather than philosophy: "There are two kinds of simplicity,--one that is akin to foolishness, the other to wisdom. The philosopher's style of living is only outwardly simple, but inwardly complex.... It is not the tub that makes Diogenes, the Jove-born, but Diogenes the tub." His becoming a surveyor and entering into the economy of his community had significant values for his thinking. His beginning to accept America manifested itself in his participation in and reaction to several accidents and to the Slavery issue. "Instead," says Stoller, "of projecting ideal people whose rounded lives correspond with the orb of the oversoul, Thoreau is here trying to cut down actual human suffering. Not man as he should be, but man as he can be." This volume is highly compact, exceedingly important and rich in its employment of sociological references new in Thoreau researches. The only defect is the absence of an index.

Mary Cooper Robb, William Faulkner: An Estimate of his Contribution to the American Novel. Pittsburgh (University of Pittsburgh Press), 1957. Pp. 70. $1.80. Paper.

Number One of a series of "Critical Essays in English and American Literature," this important little work begins with quotations from Faulkner's address at Stockholm in 1950 and the address before the graduating class of the Oxford, Mississippi, high school in 1951--both revelatory of his views of man and fictional art. "Since Faulkner has told us what he is trying to do, it becomes important to find out to what extent he has succeeded," writes Miss Robb, who analyzes (1) his moral themes, (2) his methods (character presentation, use of point of view, settings, situations), (3) his view of life (horror, pathos, repose, humor, nature, religion), (4) his characters (presentation and types), (5) his chronology, and (6) his style, concluding her work with good advice to those of us who would approach a great controversial writer and attempting to dispel misconceptions and hasty judgments. She includes a bibliography and bibliographical footnotes.

Sister Mary Brian, A Bibliography of Audio-Visual Aids for Courses in American Literature. Revised ed. Champaign, Illinois (National Council of Teachers of English), [1957]. Pp. 20. Fifty cents.

A useful inventory of available films and recordings covering both nineteenth and twentieth centuries, together with a "Directory of Sources"--valuable for classroom use and special extracurricular teaching. Suggests new approaches for the teaching of American Literature. Emerson is represented, but Thoreau is conspicuously absent.

The Complete Works of Montaigne: Essays, Travel Journal, Letters. Newly translated by Donald M. Frame. Stanford, Calif. (Stanford University Press), [1957]. Pp. xxvi + 1094. $12.50.

This beautiful edition may stimulate some scholar in our field to review the debt Emerson owes to Montaigne, since Charles Lowell Young's study has never been satisfactory, drawing only on published resources in the Works and Journals. Emerson, of course, used the three-volume edition of the Essays as edited by Charles Cotton (Vol. I, 1693; Vol. II, 1700; Vol. III, 1685), now difficult to read for any length of time and, because of the mixture of editions, difficult to secure. Frame's edition has an excellent format, large print, wide

margins for notes, a good introduction, and a translation of all the Latin and Greek quotations. One cannot praise it too highly for its great usefulness at this time or for its unbelievably low cost. A full month of delightful reading is in store for every purchaser.

Henry A. Pochmann, German Culture in America: Philosophical and Literary Influences, 1600-1900. Madison (University of Wisconsin Press), 1957. Pp. xv + 865. $7.50.

Henry A. Pochmann, New England Transcendentalism and St. Louis Hegelianism: Phases in the History of American Idealism. Philadelphia (Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation), [1948]. Pp. 144. $2.00.

One approaches the writings of Professor Pochmann with deep respect. He has devoted nearly a quarter of a century to his special field and is an indubitable authority. His modesty appears in his awareness of the vast area he has attempted to chart, in his frank confession of the difficulties he has encountered, and in his scrupulous generosity toward those who have helped him. It is probably enough praise to say that no student of American Transcendentalism (or of the Germanic influence on American letters) will dare ignore his most recent book and its remarkable index. He has given researchers in our field the kind of help we need--accurate and, within its scope, definitive. The second work listed is rather well summarized in the first, which is his magnum opus. He was not able to incorporate many of the bibliographical discoveries set forth in Emerson the Essayist or in The Transcendentalists and Minerva, but in such a stupendous undertaking as his is, the omission is no serious defect. Most Emerson scholars will probably employ all three works anyway. The University of Wisconsin Press, the University itself, and all agencies that have assisted Dr. Pochmann through the years deserve our best thanks. No college or university collection of any importance whatsoever will delay in accessioning both his books.

Grover Smith, Jr., T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), [1956]. Pp. xii + 338. $6.00.

Perhaps the most useful of its kind to appear in the last decade, Professor Smith's study analyzes all Eliot's poetry, including all the plays, correlating themes and motifs, throwing new light upon the poet himself and his evolution from romantic attitudes to a sort of religious detachment. It provides remarkable help in identifying Eliot's hundreds of allusions. The massive scholarship is handled gracefully. For many, it will have the value of a dependable work of reference. The notes and index are excellent. Emerson is mentioned in the latter.

James Lyndon Shanley, The Making of Walden with the Text of the First Version. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), [1957]. Pp. vii + 208. $5.00.

This book extends to the sympathetic reader the privilege of entering the writing "laboratory" of a great American stylist and tracing the development of a world "classic" through seven versions. The first is given almost completely--the form which Walden took for Thoreau's occasional lectures. Dr. Shanley then demonstrates how the successive revisions and additions lead to the final structure of the masterpiece, and, through his closer reading than most critics have given, shows a satisfying unity in the final redaction. "Thoreau's method of remodeling was more complex than [Byron's or Pope's]. It was as if, after having built a modest six- or seven-room house and living in it for a time, he found that it was not large enough.... But he did all this work from the inside out, cutting apart and spreading the foundations, walls, and roof wherever necessary to accommodate the changes within, without destroying the fundamental character or any considerable portion of the original." The growth was "organic," achieved by absorbing new material into its tissue and structure "so that there is no distinguishing between new and old, or first and last." The pains Thoreau took with Walden may, in part, says Dr. Shanley, be attributable to the public's failure to appreciate A Week. By every test, we have here a masterly bit of detective work and the means of increasing our critical enjoyment of Thoreau's achievement. Students of his style, imagery, artistry and literary aims will find rich resources here.

Hoxie Neale Fairchild, Religious Trends in English Poetry: Vol. IV. 1830-1880. N.Y. (Columbia University Press), 1957. Pp. x + 591. $7.50.

Dealing specifically with the subtle or overt conflict between Christianity and Romanticism in the Victorian era, this volume extends the application of Professor Fairchild's specialized investigations almost to our own times, two more volumes being needed, he says in his preface, to complete the project. He continues to define Romanticism as an expression of "faith in the natural goodness, strength, and creativity of all human energies." The taproot "is an external and universal fact of consciousness: man's desire for self-trust, self-expression, self-expansion." In this volume, however, it also has become "a way of expressing the basic psychological motive which unites the variegated cultural manifestations of human pride"--the "desire to feel independently good, creative, and boundless." (His grounds are set forth in the concluding chapters of the preceding three volumes and in the introductory chapter of Volume III.) For him, the "indispensable religious ideas are the insufficiency of man and the transcendence of God. Any individual possesses a religion if he affirms the existence of a Divine Being whose status in reality is completely independent of human thought and feeling and if he acknowledges that he cannot rise above his present weakness without that Being's aid." Detailed chapters are devoted to each of the major figures of the period: the two Brownings, Tennyson, the Rossettis, Patmore, Swinburne, Thomson, Arnold and Clough, with attention also to the minor poets. Chapter I ("Christianity and Romanticism") is important to students of Emerson and the American Renaissance. At many points it corroborates the distinction made in F. L. Lucas' Literature and Psychology and in the poignant analysis of the

American religious setting and oriental outreaching in James Baird's Ishmael. Emerson is mentioned significantly on pages 5 and 12. The texture of this important volume can be illustrated in the following lines from page 538: "The true romanticist does not deny the existence of an objective world. He needs such a world as the plastic stuff of his exploits: dominance would be no fun if there were nothing real for his spirit to dominate. His only grudge against reality is its refusal to bend to his will. He therefore withdraws into the depths of his own being, but not with any notion of remaining in that last and surest place of refuge if he can help it. The motive for his subjectivism is the desire to lay hold upon an inward principle of independent goodness, wisdom, and creative energy, and then, in the omnipotence of that selfhood, to rush out again into the objective and mold it into a reflection of the higher reality of his vision. To a genuine romantic Titan, boundlessness does not mean a pleasantly unhindered oozing out of idiosyncrasy: it means the conscious imposition of godlike mastery upon the external world. If he is not only a romantic man but a romantic poet, he will think of this outrush of energy chiefly in terms of creativity.... Why do romantic poets take such delight in the diversity of things and yet describe the function of imagination as unifying and synthetic? Because the greater the manifoldness of the material the more glorious the triumph of subduing it to a pantheistic interfusion which will present no obstacle to man's self-enlargement."

Milton R. Stern, The Fine Hammered Steel of Herman Melville with a Checklist of Melville Studies. Urbana (University of Illinois Press), 1957. Pp. [vi] + 297. $5.75.

An attractive and challenging study of the gamut of Melville's principal novels exclusive of Moby-Dick, that is, of Typee, Mardi, Pierre and Billy Budd. (The theme, however, relates itself to Moby-Dick throughout.) The author attempts to demonstrate that Melville turned the "symbology already created by the transcendentalists to the relativistic purposes of naturalism," repudiating all idealisms by showing his principal characters in a futile quest for a causality outside the limits of the phenomenal world. "Be they heroic or pathetic, noble or ludicrous, Melville's idealists are all finally fools." Melville could respect an idealism built upon "the lessons of temporal necessity," like Vere's, but no other kind, for he rejected "any reading of the universe which implies moral or spiritual equation." Melville, he says, could tolerate only an "earthly orientation." In spite of his romantic symbology, therefore, Melville can hardly be called a romantic, for he objected to romanticism's creation of absolutes. Being both "cosmic and anti-idealistic," therefore, Melville combines elements that can only be called "naturalistic." In chapter one, Stern sets forth the thesis which he somewhat rigidly applies throughout his remaining chapters, excluding theses like those of Baird in Ishmael or Freeman in his edition of Billy Budd or even Laurance Thompson in Melville's Quarrel with God and precluding philosophical or religious development. Under this view, Melville loses stature, being deprived of normal ambivalence and creative complexity. Stern's definitions may be challenged. His interpretation of "idealists" is psychological rather than historical. Emerson and Thoreau can hardly be classified with Ahab and other Melvillian types --even with Vere. Stern's scheme lacks a tertium quid--perhaps the great middle way of Jewish-Christian orthodoxy———for contrast with his extremes. The bibliography is excellent.

John T. Flanagan and Arthur Palmer Hudson, editors, Folklore in American Literature. Evanston and White Plains (Row, Peterson and Co.), [1958]. Pp. viii + 511. $6.50.

Literary materials assembled on the basis of their folk relevance, but all of them literature. Schoolcraft, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Longstreet, Faulkner and fifty-nine other authors are represented, published under the following divisions: (1) The Indian. (2) Devil Tales. (3) Ghost Tales. (4) Witchcraft and Superstition. (5) Buried Treasure. (6) Frontier Humor and the Tall Tale. (7) Literary Ballads. (8) Heroes and Demigods. (9) Yankees. (10) Negro Tales. (11) Folk Songs and Ballads. (12) Folk Wisdom. There are biographical identifications and a bibliography. The collection is strictly literary, drawing upon nothing from the field--nothing from raw folklore. The format is attractive.

Stephen A. Larrabee, Hellas Observed: The American Experience of Greece, 1775-1865. N.Y. (N.Y. University Press), 1957. Pp. xv + 357. $6.00.

The author has confined his work to the "story of the increasing knowledge of Greece itself which Americans have gained from their experiences in the Mediterranean--volunteers in the struggle for Greek independence, naval personnel on tours of observation, relief-agents, missionaries, consular representatives, scholars and professors. The stream of visitors was larger than most of us have hitherto suspected, though very few were authors. Dr. Larrabee compresses thousands of facts into his chapters, each one of which might be developed in a number of directions. His bibliographical footnotes are suggestive. His volume ought to be followed by at least one other: a book to show the connection between the interest in contemporary Greece and the employment of classical themes in American poetry and fiction. Emerson is mentioned as being influenced by the lectures of Prof. Edward Everett and by Alexander H. Everett's Europe.

E. Hudson Long, Mark Twain Handbook. N.Y. (Hendricks House), [1958]. Pp. xx + 454. $4.50.

A volume in the series containing the Emerson Handbook and the Walt Whitman Handbook, and like them full of rich insights and bibliographically competent. The principle of arrangement is the same in them all: growth of biography, backgrounds, professional career, mind and art, fundamental ideas and place in literature. Professor Long writes interestingly, obviously likes his subject, and produces a work that will stimulate research. His chapter on fundamental ideas is an excellent

survey for student undergraduates, stressing the variety of Twain's moods and skepticisms, and hinting at the causes for the dark moments. Emerson and Thoreau are mentioned throughout, not as influences so much as utterers of parallel wisdom. The book deserves a place in every public and collegiate library, and Mark Twain enthusiasts will find in it a small treasure.

Gilbert Highet, The Classical Tradition: Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature. N.Y. (Oxford University Press), 1957. Pp. xxxviii + 763. $8.95. (Galaxy Book--Paperback).

Originally published in 1949, Highet's remarkable "outline" is now available for students of literature, especially for specialists in the American Renaissance. Although only Poe and Whitman receive consideration, the rich table of contents--itself a remarkable outline--provides spaces for others in our literature and invites studies like Ethel Seybold's Thoreau: The Quest and the Classics. Highet's notes are full and delightful to read. Even his "Brief Bibliography" reflects his fascinating style. Of special interest are three chapters near the end: "A Century of Scholarship," "The Symbolist Poets and James Joyce," and "The Reinterpretation of the Myths." His index is a remarkable work of reference. A doctoral dissertation on Emerson's indebtedness to Greece and Rome is long overdue.

Walter John Hipple, Jr., The Beautiful, the Sublime, & the Picturesque in Eighteenth-Century British Aesthetic Theory. Carbondale (Southern Illinois University Press), 1957. Pp. vi + 390. $7.00.

The Harvard curriculum of Emerson and Thoreau drew heavily upon aesthetic theories of the preceding century, and the reading of both men in libraries attests to their acquaintance with some, at least, of the principal commentators in the ages of Addison and Johnson. Vivian Hopkins' important Spires of Form does not exhaust the aesthetic climates through which the major Transcendentalists passed and necessarily makes use of only a small portion of the eighteenth-century background. Hipple's book can be of help to students of the early phases of the American Renaissance by providing surveys of the important aesthetic systems of Hutcheson, Hogarth, Burke, Kames, Reynolds, Alison, Price, Knight and Dugald Stewart--each treated as an integral whole and presented in its own terms. Hipple refuses to distort by combining, synthesizing, or generalizing. He avoids a strictly "historical" or wide approach, preferring to handle adequately a few significant figures than sketchily to cover many. He does not, therefore, need to apologize for omitting Shaftesbury, Richardson, Akenside, Harris, Spence, Webb, Lowth, Adam Smith, James Usher, Thomas Whately, Beattie, Priestley, Stedman, Jeffrey and Brown--many of whom had a special influence upon young Emerson and young Thoreau. He deserves thanks for giving us more than mere précis writing. His rich commentary points out philosophic principles, methods of argument, interconnections of parts within systems, and interrelations between systems. Four pages of reproductions increase the usefulness of the volume, as do the excellent notes and index.

Henry David Gray, Emerson: A Statement of New England Transcendentalism as Expressed in the Philosophy of its Chief Exponent. N.Y. (Frederick Ungar Pub. Co.), [1958]. Pp. 110. Cloth.

This statement of an important movement in the American Renaissance has long been out of print and, therefore, hard to come by. A whole generation of scholars has had to content itself with library copies of the 1917 edition. Its reappearance is significant for two reasons: Transcendentalism has begun to deserve increased attention in the historical approach to literature; and Gray, for his breadth of view, has not yet been superseded. We ought to remind our readers, however, that Emerson and Thoreau are no longer regarded as static Transcendentalists. Whicher has shown how the former came to find himself more and more at home in a world of limitations. Stoller has down somewhat the same service for Thoreau. Making allowances for these new insights, we can still appreciate the importance of Gray's little "classic" and profitably use it as a seminar textbook. Though its terminal bibliography be out of date, its index is as good as ever.

The Major English Romantic Poets: A Symposium in Reappraisal, edited by Clarence D. Thorpe, Carlos Baker and Bennett Weaver. Carbondale (Southern Illinois University Press), 1957. Pp. xvii + 269. $5.50.

Because Romanticism has been under attack for several decades, it seemed timely to reassess the major English poets of the movement and to turn to a group of distinguished critics with such questions as: "How do English Romanticism and the leading Romantic poets stand with us today? What has endured in them and is likely to endure? What is there of value in this body of writing for men and women living in this time and in this present kind of world? In what ways do the Romantic writers speak to this world as men of thought? How do they stand up under modern scrutiny as literary artists?" Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats are considered, each receiving the attention of three or four contributors, among whom are Cleanth Brooks, Douglas Bush, Kathleen Coburn, Helen Darbishire, John Middleton Murray, Sir Herbert Read, Newton P. Stallknecht and Leslie Marchand. Hoxie N. Fairchild, acting as devil's advocate, offers the most damning evidence against the Romantics; Richard Fogle is eloquent in their defense; and Cleanth Brooks, in a modern tribute, praises the artistry of Keats. Despite differences of opinion, these critics demonstrate the large contribution of the Romantics to our usable past. The good index, which crowns the work, has several references to Emerson.

The English Romantic Poets: A Review of Research. Rev. edition, by Bernbaum, Chew, Logan, Raysor, Thorpe, Weaver and Wellek; ed. Thomas M. Raysor. N.Y. (Modern Language Ass'n), 1956. Pp. 307. $3.50.

Valuable critique of the Romantic Movement as a whole and of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats in particular, expressed through bibliog-

raphy. The 1950 edition has here been brought up to date, with an account of the latest controversies on the great issues. Like the foregoing volume, this attempts to assess modern values in the literature of the nineteenth century--especially in its poetry, still largely unexamined by contemporary critics. The student of American Transcendentalism will find much in the first three chapters that he must know for background in his specialty. Sponsored by the English IX Group of the Modern Language Association, this volume will retain historical importance even when, eventually, it shall be superseded.

Aubrey's Brief Lives. Edited from the Original MSS. and with a Life of John Aubrey by Oliver Lawson Dick. Foreword by Edmund Wilson. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. cvi + 341. $5.95.

Wilson, in the preface, writes: "I have never read anything else that made me feel in quite the same way what it must have been like to live [in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods], to find oneself a part of an England that was venturesome, unsettled, and eager, that was opening new horizons." This work by the seventeenth-century Boswell has contributed to standard biographies of the last two centuries, even when expurgated. The present text retains all the original vulgarities and obscenities. In April, 1841, Emerson wrote (Letters, II, 395): "Yet I perverse take an extreme pleasure in reading Aubrey's Anecdotes, Letters, &c...for next to the Culture of Man the demonstration of a talent is the most attractive thing: and English literary life has been, if it is no longer, a most agreeable & complete circle of means & ends." Discussing the books he was reading in July (Letters, II, 426), Emerson wrote: "I have Aubrey; and Schlegel; and Wotton; or Henry Thoreau can probably tell where they are." (Emerson owned Letters...and Lives of Eminent Men in two volumes, London, 1813.) The present edition has an excellent index and a commendable format.

Jacob Boehme, Six Theosophic Points and Other Writings. With an Introductory Essay by Nicholas Berdyaev. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1958]. Pp. xxxvii + 208. $1.65. (Ann Arbor Paperback).

An author much beloved by William Law, Blake and Coleridge--and read by Emerson--Boehme is described by Berdyaev as "beyond a doubt...one of the greatest of Christian gnostics"--a term he assigns to those dealing in "a wisdom grounded in revelation and employing myths and symbols rather than concepts--a wisdom much more contemplative than discursive." This well-printed volume includes: the Six Mystical Points, On the Earthly and Heavenly Mystery, and On the Divine Intuition. Boehme has for too long been available only in rare old folios, limited modern editions, and synoptic outlines. Now any student may own the core of his writings.

American Classics Reconsidered: A Christian Appraisal. Edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. N.Y. (Charles Scribner's Sons), [1958]. Pp. x + 307. $4.95.

This volume, fathered by a Jesuit, who is literary editor of America, is an encouraging sign that Roman Catholic educators are beginning to give the Transcendentalists something more than short shrift in their courses--beginning to forget the old label "heretic" and to look for Christian values among the more or less unorthodox Romantics. Should a student wish to explain the change in attitude, he will probably find it in Richard Niebuhr's Christ and Culture, which treats the varying apologetic of the Christian Church through the centuries--a church that sometimes allied herself with the best of pagan culture and sometimes withdrew from it completely. That Roman Catholic scholars can now deal sympathetically with writers of the American Renaissance points to no failure to discriminate but rather to a wide acceptance of American traditions. Though treated as half-gods, our nineteenth-century writers are praised in this book for coming to grips with problems concerning God, man, and art with which our own generation is much less eager to grapple. Robert C. Pollock praises Emerson's complexity, the dynamism of his life, his aesthetic achievement, his anti-mechanical views of the universe, and his attempt to "free men from the delusion of a split universe, which, as he knew, had reduced human life to a fragmented state." He was able to share the outlook of Thomas à Kempis and was not a mere pantheist. "Emerson particularly wanted to show that there is something transpersonal in human personality which explains the connection between human knowledge and the abyss of being." Pollock believes Emerson's optimism "lacked a proper metaphysical foundation," but, even so, it was an optimism stemming not from ancient paganism but from "under the sign of Christianity." If he had only made a serious investigation of Catholic speculation, "he would have been struck by the masterful way in which the problem of evil is handled, in full awareness of the ultimate mystery and yet with no essential violation of the cosmic outlook of the ancients." Emerson's "insistence in viewing history sub specie aeternitatis...is not to be scoffed at. In his own way, Emerson was offering resistance to an absolute immanence, especially of the materialistic type." Pollock next pays tribute to Emerson's "symbolic vision," wishing that he might have had better acquaintance with the Classical-Christian tradition, which would have entranced him "by its marvelous fusion of elements so dear to him." Michael F. Moloney's chapter on Thoreau is entitled "Christian Malgré Lui." Other contributors include: Charles A. Brady on Cooper, Alvan S. Ryan on Brownson, Joseph Schwartz on Hawthorne, Joseph E. O'Neill on Longfellow, Jeremiah K. Durick on Poe, Geoffrey Stone on Melville, Ernest Sandeen on Whitman, and Mason Wade on the literary historians: Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, and Parkman. The work has good notes, bibliographies, sketches of the contributors, but no index. There is no imprimatur.

William D. Geoghegan, Platonism in Recent Religious Thought. N.Y. (Columbia University Press), 1958. Pp. vi + 200. $4.00.

The first four chapters deal with the Christian Platonism of W. R. Inge, Paul Elmer More, A. E. Taylor and William Temple--all Anglicans; the last two, with Platonic themes in Whitehead's and Santayana's religious thought. The book is critical exposition, answering the following questions: How and why did each man arrive at his Platonism? How does he conceive of the origin and nature of Platonism? How is it related to the rest of his religious thought? What is living and dead in Platonism? How must it be corrected or supplemented to make it currently applicable? What of the future? Platonism is regarded as a "mediating type" of religious thought, effectively treating of important philosophical and religious ideas and relating itself to modern concepts of value. This well-documented volume has a useful index.

Bradforth A. Booth, Anthony Trollope: Aspects of His Life and Art. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), [1958]. Pp. xi + 258. $6.00.

Trollope who, like Emerson and Thoreau, questioned the ethics of philanthropy, considering it "a sorry expedient in a wretched world," is attracting considerable attention today despite modern critical attacks directed against his hasty composition and neglect of form. His life, too, is being rewritten--and in more positive terms. Booth does not attempt a complete appraisal of Trollope's fiction or launch a novel thesis or interpretation. His interest lies first in the relationship between Trollope's view of the world and the nature of his fiction; second, in the extent to which early nineteenth-century traditions and techniques in the novel governed his practice. Part One deals with his world--its limits, the cathedral and parochial, the town and country. Part Two deals with craft of fiction--especially with character, humor, pathos, style and the contemporary chaos in critical opinion concerning him. The study is documented and includes an index.

Robert Price, Johnny Appleseed: Man and Myth. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), 1954. Pp. xv + 320. $5.00.

Says the cover-jacket: "He was born John Chapman but was known in legend, drama, poem and song as Johnny Appleseed. There were...scores of names given to this one man who like a...colossus strode the Midwest sowing seed not merely of apples but of friendship and service. He was the embodiment of a whole frontier...barefoot...a latter-day John the Baptist; sometimes...a bewitched woodsman in a weird chopping contest with Paul Bunyan; sometimes...a spurned lover following a trail of early apple blossoms; always...the patron saint of American orchardmen." Chapman was born in New England, became a nurseryman in Ohio and Indiana and extended his mission into Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Wisconsin. Price quotes Lindsay: "He was a New England kind of saint much like a Hindu saint, akin to Thoreau and Emerson...and stands there singing Whitman's 'Passage to India.'" A delightful book and probably as nearly definitive as a book on this subject can be.

Frank Kermode, Romantic Image. N.Y. (Macmillan), [1958]. Pp. xi + 171. $3.75.

A demonstration that modern art--especially modern poetry and criticism--has a romantic basis that relates the notion of the artist as necessarily isolated with the notion that the Image is the substance of the work of art. Poems of Yeats are examined in the working out of the thesis--especially Among School-children and the Byzantium poems--and are given a new historical setting. Part two concerns itself with contemporary critical tradition (Arthur Symons, T. E. Hulme and others). It has a good index.

The Living Talmud: The Wisdom of the Fathers and its Classical Commentaries. Selected and translated with an Essay by Judah Goldin. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), [1958]. Pp. 244. $4.00.

This is a new translation of Pirke Aboth (the Sayings of the Synagogue Fathers)--a famous chapter in one of the world's greatest encyclopedias of religious wisdom and law, The Talmud. The English is excellent; the notes, helpful; the format, a delight. Through it one may look into the heart of post-Biblical Judaism and find echoes of the same wisdom that fills the Christian gospels and underlies the ethic which fortified the life of early New England. Teachers will love the passages defending instruction and learned men.

Roma A. King, Jr., The Bow and the Lyre: The Art of Robert Browning. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. 162. $4.50.

This study evaluates representative short dramatic poems with a view to stimulating a "fresh, sensitive rereading" of all Browning's poetry. King has chosen "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "The Bishop Orders his Tomb," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," and "Saul," bringing to bear upon them the modern critical tools that dissect for structure, imagery and balance. The traditionalist will miss a treatment of themes. Browning suffers a visceral loss in at last gaining a respectable skeleton. The book is attractively printed, with good notes and an index.

Edwin T. Bowden, The Themes of Henry James: A System of Observation through the Visual Arts. New Haven (Yale University Press), 1956. Pp. xi + 118. $3.00.

While exploring the use of the visual arts in James' novels for a dissertation under Stanley Williams, Bowden discovered that the arts offered a "system of observation," a method of interpreting the novels and a way of arriving at their principal themes. The application of this tool along with a reasonable amount of comment has provided fresh insight into the novels from Roderick Hudson and The American through the later works like The Ambassadors and The Golden Bowl. An index of references to James' works is provided to help the critical investigator.

Eight American Authors: A Review of Research and Criticism. By Jay B. Hubbell, Floyd Stoval, Walter

Blair, Lewis Leary, Stanley T. Williams, Willard Thorp, Harry Hayden Clark, and Robert E. Spiller. Edited by Floyd Stovall. N.Y. (Modern Language Ass'n), 1956. Pp. xv + 418. $3.75.

This eminently useful collection of bibliographical essays is intended for graduate and advanced undergraduate courses in American literature. The authors considered are Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, Whitman, Twain and James. Lewis Leary does full justice to Thoreau; Floyd Stovall, to Emerson. Stephen Whicher gave important advice in the chapter on R. W. E. Indispensable to a student beginning a dissertation in the American Renaissance.

The Works of Edmund Spenser: A Variorum Edition. Index. Compiled by Charles Grosvenor Osgood. Baltimore (Johns Hopkins Press), 1957. Pp. viii + 125. $3.50.

This valuable reference work, covering the eight previously issued volumes of Spenser's poetry, is apparently the last (Volume XI), having been preceded by Alexander C. Judson's Life of Edmund Spenser (Volume X) and the Prose Works (Volume IX). These last two have their own indexes. In his "Prefatory Note," Osgood says memorable things about the importance of books of this kind. All scholars will agree with him that compiling of a good index requires the healthy stretching of the imagination, and a wide familiarity with the subject, and a good will. He wisely omits names of commentators and matters that can be easily located in the Spenser Concordance or in Whitman's Subject-Index; he does not attempt to overlap Sawtelle's or Lotspeich's studies of Spenser's mythology. Every Spenserian scholar will be grateful to Professor Osgood for this his latest help.

Thoreau Today: Selections from his Writings, edited by Helen Barber Morrison, with an introd. by Odell Shepard. N.Y. (Comet Press Books), 1957. Pp. xxii + 266. $3.75. ("A Reflection Book").

Quotations from Thoreau grouped under 200 topics, which have been arranged in alphabetical order from "Alertness" to "Zeno, the Stoic." A useful handbook for the popular speaker or a bedtime book, prepared by one who has valued H.D.T. for many years. Odell Shepard's pages are instructive.

A Dictionary of American Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases: 1820-1880, by Archer Taylor and Bartlett Jere Whiting. Cambridge (Belknap Press of Harvard University Press), 1958. Pp. xxiii + 418. $9.50.

A primary reference work, as valuable to the librarian who must answer questions as to the student of language and literature--a volume parallel to that on English proverbs by Apperson, Haseltine and Smith. The texts analyzed include the works of most of the major American authors, among them Clemens, Cooper, Dana, Emerson (Journals, Works and Letters), Hawthorne, Holmes, Irving, Lincoln, Melville, Riley, and Willis. Thoreau's works are conspicuously ignored--an important oversight. The texts are arranged in an alphabet according to the first noun or important word. The student of Emerson should welcome this tool; the student of Thoreau should be on the lookout for proverbs in his collected writings.

James E. Miller, Jr. A Critical Guide to Leaves of Grass. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), [1957]. Pp. xi + 268. $6.00.

By approaching Whitman's masterpiece in the light of modern critical standards and refusing to see it as biography or social background, Professor Miller has provided a useful and new study that introduces the poet of the 1850's to readers of the 1950's, demonstrating that Whitman has a universality and is not limited to the climate of opinion in which he originally wrote. The author has sought "neither to worship nor to ridicule" Walt, but he confesses a deep admiration for the poet's craftsmanship which has, at all points, enriched his understanding of the poet's meaning. All the great lyrics are considered, and the commentary on them is made available through a useful index.

Walt Whitman, The Eighteenth Presidency. A Critical Text edited by Edward F. Grier. Lawrence, Kansas (University of Kansas Press), 1956. Pp. vii + 47. $2.00. (Limited edition).

The first adequate edition to appear in our time. It is based upon corrected and uncorrected proofs, two of them owned by Charles E. Feinberg, Esq. Written in 1856 between the first and second editions of the Leaves, the Eighteenth Presidency provides interesting contrasts and connections with the poems--all demonstrated in Grier's capable introduction, which throws light on the "political Walt" as opposed to Walt the poet. Grier does not explain how Whitman arrived at his numbering of the presidencies. Has anyone? A beautiful piece of printing and an important work of reference!

Rosemond Tuve, Images & Themes in Five Poems by Milton. Cambridge (Harvard University Press), 1957. Pp. 161. $4.00.

An "explanatory preface" introduces four studies: "The Structural Figures of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso," "The Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "Theme, Pattern and Imagery in Lycidas," and "Image, Form and Theme in A Mask." Miss Tuve is interested in the large figures as either central to the structure of the poems or symbolic of their meaning--symbols in no sense temporary or culture-bound, but figures which have "held men's feelings and their conceptions of good and evil for two thousand years." She in part restores the rich background which must be posited for a full understanding of Milton's achievement. She refuses to enter the modern critical controversy, being content rather to read the poems sensitively and with an awareness of what they presuppose. The book is a useful companion volume to her A Reading of George Herbert.

James Woodress, Dissertations in American Literature: 1891-1955. Durham (Duke University Press),

1957. Pp. x + 100. $2.00. Paper.

This valuable bibliographical tool classifies 2,500 dissertations, enabling the student or director of research to find what he wants without painful thumbing through a dozen or more reference volumes. Foreign dissertations are included and the whole is organized by subject. First come authors, then general topics, then an alphabetized list of the dissertation writers. Cross-references abound. It is worth five times the cost of the book to read through the rich section on topics and witness the expanse of our literature.

Leon Edel, The Modern Psychological Novel. N.Y. (Grove Press, Inc.), [1959]. Pp. 146. $1.45. (Evergreen Paperback). Cloth edition: $3.50.

The well-known specialist in Henry James states his purpose in the foreword: "I have sought to define what seems to me the most characteristic aspect of twentieth-century fiction: its inward-turning to convey the flow of mental experience, what has been loosely called the 'stream of consciousness.' Actually this essay embraces much more: it is concerned with the manner in which emotional and sensory experience has been rendered in fiction, the bold attempt of certain novelists to make words evoke image, sensation, mental atmosphere--the large effort of certain modern novelists to write Symbolist fiction." He traces the growth of stream-of-consciousness fiction from Dujardin through Proust and Virginia Woolf, handling his subject matter with great economy and providing a useful index.

Wilhelm Goetsch, The Ants. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. 169. $4.50. (Ann Arbor Science Library).

The cover-jacket fairly describes the contents of this attractively printed and profusely illustrated book: "The ubiquitous ant--admired by Solomon for her industry and by Herodotus for her gold mining; said to keep cows, to weave, to raise slaves; recently reported to be on the march through parts of the southeastern United States--is here described concisely and authoritatively." We read of many species, of the Amazon ant, the Argentine ant, castes and classes, warfare and hunting, division of labor, mentality, sex, soldiers, ant-communication systems. There is a bibliography of selected reading. Lovers of Thoreau's famous "battle of the ants" will value this illuminating handbook.

Irving Malin, William Faulkner: An Interpretation. Stanford, Calif. (Stanford University Press), [1957]. Pp. viii + 99. $3.00.

This study focuses on the importance of the father-son relationship in Faulkner's work, treating the motif under the following headings: "The Theme of Rigidity," "The Father-Son Myth," "The Women," "Light in August: The Technique of Oppositions," "Faulkner and the Bible," and "Faulkner and Two Psychoanalysts." Says Malin in his conclusion: "I have tried to indicate a failure of Faulkner to portray women and 'normal' marriage adequately.... In Faulkner's novels, we enter a world where fathers and sons are so interested in conflicts of will, with sexual overtones, that they disregard or fear emotions for healthy women." Malin is inclined to see Faulkner's projection of himself in many of his characters.

Ruth R. Wheeler, Our American Mile: Concord's Battle Road: The Nation's Most Significant Historic Site. Concord, Mass. (Concord Antiquarian Society), 1957. Pp. 40. $1.00.

This charming discussion of Concord's old houses along the Lexington Road (originally called the "Bay Road" because it led to Boston Bay) is filled with pictures, genealogies, lists of ancient owners of Concord land, and historical comments on Concord buildings between 1635 and 1656. It is an important reference work as well as a discerning tourist guide to an ancient Concord that still, in a large measure, survives, despite the ravages of time.

Myth: A Symposium. Edited by Thomas A. Sebeok. Philadelphia (American Folklore Society), 1955. Distributed by Indiana University Press. (Vol. V in the Bibliographical and Special Series of the American Folklore Society). $2.50.

Contributors: David Bidney, "Myth, Symbolism, and Truth;" Richard Dorson, "The Eclipse of Solar Mythology;" Reidar Th. Christiansen, "Myth, Metaphor, and Simile;" Claude Lévi-Strauss, "The Structural Study of Myth;" Dorothy Eggan, "The Personal Use of Myth in Dreams;" Lord Raglan, "Myth and Ritual;" Stanley Edgar Hyman, "The Ritual View of Myth and the Mythic;" Philip Wainwright, "The Semantic Approach to Myth;" and Stith Thompson, "Myths and Folktales." References are made throughout to the literature of the world and also to that of the American Renaissance.

Merton M. Sealts, Jr., Melville as Lecturer. Cambridge (Harvard University Press), 1957. Pp. xi + 202. $4.00.

Based primarily upon fifty-four extant newspaper reports of Melville's various speaking engagements, this work covers the years 1857-1860, a critical turning-point in Melville's career, which bears on the later period of Clarel and Billy Budd. Dr. Sealts has reconstructed some of the original texts from the printed reports and has reproduced in facsimile Melville's record of engagements. "Statues in Rome," "The South Seas," and "Traveling: Its Pleasures, Pains, and Profits"--these synthetic texts are interesting to read. They have been carefully documented and indexed, now providing valuable links between early and late periods.

Barbara M. Cross, Horace Bushnell, Minister to a Changing America. Chicago (University of Chicago Press), [1958]. Pp. xv + 201. $6.00.

The author analyzes the religious thought of Bushnell and the emergence of his speculation from the Protestant middle-class urban society of mid-nineteenth-century America. Bushnell's Christianity had to struggle with the decline of orthodox Calvinism, the growth of religious humanism, and the growth of Romanticism, Transcendentalism,

and materialism. Despite the interplay of secular pressures and religious thought, Bushnell succeeded in holding ground for the Protestant religion, yielding in part to the many pressures and withstanding others. The book deals especially with his years as Congregational preacher in Hartford, where he was shaped into an historically important thinker. Emerson is mentioned throughout. The index is excellent.

Harry Berger, Jr., The Allegorical Temper: Vision and Reality in Book II of Spenser's Faerie Queene. New Haven (Yale University Press), 1957. Pp. xii + 248. $5.00. (Yale Studies in English, Vol. 137).

This is a fresh examination of a "movement" of the Faerie Queene, emphasizing Spenser's use of allegory to project a "double perspective" on the action and hence evaluating it more organically than others have done. Whereas, in his fictional world, the hero encounters and experiences the places and adventures concretely and definitively, at the same time Spenser speaks to us readers in overtones and in his poetic and narrative patterns. Berger discusses the problem of interpretation, the problems of intellectual history, and problems arising in allegorical method and allegory in action. The work has a good bibliography and a useful index of episodes.

Frederick C. Crews, The Tragedy of Manners: Moral Drama in the Later Novels of Henry James. New Haven (Yale University Press), [1957]. Pp. 114. $3.00.

Volume 10 in the series of Undergraduate Prize Essays, this attractive volume provides a commentary on or explication of, The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove and The Golden Bowl in terms of dramatic conflict between certain social and moral values, the action resulting from philosophical differences of opinion which rest ultimately on the different social backgrounds of the characters. Crews analyzes The Portrait of a Lady as well, manifesting an astute awareness of subtle changes in attitude, alterations in character, and unresolved paradoxes. He demonstrates that James' later novels show no falling off in moral interest and that they manifest a richness and flexibility which even his own illuminating method cannot fully probe. A remarkable product of undergraduate criticism and deserving a permanent place on the Jamesian bookshelf.

Christof Wegelin, The Image of Europe in Henry James. Dallas (Southern Methodist University Press), 1958. Pp. ix + 200. $4.50.

From the colonial times throughout the nineteenth century, Europe "was culturally an American concern and problem," and James faced it in different ways during the span of his productive years. His early works reveal subjective appraisals long held by the American imagination and illustrated in the young American girl. In his later phase, international contrasts are employed in his increasing concern with the nature of morality. In this well-documented study one observes the problems of the expatriate and the speculative complications growing out of a developing cosmopolitanism. The index is useful.

James Volant Baker, The Sacred River: Coleridge's Theory of the Imagination. Introduction by Richard Harter Fogle. Baton Rouge (Louisiana State University Press), [1957]. Pp. 308. $4.50.

Concerned especially with the rôle of the unconscious in Coleridge's theory of the imagination, Baker attempts to supplement rather than go beyond modern evaluations of the subject. Observing that the "dark side" of the theory is particularly pertinent to our century, thanks to Freudian "depth psychology" and its successors, stream-of-consciousness techniques and surrealism, he sees a direct, if underground, connection between Xanadu and Finnegans Wake. Passing from a consideration of the "material imagination," Coleridge's knowledge of Hartleian Associationist views of the imagination, and the rising conflict between mechanical and vitalist theories of the creative mind, Baker approaches his important chapter on "Creation and the Unconscious," calling Coleridge a "pioneer psychologist with unequalled gifts of introspection" who "anticipated Freud in finding significance in dreams." He demonstrates Coleridge's awareness of the interplay between the conscious mind and the unconscious--of the "continuous stream of mind," especially in poetry. Shakespeare's genius is accounted for by interpenetration of the two, and Coleridge himself manifests it in the symbolic power of his poetry. Emerson, who drew upon Coleridge for many distinctions--especially that between the fancy and the imagination--is quoted throughout. This volume might well stimulate a new study of Emerson's poetry. The book ends with an appraisal of Coleridge's theory, a valuable bibliography, and two indexes.

Ward L. Miner, The World of William Faulkner. N.Y. (Grove Press, Inc.), [1959]. Pp. 170. $1.45. Paper.

Originally published by the Duke University Press in 1952, this exploration of the Yoknapatawpha saga deals with elements of actuality in Faulkner (i.e., Lafayette County, Mississippi, with Oxford for its county seat), the legend of Yoknapatawpha County with Jefferson for its county seat, parallels and contrasts between the actual and legendary, Faulkner's historical patterns and his moral patterns. The literary influences upon him are ignored deliberately, though Miner is conscious of them and of the problem of involved syntax in the Faulkner sentence. The work has a useful appendix, bibliography and index.

Gay Wilson Allen, The Solitary Singer: A Critical Biography of Walt Whitman. N.Y. (Grove Press, Inc.) [1959]. Pp. xii + 616. $2.95. Paperback.

This factual life of Whitman, which ought to remain standard for many years, was built partly upon the large collection of raw materials left by the late Clifton J. Furness, of Cambridge, whose untimely death resulted in "one of the most tragic failures I have known among scholars." Allen also draws upon the famous biography of the Danish critic, Frederik Schyberg, whom he and Mrs. Allen translated into English several years ago. With a remarkable index, useful notes, pleasing format,

this volume should become a standard resource. The Whitman-R.W.E. relationship is adequately charted.

The Heart of Emerson's Journals, ed. by Bliss Perry. N.Y. (Dover Publications, Inc.), [1958]. Pp. xi + 357. $1.85. Paperback.

We have long believed that Emerson's Journals, when fully published, may well become the most important Concord literary achievement, demonstrating the march of Mind across the nineteenth century. This reissue of the condensation is timely and significant. Emerson ought to be read, if not for his famous Essays then certainly for the jottings and day-by-day critiques which came from his sensitive mind. For the average reader and for new readers this paperback can render important services.

Japan: Theme and Variations: A Collection of Poems by Americans. Edited by Charles E. Tuttle. Rutland, Vermont, and Tokyo, Japan (Charles E. Tuttle Company), 1959. Pp. xi + 183. $3.00. (Beautifully bound and boxed.)

In the last fifty years, Japan has multiplied translations of the works of Americans like Emerson. In this volume, Americans show an enlarged awareness of the life, thought and scenery of the island kingdom in early 250 lyrics carefully selected from 1,700 submitted by over 600 poets in a contest designed to correct the tension obtaining between the two nations during a time of international unrest. The criteria followed by the judges were: (1) literary value, (2) relevance to some aspect of modern Japan, and (3) an understanding of or sympathy for Japan and its people. For centuries men have sought the wonders of the Orient; for more than a century and a half, Americans have turned their eyes in that direction, in philosophic or vacation mood. Here we have modern American testimony of the riches available to a traveller in the islands. Whoever handles this volume will make a journey across the Pacific to enter a world as fascinating as any work of fiction can present. Japan as here portrayed is as powerfully attractive and as aesthetically satisfying as ever. Compact and attractively printed, this book can give wings to the imagination.

Thomas H. Huxley, Man's Place in Nature. Introduction by Ashley Montagu. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1959]. Pp. 184. $1.75. (Ann Arbor Paperback).

Almost as famous and influential as On the Origin of Species (1859), this classic defense of Darwin's work, in some of the most eloquent prose of the English language, had a wide and deserved influence in America. Emerson read much of Huxley's other works and at least twice met him at dinner in England. The present volume shares the attractiveness of the entire Ann Arbor series. It is designed for use in courses in the humanities.

Dwight Lowell Dumond, Antislavery Origins of the Civil War in the United States. With a new preface by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1959]. Pp. 132. $1.65. (Ann Arbor Paperback).

Though it does not specifically cover the activities of the Boston-Concord abolitionists, this book analyzes the moral fervor that animated them and, as Schlesinger shows, corrects the view which "revisionist historians" have taken to discount the significance and immorality of slavery in the human conscience as principal causes of the Civil War. The study is compact, attractive and well indexed.

Harry John Mooney, Jr., The Fiction and Criticism of Katherine Anne Porter. Pittsburgh (University of Pittsburgh Press), 1957. Pp. 58. $1.50. Paper.

Number two in a series of "Critical Essays in English and American Literature," this compact critical study emphasizes not only K.A.P's technical accomplishment (style, form and precision)--already widely recognized--but her message as well, for, as Mooney says, "the clarity of her style and the precision of her language add greatly to the power of what she has to say" about the meaning of human experience. In charting her literary career and analyzing her significant themes and characters, the author draws upon much contemporary critical opinion but also presents valuable insights of his own. The volume is a small treasure for the Porter enthusiast.

Mercedes Cunningham Monjian, Robinson Jeffers: A Study in Inhumanism. Pittsburgh (University of Pittsburgh Press), [1958]. Pp. 103. $1.25. Paper.

Dividing her emphasis between the philosopher and the poet, Mrs. Monjian deals first with Jeffers' glorying in the magnificence, beauty and worth of the natural world as against the "system of thinking in which man, his interests, and development, are made dominant." She relates him to negative Romantics like Byron, positive Romantics like Wordsworth as well as stoicial and cynical speculators like Nietzsche and Spengler. In discussing his achievement as a poet and his views concerning poetry, she emphasizes the qualities which Jeffers believed made for permanence. Under "The Philosopher-Poet" she discusses the paradoxes of negation and affirmation; detachment and preoccupation; fatalism and free will. Under "The Poet-Philosopher," she deals with permanent images, primitive emotions, and Jeffers' distinctive style. The author is "awed by the magnificent talent and effort of a burdened mind struggling to free humanity from the shackles of an impoverished self-love, and the myths to which [Jeffers] believes it gave birth."

J. Quentin Lauer, S.J., The Triumph of Subjectivity: An Introduction to Transcendental Phenomenology. N.Y. (Fordham University Press), 1958. Pp. 185. $4.00.

This is Number 1 in the "Orestes Brownson Series on Contemporary Thought and Affairs." Though the title and the name of the series might suggest that American Transcendentalism is the subject, this study deals with phenomenology in the works of Im-

manuel Kant, Hegel, Ernst Mach and the Vienna Circle, Freud, and, in our own day, Edmund Husserl. A well-organized philosophic treatise that might be employed in a phenomenological study of Thoreau or Whitman, it first defines the term and then passes to a consideration of basic phenomenological techniques and the theory of cognition as theory of being. After dealing with the "sense of objectivity," "transcendental subjectivity," and "a universal phenomenology of reason," the author analyzes "the other explained intentionally" and concludes with a chapter on the future of phenomenology. Aaron Gurwitsch has provided the preface.

[Horatio Greenough], The Travels, Observations, and Experience of a Yankee Stonecutter (1852). By Horace Bender, pseud. A facsimile reproduction of the unique surviving copy, with an introduction by Nathalia Wright. Gainesville (Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints), 1958. Pp. xvi + 222. $7.50.

Students of Emerson's aesthetics will welcome this little classic by an artist whom the Concord School (including Thoreau) highly respected. Emerson called it "a very dangerous book" that contained "more useful truth than any thing in America I can readily remember"--"a great possession to me." Only a few persons besides Emerson received copies; the remainder of the edition was destroyed. Only a single example survives. Miss Wright's introduction is important and discriminating, reflecting her thorough study of the relationship between Emerson and Greenough in the Harvard Library Bulletin, XII, no. 1 (Winter, 1958). The format is attractive; the edition, small. No research library should fail to order it at once.

Allen Tate, Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. 322. $1.65. Paperback.

Herbert W. Schneider, The Puritan Mind. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1958]. Pp. 267. $1.85. Ann Arbor Paperback.

Gilbert Chinard, Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism. 2nd ed. revised. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. 548. $1.95. Ann Arbor Paperback.

Two great biographies of nineteenth-century Southerners besides a standard treatment of Puritanism in New England. Tate's Jackson is an achievement in accuracy and style; Schneider's Puritan Mind, though first published in 1930, is still valuable for its range and incisiveness; Chinard's Jefferson will not soon be superseded. Remarkable values for the student in college or university.

The Diary of Clara Crowninshield: A European Tour With Longfellow, 1835-1836. Ed. Andrew Hilen. Seattle (University of Washington Press), 1956. Pp. xxxv + 304. $5.00.

Students of Longfellow will welcome this glimpse of his apprenticeship in England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany and France during Thoreau's Junior year at Harvard--edited by the authority on Longfellow and Scandinavia, who has also provided an important introductory essay and useful index. Though Clara Crowninshield deserves some attention for herself, her principal value will depend upon her preserving for us a vivid picture of the Europe in which the young Longfellow became an eager pupil.

Henry Nash Smith, Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth. N.Y. (Vintage Books), 1957. Pp. viii + 311. $1.25. Paperback.

A reprinting of an important thematic study, originally published in 1950 by the Harvard University Press, of interest to students of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman because of their awareness of the developing interior of our country--to Thoreau especially because of his admiration for wildness. Manifest Destiny, Daniel Boone primitivism, Kit Carson and the Mountain Man, the hero and heroine of the dime novel, and variations of the Garden-of-Eden myth are treated in considerable detail. The index helps one find references to writers in the American Renaissance.

Edward Stone, ed. Incident at Harper's Ferry: Primary Source Materials for Teaching the Theory and Technique of the Investigative Essay. Englewood, N.J. (Prentice-Hall), [1956]. Pp. xi + 231. $1.95. Paperback.

Henry W. Sams, ed. Autobiography of Brook Farm. Englewood, N.J. (Prentice-Hall), 1958. Pp. x + 271. $1.95. Paperback.

Though designed to supply the undergraduate with well-chosen basic source materials for research papers, both volumes are important for the library of teacher and scholar. The first provides background for manageable source papers on "Thoreau and Slavery," "The Transcendentalists and John Brown," or "Boston Abolitionists and Harper's Ferry." The second has maps and an important index. Both would make excellent collateral reading for the survey course in American literature.

Walter Allen, The English Novel: A Short Critical History. N.Y. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), 1957. Pp. xxiv + 454. $1.55. Everyman Paperback.

Will serve student and instructor alike wherever a good, one-volume commentary on English fiction is needed. Himself a novelist, Allen is sensitive to craftsmanship in the major authors whom he discusses, and this reader is especially grateful for the excellent treatment of eighteenth-century authors (Richardson, Fielding and Goldsmith), who, in a history of this kind, deserve and receive more space than the corresponding greats of the last two hundred years. Allen is at his best in the analysis of Joseph Andrews.

Kathleen Nott, The Emperor's Clothes. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), 1958. Pp. 328. $1.75. Paperback.

William York Tindall, The Literary Symbol. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), [1958]. Pp. 278. $1.75. Paperback.

John Livingston Lowes, Geoffrey Chaucer. Bloomington (Indiana University Press), 1958. Pp. 200.

$1.50. Paperback.

These "Midland Books" are reprints of important cloth-bound editions and recognized as modern classics. The first is "an attack on the dogmatic orthodoxy of T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Dorothy Sayers, C. S. Lewis, and others." The second discusses Proust, Joyce, Hopkins, Yeats, Woolf, Dylan Thomas, Mann, Faulkner, Stevens and Forster, as exemplars of symbolic writing, so profound and pervasive in our day. The third is a famous literary guidebook composed of lectures delivered at Swarthmore in 1932 and still fresh and penetrating.

F. L. Lucas, Literature and Psychology. First American edition revised. Ann Arbor (University of Michigan Press), [1957]. Pp. 340. $1.75. Paperback.

Divided into two parts, this work by an outstanding British critic on the interpretation and judgment of literature is a most useful key for the teacher or student confronted by the contentions of modern literary schools. Analyzing the case for both "critical relativism" and "art for art's sake," and submitting Romanticism to psychological rather than to literary tests, Lucas enlarges rather than narrows our possibilities for literary enjoyment. With the aid of the New Psychology, moreover, he gives insight into Shakespeare's great heroes--Hamlet, Lear, Othello and Macbeth. He provides a remarkable handbook for the student enrolled in a survey course in English literature. Those who employ it on this level will be pleasantly surprised at undergraduate response.

The Tragic Vision and the Christian Faith, ed. Nathan A. Scott, Jr. N.Y. (Association Press), [1957]. Pp. xix + 347. $4.50. (A Haddam House Book).

This volume is a Christian assessment of the literature of tragedy, with contributions by Roy W. Battenhouse, Emile Cailliet, Edmond LeB. Cherbonnier, Paul L. Holmer, Richard Kroner, J. Hillis Miller, Jr., Albert C. Outler, Nathan A. Scott, Jr., T. S. K. Scott-Craig, John E. Smith, Randall Stewart and Hyatt H. Waggoner. Cherbonnier's introductory chapter on "Biblical Faith and the Idea of Tragedy" makes so many acute distinctions for the literary and religious mind that it alone is worth many times the cost of the volume. Then follow: "Shakespearean Tragedy: A Christian Interpretation," "Miltonic Tragedy and Christian Vision," "The Anguish of Pascal," "Goethe's Faust: The Tragedy of Titanism," "Soren Kierkegaard: Faith in a Tragic World," "Dostoevski--Tragedian of the Modern Excursion into Unbelief," "Nietzsche: The Conquest of the Tragic Through Art," "The Vision of Evil in Hawthorne and Melville," "Freud and the Domestication of Tragedy," "Franz Kafka and the Metaphysics of Alienation," and "William Faulkner's Passon Week of the Heart." These studies are documented. A valuable selected bibliography concludes the volume. This symposium can be put to strategic use in literature courses of both undergraduate and graduate levels.

Harry F. Tashman, Today's Neurotic Family. N.Y. (N. Y. University Press for the Layman's Institute for Psychoanalytic Enlightenment), [1957]. Pp. 214. $3.95.

This lively book is an eye-opener. By taking the family rather than the individual as his unit, Dr. Tashman gives a fresh approach to the complex of forces in the midst of which everyone must mount to maturity. In his chapter, "The Jungle Within," he defines our personalities as syntheses or "onions" of acquired layers of identification, socializations and acculturations. "On the floor of the personality structure lives the original savage, the megalomaniac and the infant who is omnipotent. If the personality is deep and well put together--in short, a good insulator--it will contain successfully the volcanic eruptions that spring up from this floor." His language is similarly picturesque throughout. Speaking of women who cannot creatively use their energies in the home and who must divert it from normal channels, he describes their "symbol systems, beyond man's awareness, that break him down. This is the level on which the modern Delilah conquers her Samson. A threatening glance from an infantile wife can subdue or even disintegrate, an industrial giant."

Richard G. Lillard, American Life in Autobiography: A Descriptive Guide. Stanford (Stanford University Press), [1956]. Pp. 140. $3.75. Paper.

Accepting as his premise that "few autobiographies have been written by men and women...whose lives are essentially placid, who are creatures of routine or the minions of institutions," the author sees them rather as the product of lives that are "the makers of institutions." He proceeds to list and briefly discuss the motivations of people in the several professions, reserving one section for "Teachers, Educators, Lecturers, Scholars" and another for "Writers, Critics, Literary Editors, Men of Letters." An excellent general index helps one locate surnames. Thoreau is not included. Though the compilation does not claim to be exhaustive, it establishes an effective system which can be easily augmented in future editions. The plan is useful alike to reference librarians and to lovers of biography in particular departments. Counsellors, occupational therapists and administrators may put this volume to strategic use. It might even inspire some men and women of our time to publish their own lives. Of importance to students of Transcendentalism are the autobiographies of George F. Hoar, Franklin B. Sanborn, Thomas W. Higginson, and Moncure Conway.

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EMERSON, THOMAS CAMPBELL, AND BACON'S DEFINITION OF POETRY

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Emerson has been criticized for so frequently paraphrasing and so consistently stressing Bacon on poetry, as in his "Milton" (1835):[1] "...Lord Bacon's definition...following that of Aristotle, 'Poetry, not finding the actual world exactly conformed to its idea of good and fair, seeks to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind, and to create an ideal world better than the world of experience.'" Or, again, as in Nature (1836):[2] "The sensual man conforms thoughts to things; the poet conforms things to his thoughts. The one esteems nature as rooted and fast; the other, as fluid, and impresses his being thereon.... The imagination may be defined to be, the use which the Reason makes of the material world." The latter quotation represents Emerson's attempt to illustrate the half-truth of Bishop Berkeley's "ideal philosophy" which, by 1836, he had already outgrown in favor of Coleridge's--as may be seen in his chapter on "Spirit."[3] The fact that he never repudiated Bacon, however, has led Matthiessen a little too hastily to condemn him as an escapist[4] without taking into account Emerson's total practice of poetry and the variety of interpretations given to Bacon's words from the Renaissance to our own time,[5] words that give rise to paradox:

> For as the active world is inferior to the rational soul, so poetry gives that to mankind which history denies; and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows, when it cannot enjoy the substance. For upon a narrow inspection, poetry strongly shews, that a greater grandeur of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety is pleasing to the mind, than can any where be found in nature, after the fall. So that as the actions and events, which are the subjects of true history, have not that grandeur which satisfies the mind, poetry steps in, and feigns more heroical actions. And as real history gives us not the success of things, according to the deserts of virtue and vice; poetry corrects it, and presents us with the fates and fortunes of persons rewarded or punished according to merit. And as real history disgusts us with a familiar and constant similitude of things; poetry relieves us by unexpected turns and changes; and thus not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleness of soul. Whence it may be justly esteemed of a divine nature; as it raises the mind, by accommodating the images of things to our desires; and not, like history and reason, subjecting the mind to things.[6]

Though Bacon's popularity with the early Romantics is indubitable--and for many good reasons--[7] critics sometimes forget that his view of poetry was not interpreted by all poets in an "escapist" fashion. Not even Shelley, in A Defence of Poetry (1821),[8] denies reality; poetry reveals objects as they really are--without the staleness of custom.

As I shall show in my forthcoming work, Emerson's Early Reading in Periodicals, Emerson during his last two undergraduate years scanned the English reviews for discussions of poetry like the two written by Francis Jeffrey: "Coleridge's Literary Life"[9] and "Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming."[10] The most important article within his reach at this time was Thomas Campbell's important critique of Bacon's view of poetry in the New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal, which Campbell had just begun to edit. (The January, 1821, issue was immediately reprinted in Philadelphia.) Still unlisted in all Campbell bibliographies that I have seen and probably confused by many with the earlier and inferior An Essay on English Poetry (Boston, 1819), "Lecture One" probably represents Campbell's best critical effort. Therein he does with Bacon's words essentially what Emerson himself, with the help of Coleridge, did to Berkeleian "Idealism" in Nature--brought them back down to earth. In reprinting so important a document, still unknown to most students after one hundred and thirty-eight years, I hope the Emersonian scholar may be led to a fairer appraisal of "Baconian theory" in early Romanticism than has been possible hitherto. I hope, moreover, that we shall soon have an adequate study of Emerson's development in the theory and practice of poetry.

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1 See Works, XII, 277-278. 2 See Nature (facsimile of the 1836 edition), N.Y., 1940, page 65, lines 3ff. 3 See my Emerson the Essayist, I, 217-222, for Emerson's transition from Berkeley to Coleridge. For references to Bacon's theory in addition to those cited, see

Works, V, 241 and VIII, 20; Journals (1st ed.), II, 371-372.
4 See F. O. Matthiessen, American Renaissance, N.Y. [1941], p. 52. [264.
5 See Murray W. Bundy, "Bacon's True Opinion of Poetry," S P, XXVIII (1930), 244-
6 From the De Augmentis Scientiarum, tr. Peter Shaw, (2 vols.), London, 1803, I, 38-39. 7 See, for example, William O. Scott, "Shelley's Admiration for Bacon," P M L A, LXXIII, no. 3 (June, 1958), pp. 228-236; Vivian C. Hopkins, "Emerson and Bacon," American Literature, XXIX, no. 4 (Jan., 1958), 408-430. See Bernard Baum, The Baconian Mind in American Thought, 1815-1850 (Univ. of Michigan Diss., 1942). 8 See Percy Bysshe Shelley, A Defense of Poetry, ed. with introd. and notes by Albert S. Cook, Boston, 1891. Cf. pages 41-42 with 13.
9 Edinburgh Review, XXVIII (1817), 488-515.
10 Edinburgh Review, XIV (1809), 1-19. Still later Emerson came to know the excellent article, "English Poetry," Edinburgh Review, LXII (1825), pp. 31-64, in which Bacon's definition is discussed.
11 The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal, n.s. I, no. 1 (London, Jan., 1821), pages 1-15. Republished in Philadelphia the same year.
12 Emerson's early admiration for Campbell is well known. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.), Hartford, 1958, III, 834; Journals (1st ed.), IX, 124. See also, for general background, Charles Duffy, "Thomas Campbell and America," American Literature, XIII, no. 4 (Jan., 1942), 346-355.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LECTURES ON POETRY, THE SUBSTANCE OF WHICH WAS DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE I.

I PROPOSE, in the greater portion of the following Lectures, to treat of poetry rather abstractedly than historically. But as on entering on every subject there is an obvious advantage in taking a preliminary view of its nature at large, I shall devote this first lecture to some general remarks on poetical composition. I shall first of all endeavour to discriminate it from some other pursuits of the human mind, in which the intellect and the imagination are both concerned, and shall then subjoin some thoughts on the reciprocal influence with which it affects and is affected by the moral culture of society. If I should be far from giving my observations that comprehensiveness and method which ought to belong to a full and regular treatise on poetry, I must beg allowance to be made for my object being much more limited than to compose such a work. The philosophy of the poet's art is a vast field of inquiry, over the entire extent of which I make no pretensions to expatiate. My attempt shall only be to investigate some of its prominent and most interesting points.

Few sayings respecting poetry have been more frequently felt or repeated than the words of Lord Bacon—"that it accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind." It has not been always observed that the noble author uses this expression when considering poetry only as "*imaginary history*."* From his

* "Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "is a kind of learning generally confined to the measure of words, but otherwise extremely licentious, and truly belonging to the imagination, which, being unrestrained by laws, may make what unnatural mixtures and separations it pleases. It is taken in two senses, or with respect to words and matter. The first is but a character of style, and a certain form of speech not relating to the subject; for a true narration may be delivered in verse, and a feigned one in prose;—but the second is a capital part of learning and no other than feigned History. And here, as in our decisions we endeavour to find and trace the true sources of learning, and this frequently with-

having previously said that "he should take no particular notice of Satire, Elegy, Epigram, Ode, &c. but should hand them over to philosophy and the arts of speech," I suspect that his Lordship applied his memorable words to feigned history alone—but, to my humble apprehension, they will bear an universal application to poetry. For I can suppose no instance in which an affecting poem taken as a whole, does not accommodate the appearances of nature to our wishes. The accommodation indeed is most palpably made in fiction; it is nevertheless also effected, although more subtly, in the poetical representation of truth. Delightful as nature is to us, yet a literal and facsimile transcript of her accidental appearances will not constitute poetry. Those circumstances, even of true objects, must alone be chosen and combined, which excite the warmth and light of agreeable passions and associations. When the poet, therefore, exhibits the credibilities of existence without the aid of invented characters or of fable, he still selects and concentrates only those traits of truth which attach our sensibility, and he rejects others that would disturb the harmony of his picture, or repel our sympathy. This makes Truth herself appear more beautiful in the Muses' mirror than in her casual reality. I am far from saying, that fiction is of slight utility to poetry: I only mean, that the true circumstances of nature, when exquisitely chosen and combined, will constitute that high beauty of art which we call the ideal, without the necessary intervention of fiction. Nor do I mean that language can produce this effect, unless it also possess the power of exciting fanciful associations. The passions that give life to poetry are indissolubly connected with the liveliness of the associating faculty. No doubt, the language of real passion is not, in general, prone to remote and surprising combinations of thought. The wit of the fancy is a doubtful indication of passion. Nevertheless, when we read a strain of deep feeling, we naturally imagine it to come from a mind of rich associations, and it excites a reverie of luxuriant images in our own. But remote fancies, whether they are congenial or not with the language of passion, may have their place in the poet's survey of existence, and yet may be far from amounting to fiction, in the fair and general sense of the word. It is only in that acceptation, namely, the feigning of events and characters, that I deny fiction to be perpetually and essentially necessary to the poet. If all the imagery of language is to be so called, prose itself will be found to teem with fiction. But, however necessary fanciful associations may be to Poetry, she may portray the realities of Nature without absolute fiction, so as to touch the inmost recesses of our sympathy. The famous Love Ode of Sappho, for instance, affects us by the simple vehemence of its passion—and yet it is not fiction. If it were asked, how such a poem can be said "to accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind," I should answer, that it conveys the conception of amatory transport as completely by selecting and concentrating the traits of truth, as if the finest artists had embodied it to the eye with ideal beauty. It is all nature, but it is perfect nature—there is no part of the outline weak, though it seems as if every one could trace it. And yet, though every one feels the passion, it has been seldom so well described in the course of two thousand years.

The spirited selection and concentration of truth is one means, and fiction is another, by which the poet maintains his empire. The one founds it, and the other extends it. If truth can thus be found, of itself, to constitute the soul of entire and inspired poetical effusions, fiction cannot well be denominated the soul of poetry; and I should rather be inclined to call it her highest

out giving way to custom, or the established order, we shall take no particular notice of *satire, elegy, ode, &c. but turn them over to philosophy and the arts of speech*, and, under the name of Poetry, treat nothing more than Imaginary History."

I beg pardon if I mistake the meaning of so great an authority; but it would seem to me to be a natural inference from the proposed turning over of certain classes of composition to philosophy, that the poet in those classes is to be judged of by the same canons of criticism with the philosopher. If the transference be not for this purpose, I am at a loss to see what other end it can answer; and, to my humble apprehension, there is not in this distinction, at least thus briefly as it is worded, that irresistible clearness which so usually attends Lord Bacon's decisions. Supposing the poet and the philosopher both to endite truth, will they not treat it in a different manner, and ought they not therefore to be judged of by different laws? The philosopher exhibits all the circumstances of truth so investigated and analysed as to calm and counteract our passions: The poet selects and combines only those circumstances which excite them, and which connect emotion with intellectual perception. Poetry accommodates the shows of things to the mind's desires: Philosophy has in view to make the mind accommodate its desires to the realities of things.

The classes of poetry, thus discriminated from imaginary history, and left to be turned over to philosophy and the arts of speech, are satire, elegy, epigram, ode, &c. The arts of speech is a vague expression; I shall therefore only speak of the consignment as it regards philosophy. The light host of epigrams may take their place where they please; and so may satires, though they are at best but a one-sided sort of philosophy—But the lyrical ode may be highly fanciful, and it is difficult to see any thing in its transports peculiarly fit to be tried by a jury of philosophers. Didactic poetry has the most *apparent* connexion with philosophy; but the connexion is always forced, and generally unfavourable. It is the most unteaching of all things, and, in reality, is not judged of by its power of instruction: otherwise, the Georgics of Virgil might be submitted to the Board of Agriculture. There is unquestionably philosophy in poetry—in spirit, not in demonstrative form; but that spirit, I apprehend, is not locked up in any distinct compartment of the art, and least of all in those where the poet affects to be most philosophical. Nor can I see why classes of poetry different from imaginary history, are more to be referred to philosophy than imaginary history itself. There is surely more knowledge of man diffused over the Iliad and Odyssey, not to speak of dramatic poetry, than over all the soberest didactic verses, and shrewdest satires, and most contemplative elegies, that were ever written.

prerogative. It is a privilege too, of which the poet can avail himself more than any other imitative artist. For though painting and sculpture may surpass the power of verse in immediate impression, yet from being mute and chained to the moment, they are sensibly limited in the means of explaining more of their subjects than meets the eye, and they can with difficulty embody any fiction which tradition or poetry has not in some degree prepared, and placed in their hands; whereas poetry, by her "winged words," to use the noble Homeric phrase, can widen the circuit of human thoughts undefinedly into the past and the future, and may feign what has not even been surmised by tradition. To return to the words of Lord Bacon, they apply, though I conceive not more truly, yet with easier and more extensive illustration, to imaginary history than to any other class of poetry. And his observation, that the art shows itself to be something divine, as it raises the mind by accommodating "the shews of things to its desires," bespeaks a sensibility in the sage as deep as his intellect. For poetry, in its highest sense, is scarcely any thing else than a synonyme for the religion of nature. It is true that we have a pleasure in the poet's representations of life, from our attachment to life itself. All imitations of objects have a certain value to the mind, as the resemblances and records of a perishable existence. They surprise us with traits of nature that have escaped our observation or faded from our memories, and affect us as if they restored to us a lost or absent friend, with all the tender illusion, though without the indistinctness, of a dream. But the poet does not establish his influence always merely on graphic fidelity to nature; he knows that there is a disposition within us to go beyond hope itself, and to shape reveries of things, not as they are, but as we would wish them to be. There is no imagination which has not, at some time or other, dreamt in a paradise of its own creation. It is true that this optimism of the fancy, when it vents itself in the castle-buildings of a weak mind, or is masked under the gravity of a false and Utopian philosophy, becomes pernicious and ridiculous. The love of ideal happiness, when thus driveling and disfigured, appears a bastard species of the fancy, to which poetical feeling disdains acknowledging its resemblance or affinity. But when we look to the day-dreams of inspired fiction, and when we feel the superhuman force and excellence of its characters, it is then that we acknowledge the beatific idealism of our nature to be a feature of divine expression in the moral aspect of man. To compare the conceptions of so frail a being with his actual attainments of happiness, would be sufficient to persuade us, without a hint from revelation, that our natures are either the wreck of some superior past intelligence, or the germ and promise of a new one.

The object of poetry being to delight the imagination, divides it from every other pursuit of language. But it is necessary to recollect that this is its primary and distinguishing object; because the fancy and passions are often addressed in other provinces of animated composition, and though the poet may have more imaginative powers than other men, he is not the only composer in language who employs them. In prose itself, zeal will warm the associations, and mould them into imagery; and metaphors, similes, and comparisons, will be found more or less scattered over every style that is not devoted to pure science and abstraction. Hence, while poetry claims her rank among intellectual studies, those other pursuits, which have truth more severely and immediately for their object, also make their occasional excursions into the field of fancy. So that, distinct as the ends of the poet and the moral reasoner may be, the one being pleasure and the other instruction, we shall find Shakspeare furnishing texts for philosophy, and the apothegms of Bacon adorned with figurative illustrations*. In pure metaphysics it is, no doubt, agreed, that fanciful analogies between mind and matter are apt to be dangerous and delusive lights to the inquirer, and that the language of philosophy should be shaded as much as possible by abstraction, like the glass that is darkened in order to enable us to look at the sun. Yet, in spite of this acknowledgment, we shall often find logicians amusing themselves very contentedly with ingenious images. Locke has given a description of the process of memory that is absolutely poetical. And if the flowers of Parnassus may thus be found starting up so far from their native soil as among the dust and thorns of metaphysics, how much more naturally may we expect to meet with them in the more genial regions of moral sentiment. In fact, there is a poetry in the human mind which partially diffuses itself over all its moral pursuits; and few men who have ever strongly influenced society, have been possessed of cold or weak imaginations. The orator must, on many occasions, appeal to the passions as well as the understanding; and the historian, even whilst adhering to facts, gives a natural prominence to spirit-stirring events and heroic characters, which lays a frequent and just hold on our enthusiasm.

* I allude to the felicity of Lord Bacon's figurative expressions, and not to their frequent occurrence; for as a writer he is (as we might naturally expect) no pursuer of such ornaments. But when he does indulge in them, there is a charm indescribably striking in the contrast,—I should say in the harmony between his deep thought and elastic fancy. And his beauties of this description may be treasured in the memory with as much safety as admiration. For though he may be said to blend figures with his philosophy, he mixes them not with abstract metaphysics, but with maxims that come home to our bosoms and business. And, unlike many philosophers, he uses them as mere illustrations of argument, and not as their subject.

But still there are plain limits which divide poetry from history, philosophy, and oratory, although the poet may often impart philosophical truths, though the orator may move our affections, and the historian spread agreeable pictures before the fancy. We may again consider the poet as either exhibiting a true representation of Nature, or, "*Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed.*" Viewed in the former light, he may seem to approach more nearly to the character of the historian than when he deals in fable; but he is still as essentially distinct from him in his main scope. For we must interpret the character of history by a collective view of its intended effect, not by appealing to the impression of insulated chapters and sentences, which, though they may rise to poetical eloquence, give the pursuit no generic identity with an art devoted to the imagination. Poetry affects us by views of the good and evil of existence thrown into large masses of light and shade. But History cannot give the chequered aspect of human affairs this supported contrast and strength of colouring without betraying anxiety for effect, and diminishing our confidence in her value as a science. The poet feels and inspires unbroken and determinate tones of emotion, whether they be gay, plaintive, or impetuous. They may change and succeed in rapid vicissitude, but they swell and fall in harmony, and even their fluctuation, with skilful management, need not make them check and neutralize each other. But the records of life, like life itself, teem with the elements not only of mutable, but of abrupt and jarring sensations. The historian may often excite our enthusiasm in this discordant spectacle, but he cannot prevent it from being often mortified. His great end is to make us impartial judges of events, and he must withhold no consequential fact, be it ever so unromantic, from the balance of impartiality. Into that balance he must throw all prosaic considerations and proofs of truth that enable us to weigh it dispassionately. If he does this, he must necessarily make our zeal circumspect and patient of drawbacks. But the moment that our sensibilities are thus modified by special exceptions and abatements, they cease to be the living fountains of poetry. Argumentative scruples and caution have no place there: for the very error of feeling is more poetical than its equilibrium. Hence we never smile so much even at an outrageous hyperbole, as when a dull good man betrays the lack of his would-be enthusiasm by some candid and qualifying expression in verse that escapes from the prose of his conscience.

We bring to history a philosophical interest, a curiosity to trace the chain of human events as causes and consequences of each other. Not that history is destitute of a harmony peculiar to herself. She proportions the space which facts occupy in narration to their magnitude, and gives them an agreeable order by tracing their springs and results. But that is far from a poetical harmony, even in the picture of truth; and in the interval between her most interesting scenes, she must follow the links of their connexion over grounds of detail which no good taste would attempt to make picturesque to the fancy.

As to fiction, it may seem superfluous to say that it belongs to poetry and to no other province of composition. It must be recollected at the same time, that the poet's fiction would not be a discriminating feature of his art unless it were open and avowed. Falsehoods in ethics and rhetoric often please us, but we are not conscious of their deception, and the moment the spell is broken we are displeased that it has been thrown over us. Imaginary systems of philosophy may last for ages after their founders are dead, but not a day after their foundation is detected. The orator has certainly to deal with our passions and imagination, but his object is through these to effect persuasion; and when he attains his end, of what do we imagine that he persuades us? Unquestionably, of the literal truth, whether it regards our own selfish interests, or abstract justice with regard to others. There is no doubt that the orator may often covenant with himself to gain us over by arguments, whether true or false; but he makes no such bargain with any intelligent part of his hearers; and if he succeeds in the latter way, it is only by fraud. In poetry, and there alone, the illusion of language is not deception. When either the pleader misleads us into false sympathies, or the sophist into fanciful theories, there is no convention of the mind with their falsifications; nor would the wildest zealot of the most Utopian school of philosophy so far compromise the dignity of his own understanding, as to acknowledge to himself that, for the sake of pleasure, he was voluntarily embracing an error. But in poetry, we are transported to enthusiasm with what, as to literal occurrence, we know on the slightest reflection to be a dream. Nor does the retrospect of the judgment at all prevent us from rebuilding, with fresh delight, the airy edifice which has been thus disenchanted.

At the same time that we discriminate the end of severer pursuits from that of poetry, we must not lose sight of the intellectual character of the art. All harmony of effect must proceed from principles observed by intelligence; and although those truths which the poet selects and concentrates for the purpose of delighting us, are grouped together on principles very different from those of demonstration or historical transcript—although he blends them with illusion, and addresses them to the imagination—it does not follow that the understanding is unconcerned with his works. The very illusion of the mind, unaccompanied with deception, of itself bespeaks that something

is done to obtain the acquiescence of the judgment; nor could a rational being like man cast a complacent retrospect even over the visions of his fancy, if these, in departing from the literal form, retained no affinity to the spirit of truth. The term imagination, therefore, when spoken of as the organ of poetry, ought not to be taken in the narrow meaning of mere fanciful association, to which it is sometimes limited, from the unsettled usage of language; but should be understood as a complex power of the mind—including fancy to associate ideas, and taste and judgment to combine them.* Admitting that, among the powers of the imagination, fancy is that which most strikingly distinguishes the man of genius from other men, let us glance at a few of the circumstances which betoken the connexion of intellect both with the enjoyment and the production of poetry. As to the understanding of the reader, it must be confessed, indeed, that it is submitted to the poet with no very striking symptoms of being likely to be treated with severity; for he addresses himself mainly to our sympathies and affections, and he professes to tell us no more of the truth than he can instantly render intelligible and agreeable. Moreover, he leads us into an ideal world, where the empire of literal truth is at an end, and where the laws of congruity that are to bind the new objects which he describes, appear to us to be, more than they really are, at the poet's own disposal. But though the needle varies in the compass when we are at first launched upon the ocean of fiction, we soon find that there are limits to its variation. In other words, the liberties which he takes with our belief, cannot please us without a general deference to our moral judgments. And if the poet neither tasks nor fatigues our understandings, it is not because he has unimportant truths to communicate, but because he is bound to reveal them with an easy and beguiling perspicuity. It is true that he conducts no abstracted chain of reasoning on the connexion of men's actions and passions, nor on their social interests, nor on their manners, religion, nor morals. Yet he throws light upon them all. He shows the landscape of life, the customs of ages, and the contrasts of individual character, with a power so full and illustrative, as sometimes to invite the historian and the philosopher themselves to consult him. It need not be denied, that the romance of poetry, if improperly studied,

* Dugald Stuart calls the imagination "a complex power. It includes, conception or simple apprehension, which enables us to form a notion of those former objects of perception or of knowledge, out of which we are to make a selection (in the fine arts); abstraction, which separates the selected materials from the qualities and circumstances which are connected with them in nature; and judgment, or taste, which selects the materials, and directs their combination. To these powers we may add, that particular habit of association to which I formerly gave the name of fancy."—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind*, p. 477.

and imitated as a principle of conduct in real life, would produce absurd and fantastic actions; but so would the abstract truths of philosophy, if applied as rules of practice without accommodation to circumstances. It is enough to say of poetry, that a recognizance of general truth is indispensable to our enjoyment of it. For the wildest fiction is bound to be consistent with itself; and its shapes, which are but magnified types of the natural world, must still exhibit, amidst their marvellous attributes, a harmony of parts that shall remind us of Nature. But the main business of the poet lies in the sphere of humanity; and there, though he may feign events and characters out of nothing, yet he can no more misrepresent the passions of our moral fabric with impunity, than the artist in visible forms can trespass against the laws of anatomy or perspective. Even in forsaking *minute* probabilities, fiction has in view to make us acquainted with those which more importantly interest us; and she rises above the literal ground of truth only to take a wider and more commanding prospect of its horizon. Thus when the dramatist brings together events and characters with a happiness and swiftness of succession that could hardly, if ever, exist in reality, his representation, though containing improbabilities, may, nevertheless, be more instructive, and put us in possession of more truth in the aggregate, than if he had gauged the likelihood of all his events by the doctrine of chances, or chained their time to the hour and moment of chronology. For he can thus illustrate human nature in situations which he could not otherwise conceive, or which he could not, at least, portray with spirit and passion. And it is only in impassioned situations that the inmost traits of human character can be consistently described as disclosing themselves: for

> "As perilous rocks lie in the sleeping seas
> Unknown, and make no discord with the waves
> Till these are blown against them with vexation;
> So there are secrets in men's hearts as hid
> In the hour of peace, as if they had no being,
> And but speak out when passions rise in tempests."

The importance of the intellectual faculty to the poet himself can be hid from us only by deceptive appearances. He may often seem to be happiest in composition when he abandons himself most carelessly to the accidental impulses of his fancy; but his acquaintance with truth must have come to him through much observation and reflection, though it seems to be intuitive amidst the burst of his inspiration. Indeed, when a writer conducts a great design of imaginary story; when he makes its characters congenial with the moral experience of mankind; and when he gives their complicated situations a perspicuity that supports our attention unfatigued—can we doubt that such a writer

has exerted his own judgment in proportion to the trouble which he saves to our own? He must understand the human heart who describes it well: and his knowledge is not the less intellectual that it shows itself in no formal process of reasoning, but operates like a spirit rather felt than seen, in giving congruity to the shapes of his fancy.

Owing to the subtle manner in which Poetry teaches us truth through our sympathies, while she abandons literal veracity, her art, though it appeals to the very simplicity of the heart, always yields a heightened enjoyment to the retrospect of judicious Taste. That power at least increases "our sober certainty of waking bliss." It may not be compared to the mine that yields us treasure, but it supplies a touchstone for appreciating its purity. The beauties of poetry shine on inconsiderate judgments, like the sun on objects fortuitously placed, the shadows of which but imperfectly enable us to guess at the hour of the day. Experienced sensibility is like the gnomon. It measures the altitude and dials the light of inspiration.

I have repeated the words by which Lord Bacon so well characterizes poetry, namely, that "it accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind," oftener than I should have quoted any expression of less weight and authority. When the truth of the expression is admitted however, it still leaves room for speculation on the fact of things painful in themselves being made subservient by the poet's art to the enjoyment of the imagination. This apparent paradox has been explained by some writers in a way that would make it still more paradoxical, namely, that painful emotions possess inherent sublimity. Human experience certainly contradicts this supposition. Pain and fear are, in themselves, humiliating sensations; and when a poet fills our imaginations with the conception of a battle or a storm, it is not the sufferings of humanity that constitute the sublime, but our associated ideas of the human energy and intrepidity which we suppose to encounter them. In like manner, when we are touched in fiction by the distress of venerable age or innocent sensibility, our reverence, enthusiasm, and love of beauty, not the thoughts of distress, occasion our enjoyment. Our predominant emotions in sublimity and pathos are the very antidotes to pain and danger, namely, glorying zeal and tender affection; and it is because they are antidotes that the poet employs them. The idea of happiness is, therefore, still the sovereign feeling of poetry. It lurks even in poetic misanthropy, when she tries to shape an infernal paradise out of her own pride and independence.*

* This subject has been ably treated by Mr. Knight in his work on Taste. His illustrations, which refute Burke's theory of the Sublime and Beautiful, are too extensive for me to quote; and good illustrations are not safely abridged. But the book is almost in every one's hands. It confirmed me in several opinions which I endeavoured to convey in the first lecture I ever gave at the Royal Institution, at a time when I had not read Mr. Knight's work, long celebrated as it had been, and was not aware that he not only anticipated, but explained those opinions in a clearer manner than that in which I had treated them, and with a minuteness into which my limits would not allow me to enter.

As language, the medium of the poet's communication, is judged of by the ear, or at all events by the memory of the ear, even in tacit perusal, the poet studies to make it agreeable to us by harmony. In prose itself, we are not denied some degree of the same gratification; nor is it always an arbitrary association which we form between a writer's mind and the modulation of his style, when we infer slovenly habits of thought from his uncouth periods, and a graceful spirit from his power of making expression attractive even in its outward form.

But the utmost harmony which we can enjoy in prose is loose and desultory, and the grace of a prose style is not improved, but deteriorated, by any doubtful approximation to the harmony of numbers. In verse we not only enjoy the recollection of cadences that are past, but agreeably anticipate those which are coming. In prose we enjoy the harmony of periods only as they pass; and we should not be able to make any calculation by the ear of the pauses or flow of clauses that are to follow. No doubt, we experience in a prose sentence that the use of a spondee or an anapæst may have made a particular clause more graceful; but the moment we detect the writer's assignation for the use of any particular foot or rhythm, we are displeased. A sentence may be appropriately long or short, but we must have no precognition of its length or brevity. Alternations of common and triple time, which displease us in verse, are agreeable in prose. The harmony of a prose style, if it should not be, ought at least to appear, unpremeditated; and the best improvement which a writer can give to it by revision is, not to smooth or balance his periods, but to break up and vary their cadence from the monotony which carelessness is apt to produce. In prose, the ear follows the writer; in verse, it goes before him: a compromise between the variety of the one and the regularity of the other gives us the grace of neither. It is true, that in our translation of the Bible, measured prose is not without solemnity to our peculiar associations; but this dead march of language has never been permanently admired in any other than sacred compositions.*

* The strictest anticipation of harmony which the ear can enjoy in verse, may be produced by two circumstances. The first is that of lines being equal in length from beginning to end, *i. e.* including the same number of syllables, or

It is true, that the fulfilment of what the ear anticipates in harmonious verse, though generally distinct, does not extend to the minutest inflections of harmony. These often give a grace to modulation from their very variety. But, upon the whole, the beauty of verse is supported by coinciding with our expectation, and there is much more chance of our being startled by strange turns of versification, than palled with those that are familiar. Hence nations have the highest relish for their own forms of metre, with the flow of which habit has made them best acquainted.

Though the delight which we experience in verse comes to us through organic impression, we must never lose sight of the intimate dependance of our pleasure on the associating faculty. It has been said, that harmonious words of unknown meaning would yield not the slightest pleasure to the ear.* I am not quite persuaded that this is the fact, for we are naturally fond of rhythm and time, both in articulate and inarticulate sounds. That pleasure, no one will doubt, is intrinsically feeble. But be it ever so slight, it may affect the association; for we must not judge mechanically of the influences that act on that subtle power. Slight impressions will often awaken all her activity; while strong luxuries of the sense absorb us in sensation. In reality, however, to abstract the consideration of harmony from its union with meaning, is to dismember the conception of our enjoyment under the pretence of analysing it; for the thoughts and sound come to us simultaneously. There may be circumstances in the delight which verse yields us too impalpable to be discriminated. But we are sensible that it excites our perception of order, which is always pleasing. We feel also that harmonious language is consentaneous with the full and voluble sensations of poetry, which have nothing that falters with doubt or diffidence. At the same time, whilst we sympathize with the poet's torrent of feelings, we are sensible that our own powers of language could not throw them into the channel of musical expression, though it appears, when found, to be their natural bed. In addition to this sympathy with his triumph, his numbers assist our memory. Their utility to that effect is experienced in pages much less interesting than those of the Muse. And if verse can strengthen our retention of a dry and dreary muster-roll of words, how much more delightfully important must it be in fixing the fleetest and sweetest traits of imagination in the mind! Verse materially promotes distinct conception, by pointing the antithesis of words, and by making their grammatical relations more distinct.—It must, therefore, help the understanding: an important circumstance in an art which is bound to inform that faculty with the slightest possible fatigue.

It has accordingly been resorted to in language ever since human beings, arising above the mere animal sense of existence, had bursts of tenderness to utter on the past, or of public zeal upon the present, or of religious anticipation on the future. It is older than prose as a studied form of composition. And poetry was the original record not only of human feelings, but of all belief, when history and religion were shrouded in fable. No doubt, it might tend to perpetuate superstition, but it preserved also feelings and thoughts that deserved not to perish, and indirectly prepared man for philosophical pursuits, whilst it sweetened and protracted the morning dreams of his intellectual day.

When the more diffuse use of writing led to the cultivation of prose, subjects of business and science were withdrawn from verse, and only those of imagination were left to it. But after men were either satiated with verse, or became too indolent to employ it, tales of fiction also were endited in prose. It need not be denied that fiction can thus come closer to life by the humility of speaking prose in the drama, and of imitating biography and history in her narrative style. But illusion itself is not an unconditional charm to the imagination; and the possibility of language losing agreeable effect by the strict imitation of life, is certainly exemplified in one species of composition, namely, in the graver Drama. The effect of prose tragedies, I think, will

so proportioned that their inequalities and length have a regular return. The second is a similarity in the internal modulation of lines. There is, no doubt, agreeable variety in the harmony of verse without exactly fulfilling both of those circumstances; but they cannot be both absent from language at once, and leave it the character of verse. The length and shortness of lines may be varied, so as to present themselves fortuitously long or short. Much beautiful poetry has been written in this manner, and many persons enjoy its variety. Those who are lost to its magic irregularity may fairly allege that the four corner-pillars of Epic Poetry, the Iliad, the Æneid, Jerusalem, and Paradise Lost, have been constructed on a different principle; but still there is a charm in variety, and this is still versification. But if the writer, besides using long or short measure at will, in the same poem, were also to pass at random from common time in one line, to triple time in the next line, or *vice versa*, he would certainly cease to write verse altogether. Even with lines of equal length, this vicissitude of time would be discordant. If a strain, for instance, were to commence thus, in triple time—

At the close of the day, when the hamlet was still,

and to continue in the second line,

And save the torrent, nought was heard upon the hill:

the last twelve syllables, though as strictly rhythmical as the former, would disappoint us, by change of time, and we should much rather expect him to write

And nought but the torrent was heard from the hill.

The vicissitude of time within the same strain, is therefore an anomaly in verse; and if it can have a place, it can come only like a discord in music, the more rarely, I apprehend, the better.

* Mr. Knight on Taste.

generally be confessed to bring the pathos and terror of life too familiarly near us, by withdrawing that medium of language which interposes romantic and softening associations. No doubt, the stage is the mode of exhibiting nature, which requires the most reconciling art to soften her painful aspect, and prose fiction may be found more engaging in narrative than in tragedy. It is accordingly there, namely, in narrative fiction, that we find the great works of imagination which compel us to extend our view of poetry from its popular to its philosophical meaning. Under the latter acceptation we comprehend all works of original and delightful fancy; and under the former those which not only "*Fill the impassion'd heart*, but *win the harmonious ear.*" The comparative magic of ideal nature will, no doubt, be differently estimated by men's different sensibility to the power of numbers. But the common usage of language gives the title of poet only to him who gives his art its crowning ornament; and we think of Milton more emphatically as a poet than even Cervantes.

Language does not give us this associated idea of preference without some reason. The prose writer of fiction drops at his outset the form of language most congenial with determinate or poetical emotion. Exceptions may exist, but generally speaking, even the great and high order of prose fiction fulfils this token. It gives consummate inventions of character to the imagination, and these are poetical and ideal whether they be grave or gay. But, on the one hand, when prose fiction is serious, it aims at a less sustained elevation of the fancy, and stoops designedly from pathos and sublimity to views of life, which may refresh and amuse us, but are not poetry. Again, if prose has ever rivalled verse in ideal fiction, it is in the comic: and our sense of the comic, though it comes strictly within the powers of the imagination, stands confessedly the lowest among them. The primary object of ridicule is incongruity; and the laughing writer must therefore seek his materials, not merely in the humble, for these are often the most poetical, but in the HUMILIATING circumstances of existence. It is therefore in comedy that verse and prose appear to present their claims of possession on the most debateable ground. Comedy indeed must, I think, on the whole, be called poetical in its nature: and, as verse always heightens the expressiveness of language, as it wings the shaft of wit, and gives elasticity to the figures of fancy, it surely were better retained by the Comic Muse. But still her gaiety may compensate for her dishabille, and she makes no important sacrifice of her dignity in descending to the dialect of ordinary life. It is with the tender luxury of the mind, or with its loftier enthusiasm, that harmonious numbers have their most congenial alliance. Those feelings have an abstracted and unworldly character, which belongs not to the sense of ridicule. They are drawn from conceptions of nature undisturbed by the discord of contempt; and as their luxury to the mind is full and pure, they naturally claim to be expressed in the language of harmony. Verse assuredly is neither a certain token nor guarantee of inspiration; but it tends at least constantly to remind the true poet of his high calling, to make his thoughts music to the mind as well as the ear—whilst the use of a prose style insensibly leads to prosaic views and sensations of life. Accordingly, prose fiction, collectively speaking, adopts not only the matter of fact air, but the spirit also, of biography and history. It feigns events indeed, but makes them appear no more poetically ideal than the literal transcripts of reality. I allude not to the highest rank of novels, which exhibit a mighty idealism in the picture of nature, though it may be interspersed with shades of common-place. Nor do I intend expressing disrespect for a meritorious and useful, though secondary class of such writings, which gradually diverge from this character. I only mean that the great mass of prose fictions deserve not to be called works of imagination, though they relate fabulous events. The bulk of its writers pursue, not a minor path of poetry, but a totally different track. Their intention, and the desire of their readers, is avowedly common-place. They have no purpose to give a heightened or select image of life, but its flat likeness: and to ensure its resemblance, they sometimes conscientiously throw in all its *ennui* to the bargain. Even when common-place novel-writing leaves this safe insipidity, and tampers with the passions, it does not on that account, approach nearer to the character of a poem. For the enjoyment of the imagination, in a poetical sense, is as little allied to sensuality as to dulness; and as productions of art, the immoral poisons of such fiction are as unsavoury as its moral drugs. It is true that the whole host of novels, to judge by their popularity, answer in one respect to Lord Bacon's definition of Poetry, that "they accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind." But to what sort of desires? In how many instances to the love of scandal and personality! In how few, to more than a petty curiosity in the irritations and embarrassments of life! This dissipation of the fancy stands exactly in the same relation to poetry as to algebra.

JUNIUS S. ALCOTT, POET AND TRANSCENDENTALIST

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

The discovery in the Olin Library of Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut,[1] of Junius S. Alcott's manuscript writings provokes questions which this short article will attempt to answer. Odell Shepard says he "grew to be a sensitive and thoughtful man for whom [his brother] Bronson, nineteen years older, felt almost a fatherly affection."[2] If a published genealogy be trustworthy,[3] he was born on July 8, 1818, though Shepard believes it was after October 13, 1818, when Bronson left on a peddling expedition to Virginia. When he was twenty-one (1839)[4] he was receptive of Bronson's reforming ideas, which, it seems never left him. On January 2, 1842, when he began the diary which is to be described below, he was living in Oriskany Falls, N. Y., in a small home at the foot of rolling hills.[5] During the week of March 13, 1842, he left home for Concord "to spend the summer with my brothers family in his absence in England."[6] Immediately upon arrival he entered into earnest conversations with Bronson, talking over "the sayings and doings of the day with the faith and hope that at no distant day will be ushered in the great Idea of a Man true to his divine originality & life." Then along with Edward Palmer[7] the two brothers visited Emerson and discussed worship.[8] On March 29, 1842,[9] both Alcotts and Emerson attended a Bible Convention at the Masonic Temple in Boston--mentioned in Junius's diary--an experience not unlike two earlier gatherings involving Bronson Alcott, which Emerson recorded in "The Chardon Street Convention," published a few months later.[10] On April 2, 1842, Emerson wrote William:[11]

> What can I tell you? Our Bible Convention fell through by adjournment sine die, at the end of the first day. I was on my way to it the second morning It shd have been holden for three days. As a historian of the Times one would certainly wish to be there. These Chardon Street conventions to which this was the sequel have been full of all the Protest of Protest; all the fanaticism of all shades & forms: three men with long beards have attended them; Mormons came & spoke. The Bible Society had its agent with tracts at the door; mad men & mad women were there, & madly did behave; and much enthusiasm wit & eloquence, even some learning was found. Alcott has been the genius of these meetings; a man named Whiting, a shoemaker of Marshfield the orator of them.

On Monday, May 9, of this same year, Emerson wrote Margaret Fuller of the dearth of materials for the July issue of The Dial, indicating that Bronson Alcott had left the United States the day before:[12]

> Alcott sailed on Sunday for England; but will no doubt return to Concord, when he returns, & he has left here his brother Junius who is a philosopher himself, & if he be less than his elder brother in capacity is probably superior to him in faculty as we in New England say. I think then that whilst you see our fair prospects for a good neighborhood you will not pitch your tent any where else for good.

Junius, meanwhile, had written for Bronson an ardent poem, "Goodbye:"

GOOD BYE

Go noble brother
Enrapt in god and god enrapt in thee
Leave this thy country this the boasted free
And plough old ocean's rolling tumbling wave
To meet the living men the just the brave
And know thy friends

Go sage in Truth
And leave republics bloated empty glare
And learn new kingdoms anarchs rule compare
And robing slaving men by servile thrones
Or laws of town or state or babbling tones
From futile Congress

Go Man Divine
And spread thy canvass to the breeze of life
Waft wide thy penon 'ore atlantic strife
And cross the deep thats shallow to the seer
And prove the freeman there as right doth here
And measure other men

God speed thy work
If thou canst truely kindle in the mind of man
The living fires of genius by a noble plan
And meekly great upon the truthful mount
Illume the isles of chaos with torches at the fount
To read their Hearts

But soon haste back
If Englishmen are less unfit to live
Or solve the problem which to them you give
And wait yet longer 'till the pla[gu]e is here
Orcadias trembling churches wrapt in fear
Then give them succor

For Prudence sake
Redeem thy gold thy friend thought not his own
By current pieces with the world unknown

And for each pence a word put in for weight
That throws the gold in town in Church or state
To noble projects

You know our hearts
Nor need we speak them by the glitering tear
Or need our thought call up an anxious fear
It is enough to feel it is enough to know
That God is good wher'er our friends may go
And will protect

Love fears no [ill]
But silent in the cloud it wafts in spirits light
And sheds its living drops at noon as well as night
Hence when the cloud by error's distant drove
The parching meadows and the leafless grove
All know its need

So leave thy foes
Ye mystic cloud & lease this blighted land
To doat upon its reign alas! but showers of sand
Sold by thy brethren & driven from thy toil
To mingle with the clouds that water albions soil
Till want asks bread

And now we part
And if perchance the billows ask you in
We know the rest for nought is death but sin
And should we meet again the union is our soul
That ever was and is 'though billows 'tween us roll
So now good bye

On May 20, he remembered a stirring experience--probably religious--that had befallen him twelve months earlier:

BIRTH DAY

On the twentieth day of the fifth month of the preceding year my life commenced. My dreams were vanquished my waking hours commenced, my days sunshine my nights starlight

I am now one year old, On[e] year! a thousand!! yea more before adam was then was I an embryon!!!

Twenty three years have passed away since Creation sent me out in time to space my movements. I moved be sure but not well or wisely my steps were downward I wandered I dreamed at last I feign would die my life was measured I durst not step, "men rather bear the ills they have then fly to others they know not off" True I knew I loved it not and yet I durst not leave it what should I do? well I did nought but tremble. I feared not hell. I loved not heaven. Myself I hated, the world was dire, I gasped, I groaned, I----- God was near, I knew and owned Him I tried to love and thank Him, I asked his help. He gave and here I am. Time I tread, space I love infinity I choose, Man I am, duty I follow, heaven I gain good I would be, true I will be

Am I visionary? heaven grant the world were so then there were hope, now a wanton wakefulness a rush a groan, a death, a ---- Tis soon enough to be there! Where? nowhere. They would be somewhere and being so are not!! What then? Ye must be born again, change there must be! or life is not Ye die a thing, another thing appears. <u>It</u> would <u>be</u>. <u>It is</u>, it own[s] its life, Its seal is fixed Its life's began, It never ends, Its own it is when bought, Its blood its coin duty its labour, prayer its life, immortality its recompense. The present its everlasting future The future its never dieing reality. The past its eternal reward. Would that all would learn it. No enough ourselves to know God knows the rest will he not save So I will myself and thus save others My Life shall tell the <u>story's End</u>.

In July, <u>The Dial</u> appeared with Emerson's article, "Prayers,"[13] in which he printed four original specimens, the last[14] from Junius. This Emerson slightly abbreviated, paying it the tribute of having been written "in a singularly calm and healthful spirit."[15] Junius continued in Concord until the fall, when his diary left its exalted themes and dealt with earthly matters:

Oct 20 my brother arrives from England after an absen[ce] of some five months Two of his sought friends and coad[j]utors accompany him to our shores indulging the Hope that here in this <u>new</u> England a new (old) Eden shall be instituted worthy the installment & reinstalment of Humanity to its design dignity & destiny. This unit of trans-[a]tlantic minds cannot otherwise cherish & contribute to the generous stores of Love and Goodwill now extant in the free, pure, & peaceful souls on either side the waters. Time will show the result.

Saturday, Oct. 29 left the lovely family of my loving brother and with tears of affection upon my cheek departed to seek another home and other loves & lives This parting how deep & expressive of the uniting chords of the Human Heart. How unconscious we be-

come of the everliving & everlasting ties that bind friend & friend while they are fed by the living congenial influences of each others presence & communion. The filial spirit at a parting moment seems to awake from unconscious love & life and rush for the time into ones consciousness summoning all its aids to render the last departing moment one that shall leave in it its fulness of friendship not to be obliterated by its separation & departure O nature how true thou art My moments are ever at thy command....

Saturday, Nov 4 Arrived at Oriskany finding friends all well. Our meeting was most cordial though somewhat saddened by the information of the premature death of my brother little innocent boy of one year old....

In January or February, 1843, Lane sent Junius news of himself and the Concord Alcotts.[16] As late as October, 1844, still hoping to establish another community like Fruitlands, Bronson inquired whether Junius would be interested in joining a 'consociate family' in Concord at Hillside.[17] In September, 1845, having heard from Ambrose Alcott that Junius had become "deranged," Bronson went to Wolcott, Connecticut, to visit his family there.[18] On April 26, 1852, Junius died, if we may trust the dating of his mother's diary:[19]

April 26, 1852--Munday--Junius came in and to see me Shook hands with me and Saying that he was going to Boston and the[n] Left and went directly to the factory with Embrose and went Streat into the wheel and was gon the nuse came that he was dead which was Supprising to me but I bore it with reconcelation he was Laid in the Earth that day where we all must assend to god that gave us Life and may his death be the meands of preparring me to follow his example in Life and Leave the world as good as he Left it in as great faith.

Bronson Alcott was certainly inaccurate in placing Junius' age at 32 instead of 34, and may also have been wrong in placing his death on April 24:[20]

Receive letter from my mother today, giving intelligence of my brother Junius's death on the 24th April last, AE. 32.--A man of tenderest sensibilities and the mystic mind, ingenious, eminently practical, friendly, much respected by his friends, who leaves this world to his great gain. A wife and four small children survive him.

Junius had married Nancy Jane Pritchard, of Litchfield, Connecticut.[21] One of his descendants may have been the A. V. Alcott, who (on June 18, 1874) resided in Fair Haven, Connecticut, and was a member of Dawson Lodge No. 2 of the Knights of Pythias. The following extracts from the manuscript diary are typical:

[Between Mar. 13 and 19, 1842, preceding Bronson's sailing for Europe]

I arrive at my brothers in Concord Mass and find them all well We talk over the sayings and doings of the day with the faith and the hope that at no distant day will be ushered in the great Idea of a man true to his divine originality & Life. We visit Mr R. W. Emersons in company with E. Palmer, where we have conversations on worship &c

My thoughts revert back to the few days I spent with my brother in august last [1841]. I am now much more healthful and am being remodeled more in accordance with the Idea of Creation and its End

I believe it is possible in our desires for supreme love to god to be carried to Idolatry in so duing

I believe it is possible in our desires for supreme love to god to be carried to Idolatry in so doing. I would not infer that this is often the case but think we may be so excited by false conditions as to overreach & carry to passion true love & thus deaden and retard true progress in spiritual life and growth. Thankfulness for our present existance and Love should be the essence of our Love and with these in our Head carry out the god in the heart by action favorable to the promotion & sustenance of this Love & truth I can become debased below my true character also exalted above the same in self esteem at least

we act in two moods One is the reflective or investigating and we seem lost to the world and enter into the inner world & spiritual life and exist in the Idea of our existance

The other mood induces us to go out and like the husbandmen sow the results of our investigations broadcast over the earth that they may enter into the stock of truth & goodness growing up in the hearts of Humanity

God is a physical expression Jehovah is a mental expression Deity is a spiritual expression

Week Fourteenth March, 27, 1842

Truely excitement is the order of the day and while we view its various operations upon individuals & communities it has a lesson a deep

impressive one not to be mistaken in its import & end The public mind is now in furious [ ] and erelong is to be moulded into form and symetry corresponding with its divine and original Image. Various as are the ingrediants Presbyterians Method[i]st[s] and all the ists & isms all are to be weighed in the scales of goodness, truth, and charity and united in the one great Idea of a manly stature

Attend a Bible Convention at Boston to discus the credability of the scriptures as a perfet revelation of the will of God to man The subject brought out the opinions of individuals and suggested their progress in its Truthes Facts brought forth suggested to my mind the two extremes into which we often fall One excludes the Bible as an unexpired [sic] work another idolizes it as the only source from which light can be received The former tends to infidelity and crime the latter to superstition & bigotry both destructive agents in the true progressive life. The manner of receiving truth from the Bible or any other book can onely be found but by living strictly true to all consciousness of duty now and the experiance brings the progress and light & truth for the morrow in its own good time & way I realy know nothing of the bible that shall profit me truely until I have set about practicing its life and precepts. Many a one that seeks out onely the knowledge of the arts without laying hold of mallet & chisel and executing the first rudiments of his search shall find himself far from truth & progress Vainly doth the bigoted and superstitious priesthood strive to display their skill in the superficial, without bringing forth specimens of their workmanship in design and finish They are but dreamers and fictitious fables of ignorance and distrust.

Professed christians resort to the atonement as a device to save themselves at the exclusion of a true life and practice in accordance with the rules of their being and instinct.

Have conversation with my brother N[athaniel] H Whiting and M M Chace on fanaticism as manifested in A. Folsom Fanaticism & indifference are the two extremes upon which mankind often founder and are lost. While the one leads us to desire all men and all things to conform to our ideas of Truth in a moment the other would leave us careless of our situation and that of others. We should realize that temperament of mind & heart that act true in all circumstances and patiently waits until all things can be conformed harmoniously to the Holy just and pure

Week Fifteenth Concord April 1st 1842

All things are spiritual, the material world is but the organ or organs through which it acts. As in nature so in man it acts by principles or Laws. It commences its entrance into man at love through soul or

. . .

I copy the following from my brothers journal He finds the following family bearings in Elvins book of Family Crests Of our family he finds two branches One from Kent the other from Northhamptonshire The armorial bearings are diverse but the names spelt alike

"Alcock, Kent a demi-swan ermine wings expanded issuing out of the ducal coronet azure"

Alcock northamptonshire a Cock ermine leaked membered crested wottled (or yellow or gold colors)

The latter I fancy to be the family of which I am decendant. Emblem appropriate

SIN WILL OUT

I've seen the bird within his cage
Appear content and gay
But when the keeper left it free
'Twas sure to fly away
And I have seen the saint so called
And also priest appear
While in the paling of a church
All free from note of fear
But when the children ope their hearts
In childhood & in youth
'Tis then the parents nature, grace
Are seen in naked truth
The church no longer is their cage
And Christ their friend & saviour
But out upon the world they fly
Their Parents Heads behaviour
This proves to me the church is not
Redeemed from guilt so throwolly
For if they were the children shure
Would not appear so rudely

. . .

We must first learn to live in peace, content & happy in solitude or we cannot appreciate society

All good comes to us through evil. All evil comes by transgression. Transgression creates evil by disorganization All evil is negative denial of good either practically or theoreti-

cally. All good is derivative derived from God

All evil carries with it the seeds of its own destruction and death

All good carries with it the seeds of its own preservation and Life.

We seek god but god first sought us.

We love God but god first loved us.

He is not a wise man who admits poisonous plants into his garden for the love of their flowers, nor is he without his loss who admits ornament or Luxury to flourish in their person out of Love of the beautiful self-gratification or Pride

The Oak is an emblem of Strength
The birch of firmness
The maple of magnanimity
The pine of thought
The poplar of aspiration
The willow of mortality
The lilack of society
The rose of love
The lilly of meekness

SUPERSTITION

Most men mistake their own character for the character of God and either fear or love their shadows The true man adheres to principle aside from personality of God or Man admiting his ignorance of either He follows Law well knowing that this alone will lead to the knowledge of either In the Laws of Truth, Goodness & Chartity he never violates his consciousness of duty to god or man, and unites all things in subordination to these

Man sustains all kinds of living creatures below himself by being below what he should be himself

Concord Ap 24 1842 ANALASIS

Spirit
- Spirit is the actual life of Soul
- Soul is the actual life of mind
- Mind is the actual life of nature
- Nature is the actual life of individuals
- Individuals are the actual life of society
- Society is the actual life of man
- Man is the actual life of God

Mind
- Sun is the actual life of light
- Light is the actual life of air
- Air is the actual life of water
- Water is the actual life of atoms
- Attoms are the actual life of action
- Action is the actual life of Creation
- Creation is the actual life of sun

Body
- The heart is the life of the head
- The head is the life of the stomache
- The stomache is the life of the Blood
- The blood is the life of the lungs
- The lungs are the life of the Body
- The body is the life of the man
- The man is the life of spirit

THE GAME OF LIFE

Canst our frail thought by all its shuffling scan
The secret of the game thats played 'tween god & man
We shall reveal it when we solve the Laws
And by obediance each of plain the cause

Let each one play and as he wisdom gains
His thought expands and happy in his pains
At each new move to learn the faults before
And move and move again until our moveings 'ore

We play with God our dice are fellow men
Our tables earth our conscience is the plan
Our motives shuffle and our mind doth move
And life rewards as its short game doth prove

Knowest thou that day is lost if in moveing you
Cans't not feel the prize & hopeful move anew
And each successive day to leave thy former moves
Like old traditions false to what the present proves

PREXISTANCE

Realities are everlasting All modifications are present. All Life is antipast. Man is thrust out here into time & space and while and there returns back from whence he came. Our individuality is but the series of our existance to fit us for our return. The flesh the physical body alone limits our thought and feeling from being one with God. Man is prepareing himself by goodness to be filled with God. As we obey willingly and loveingly all things pertaining to the highest good of ourselves and others we capacitate this temple for the receiving more and more of that life which ever was and is and is to come.

• • •

SYMBOLS

The bubling brook the fragrant lawn & tree
All have their two fold lesson each a truth for me
And teach me more of God his noble image man
Then all the love of ages or priestly teaching can.

When I walk forth and view all the varied scenery of nature, each spire of grass & flower and leaf rock, hill, and tree, all look me kindly

in the face and I seem to stand in the presence of a great and wise One, and I ask enquiringly what hast thou for me that I may wisdom goodness gain. When shall we lea[r]n what natures symbols are

Week Seventeenth Concord May 1, 1842

[Here are two circles, the right hand one being "Analasis of Duty"]

SPRING

Welcome O welcome thee beautiful spring
The time of all others the sweetest to sing
In love to thy zephers in love to thy showers
And best of all others thy sweet scented flowers

Come children O children ye symbols of spring
For none with all nature more harmlessly sing
Or gathers their garlands to deck the bright day
With their own living emblems the flowers of May

A ramble we'l venture in love to the fair
And muse on her beauty & breath the fresh air
While from her sweet meadows we welcom a smile
And drink deep from the fount of her Being the while

And ye sweet airy songsters we welcome thy voice
So fresh from thy maker so true to his choice
We feel that our notes are less true to the good
Then thy tuneful melodies are to the wood

But the tree has it[s] lesson with thee in its top
Than brings us together like drop within drop
And call forth the inward the outward to see
And 'gain mould the inward the outward to be

And here are the beast all out in the field
To taste the rich fragrance that nature doth yield
And gambol in pleasure upon the sweet lawn
With songs in their Hearts that old winter is gone

All Creation is living the Ant & the Bee
With all their fair kindred seem happy & free
All in love with their work all teaming anew
All true to their instincts in love with the true

And the hills O the hills what pleasure they give
To those who love nature & with her to live
And from the hill tops unseal the best thought
That lurks in Creation or out of its brought

And out of thy heart the sweet flowing spring
Like love from its fount flows onward & sings
To unite with their friends unite with the free
On their way to omniscience the fathomless sea

Come dear little Children come hither & bring
A wreath of your roses to crown the sweet spring
That flows in such richness an emblem of youth
Gliding on in your courses by virtues & truth

But the rose on its margin the lilly below
As emblems of meekness & love to forego
The high rising poplar and evergreen tree
As emblems of thought and expression to thee

And to all give a hurra a welcome to spring
A loud sounding echo till nature shall ring
With our love & our thanks to god of his plan
And the springtime of Eden thots dawned upon man

LAW OF PROGRESS

The Earth was once perfect when it came from the hands of its Creator Man was placed upon it an ignorant being in his moral & spiritual nature but perfect in his Physical nature consequently living to an extreme old age. As he progressed in moral or mental life he became less strong in Physical as well as the material world around him, over which he ruled Hence what was taken from nature is added to Mind Moses first realized sufficient moral life to give birth to the moral world or Law and not until Jesus was Man sufficiently developed to bring forth the knowledge of the spiritual world. And these two shall unite in harmony with the Physical Hence when the life of nature is converted into Spiritual life the life of truth then the time cometh when the Earth shall roll together as a scroll &c. Those who are in the eyes of Christendom sinners are helping prepare the material world for higher development although they yet remain slaves to themselves and servants of those who will receive the higher conditions which they reject. Is it not true and hopeful to suppose that the Earth and the things thereof shall arrive at a turning point and man shall then again commence with the knowledge he has gained he has thereby gained to recreate what he has been destroying to reach this present Truth, goodness & knowledge

THOUGHTS

Eternity sits in judgment on every Thought and damns or approves eternally

All evil is Present & Past
All good is Present & Future
Evil follows never goes before

Good goes before never follows
It is the shadow seen to measure our growth
Sin is eternal
Good Immortal

Is God Hermaphrodite
Is There sex in heaven
Does sex imply error & sin
Is sex sensual diabolical
Does hermaphrodite unite Creations epochs.

MIND, BODY & SOUL

Mind is attraction magnetic. Body is Cohesive Flatuous. Soul is Repulsion Solvent. Thought is circle within circle an endless circular chain each link solving the next. Thought is spiritualized by its centre (Soul) materialized by its surface (Flesh) magnetic in itself galvanized from the outward from the inward. Its capacity for receiving superior or inferior development is determined by its-self in magnetic negation or reception or belief & unbelief or truth or untruth. Will is the rod that conducts it wherever the thought dictates wherever it decides and it decides by that which has preceded itself, hence each thought breeds the next & thought breeds the will the will the action and the action expends the thought to be replaced by food

SAYINGS

Good propells, Truth guides,
Purity decides, Faith wills, Hope Works,
Experiance proves, Prudence follows---

Most read thus
Prudence propels Experiance guides, Hope decides, Faith wills Purity works, Truth proves Good follows.

The State the cradle in which satan rocks his offrings.

The Church the Cradle in which mother superstition rocks hers—

The one cross and ugly the other sleepy and sad

Time the cradle of God

LIFE AND DEATH

The death of nature the generation of Mind The death of Mind the generation of soul The death of Soul the generation of Matter The death of matter the generation of thought The death of thought the generation of feeling The death of feeling the generation of sin The death of sin the generation [of] truth The death of truth the generation [of] good The death of good the generation of Nature

THE HARP AND THE POET

The wind before it woos the Harp
Is but the wild and common air
Yet as it passes through the chords
Changes to music rare

And even so the Poets soul
Converts the things that round us lie
Into a gentle voice of song
Divinest harmony

Sweet Harp, and Poet framed alike
By God as his interpreters
To breath aloud the silent thought
Of every thing that stirs

---

1 I am indebted to Wyman W. Parker, Esq., Librarian, and to Miss Grace W. Bacon, Reference Librarian, for kind permission to examine this manuscript, prepare an analysis of its contents, quote from it, and reproduce typical pages. It is kept in the closed stacks and bears the call number: EA 3552.Aj and a bookplate of George Seymour Godard.

2 See Odell Shepard, Pedlar's Progress, Boston, 1937, p. 17.

3 See Samuel Orcutt, History of the Town of Wolcott (Connecticut) from 1731 to 1874, with ...the Genealogies of the Families of the Town, Waterbury, 1874, p. 431.

4 Shepard, op. cit., 279.

5 See drawing in Appendix C.

6 For this and subsequent quotations, see below.

7 A frequent correspondent with Emerson. See the index to Emerson's Letters.

8 For Alcott's strong attachment to Emerson at this time, see Letters, III, 32, fn. 121.

9 Emerson's Works (Centenary ed.), X, p. 584.

10 See The Dial, III (July, 1842), pp. 100-112, now in Works, X, 371-377; 584-586.

11 Letters, III, 41.

12 Letters, III, 53. On Alcott's brief sojourn in England, see Shepard, op. cit., 303-342.

13 The Dial, III, no. 1 (July, 1842), pp. 77-81.

14 Appendix B.

15 See George Willis Cooke, An Historical and Biographical Introduction to Accompany "The Dial" as Reprinted in Numbers for the Rowfant Club, (2 vols.), Cleveland, 1902, I, 167.

16 Shepard, op. cit., p. 351.

17 Ibid., p. 388.

18 Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, Recollections of Seventy Years, (2 vols.), Boston, 1909, II, 477.

19 See Shepard, op. cit., p. 444. Orcutt, op. cit., p. 431, gives the date: April 16.

20 Shepard, op. cit., p. 445.

21 Orcutt, op. cit., p. 431.

CONTENTS OF THE MANUSCRIPT

Bronson Alcott's superimposed title page. [See Appendix A.]

Bronson Alcott's clipping from The Dial of a published prayer by Junius S. Alcott. [See Appendix B.]

Pencil sketch of the home of Junius S. Alcott at Oriskany Falls, N.Y. [Appendix C]

Junius S. Alcott's original title page for this volume [Appendix D].

Week 1
Nature's Birth-day

Week 2 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 2, 1842.
Obligations to Nature
Duty to Each Other
Duty to God
Loving God
Duty to Ourselves
Self-Action
Self-Duty
[These are the topics he discusses under the heading, "Week 2."]

Week 3 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 9, 1842.
Poem: "Birth-day gift to a nephew at 8 years of age."
Anticipation, the Ghost of Reality
Wilfulness--Selfishness

Week 4 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 16, 1842.
Redemption
Prayer Meeting
The Will of Flesh
Soul, Mind and Sense

Week 5 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 25, 1842.
Watchfulness of Thought
Poem: "Ye Must Be Born Again"
Maxims
Poem: Birth-day Gift to a Brother (by marriage) on his 40th Year

Week 6 Oriskany Falls, Jan. [31], 1842.
Chart: Analysis of Man [Appendix E]
Political Falsity
Free Verse poem: "Immortality"
Heads, Hearts, and Hands
Poem: Wedding Gift

Week 7 Oriskany Falls, Feb. 7, 1842.
The Priesthood
Poem: Birth-day gift to a niece at [ ] years of age [Dated Feb. 10].

Week 8 Oriskany Falls, Feb. [14], 1842.
Poem: To Sister Betsey [A Gift]
First Cause
Temptation

Week 9 Oriskany Falls, Feb. 20, 1842.
Obeying Conscience
What Is Sin?

Week 10 Oriskany Falls, Feb. 27, 1842.
Sensualism
Worldliness
Preparation for Death
Comparison
Outworld--Inworld
Worldliness
Temptation
Immortality
Repentance
Experience

Week 11 Oriskany Falls, Mar. 1, 1842.
Debit and Credit
Ignorance
Failure
Professed Christianity

Week 12 Oriskany Falls, Mar. 6, 1842.
Christianity
My Experience
True Happiness
Why All This Evil?

Week 13 [Oriskany Falls], Mar. 13, 1842.
Poem: Thoughts
[At end of this poem he writes: "I leave Oriskany Falls for Concord Mass to spend the summer with my brothers family...."]
Poem: To My Mother [At the end of this poem he writes: "I arrive at my brothers in Concord Mass and find them all well...."]
Extreme Love
Moods

Week 14 [Concord, Mass.], Mar. 27, 1842.
Reform
Bible Convention
Progress
Atonement
Fanaticism

Week 15 Concord, Mass., Apr. 1, 1842.
Analysis
Suffering [Appendix F]
Muscles
Family History [Materials on "Alcock" taken from "my brothers Journal."]
Poem: Sin Will Out
Poem: God
Organism
Obedience
Spiritualism

Thoughts
Scraps of Thought
Thoughts [and Emblems]
Superstition

Week 16 Concord, Mass., Apr. 24, 1842.
"Analasis" [Appendix G]
Poem: The Game of Life [Appendix G]
Pre[e]xistence
Poem: Rich & Poor
Symbols
Slavery

Week 17 Concord, Mass., May 1, 1842.
Analysis of Duty [Appendix H]
Poem: Spring
Law of Progress
Thoughts
Mind, Body & Soul
Poem: Good Bye [to Amos Bronson Alcott, setting out for England. See above.]
Sayings
Life & Death

Week 18 Concord, Mass., May [8], 1842.
Poem: Transition

Week 19 Concord, Mass., May [15], 1842.
Poem: Slavery
Memory
Selfishness
Beauty
Truth
Cause & Effect
Birth day [Printed above.]
Nature

Week 20 Concord, Mass., May [22], 1842.
Poem: Death
Poem: Man & Woman

Week 21 Concord, Mass., May [29], 1842.
Society

Week 22 Concord, Mass., May [sic], 1842.
Death
Appetites
Spring
Poem: Creation
Summer [in Concord]

Week 23 Concord, [Mass.], June, 1842.
Poem: Beauty
Infidelity
Temperance Celebration
Children Celebration
Weeds of Evil

Week 24 Concord, [Mass.], June 12, 1842.
Poem: Experience
Quotations from Bettine's Correspondence with Goethe
Church
Poem: Retribution
Poem: Concordia
Poem: Retrospect
Life

Week 25 Concordia, June 19, 1842.
Letter to Mother, dated June 20.
Printed notice that one of Alcott's poems had been printed anonymously.
Thoughts
Thoughts on a Monument
War, War, War
Theodicy
Comment on Bettine's correspondence with Goethe

Week 26 Concord, June 26, 1842.
Concordia Cottage

Week 27 Concord, July 3, 1842.
Concordia
Poem: Charm of Life
Temptation and Virtue

Week 28 Concord, July 10, 1842.
Concordia
Society
Labour

Week 29 Concord, July 17, 1842.
Long poem: The Launch [dated at the end: "Concord July 28, 1842"]

Week 30 Concord, July 24, 1842.
Poem: What Then is Life?

Week 31 Concord, July 31, 1842.
[No entries]

Week 32 Concord, Aug. 7, 1842.
Books
Indian Arrowhead

Week 33 Concord, Aug. 14, 1842.
Poem on Nature
Note on reading Wordsworth's "Excursion"
Food and Eating
Poem: On Speaking One's Thought
Poem: On Domestic Life and Companionship
Universal Man

Week 34 Concord, Aug. 21, 1842.
Copy of a Letter on "Application"
Poem: Application

Week 35 Concord, Aug. 28, 1842.
Life, What Is It?

Week 36 Concord, Sept. 4, 1842.
Our Fallen Race

Week 37 Concord, Sept. 11, 1842.
Reason Implies Transgression

Week 38 Concord, Sept. 18, 1842.
Intuition

Week 39 Concord, Sept. 25, 1842.
Exertion toward Perfectibility
Poem: Life is a Vision
The Language of the Gods through Nature

Week 40 Concord, Oct. 2, 1842.
Poem: Address to the Soul

Week 41 Concord, Oct. 9, 1842.
Purity of Mind and Body
Poem: The Days May Tempt
Poem: Where Is That Maiden?
Poem: Nature's Living Arms
Excitement
Self-Government
Regenerating Influences of Higher Intelligences
Lower Nature vs. Higher Nature

Week 42 Concord, Oct. 16, 1842.
Independence of Outward Circumstances
Miscellaneous Thoughts

Week 43 Concord, Oct. 16 [sic], 1842.
Transience vs. Permanence
Emotion and Impulse
Notice of the Arrival of A. Bronson Alcott [See above.]

Week 44 Concord, Oct. 22, 1842.
Thoughts
Account of leaving Concord
Thoughts on the Highway
Thoughts on Meeting My Mother
The Lonely Cottage after a Death [Poem]
Arrival in Oriskany
Poem on Death
Compensation

Week 47 Oriskany Falls, Nov. 27, 1842.
Law of the Land vs. Divine Law
Prayer

Amos Bronson Alcott's title page for the Diary of 1843. [Appendix I]

Junius S. Alcott's title page for the Diary of 1843. [Appendix J]

Week 1 Oriskany Falls, Jan., 1843.
The New Year

Week 2 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 8, 1843.
Thoughts on Principles and Symbols

Week 3 Oriskany Falls, Jan. [ ], 1843.
The Dead Millerites

Week 4 [Oriskany Falls].
"He was to[o] good to dwell on Earth, the Boy, that went away."
Poem: "Death" [Dated Jan. 28, 1843.]
Our Animal Nature

Week 5 Oriskany Falls, Jan. 22, 1843.
The One Saving Element
Temperance
Poem: Birth-day Gift
Poem: The Charm of Duty

Week 6 Oriskany Falls
Pollution of Body and Mind

Week 7 Oriskany Falls, Feb. 12, 1843.
Three Natures in Man
Poem: Meaning in a Flood of Tears

Week 8
Love and Lust

Week 9
Poem: The First Impulse of Love

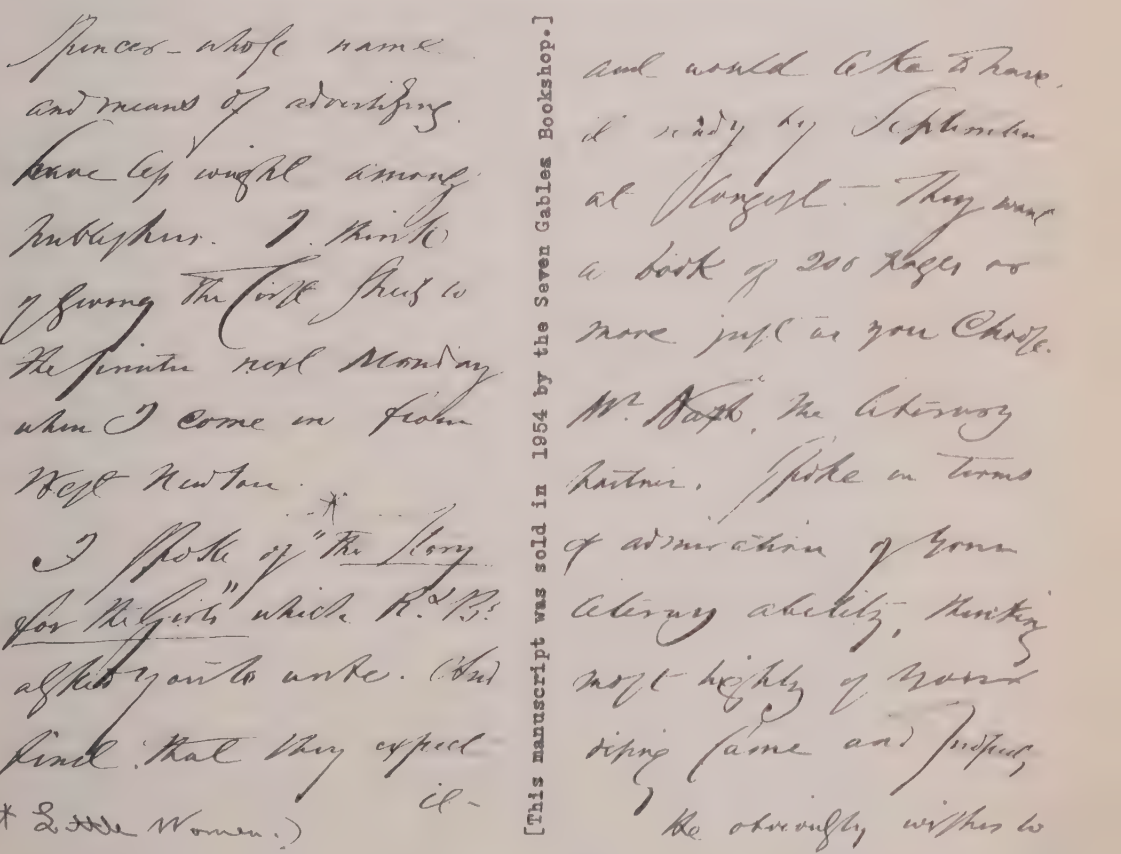
Week 10 [and following].
Thoughts on the Bible, Nature, Art and Holiness
Poem: The Dance
Life with God
Poem: The Hills I Love
Poem: Passion
Thoughts on Bathing, Self-Indulgence, Immortality
Poem: The Cottage Under the Hill
Thoughts on Inward and Outward, Know-Thyself, Temperance, Self-Injury, Phrenology, Instinct, Creeds, Nature
Poem: The Years Gone By
Poem: Freedom
Poem: To The Moon
Poem: Hope
Poem: The Social Life
Poem: Progress and Degradation
Poem: Flowers--Emblems of Love
Poem: Give Me a Place on God's Benignant Earth
Contemplation
Poem: The Golden Harvest
Northern and Southern Slavery
Poem: My Path
Unbelief
Poem: Musings of Home
Poem: A Meeting in the Woods
Poem: Home Sweet Home
Self-Denial vs. Selfishness
Poem: O Earth, My Home
Poem: The Corset's Good-Bye
Poem: The Higher Consciousness [1849.
Poem: The Poet Hath His Work [Dated Sept.,

Poem: Life Hath Its Variations
Poem: Thoughts Mould the Man
Poem: Friendship [Dated Dec. 12, 1849.]

Bronson Alcott's subtitle, "Scraps for Eden" [Appendix K]

[Introduction:] "I propose as I am developed from Universal Being to note down such experiances as shall result therefrom and seem worthy a place in a collection of facts with immediate reference and interest in a new and better state of Organized Existance. I am assured by internal evidence as well as chronicled facts that Man is susceptible of a holier and happier state of existance Physical Mental...."

Facts for Eden with Real Interest in Universal Being
Wholeness
Poem: The Noble Elm
Proverbs and Quotations [one from Carlyle]
The Converted and the Unconverted
Poem: New Year's Morning
Poem: Aliments vs. Stimulants [Dated: Wolcott April 21, 1845]
Poem: The Harp and the Poet
Poem: O Birth, Mysterious Birth
Poem: Thoughts on Fraternity
Poem: To My Wife: Musings of Home [Signed and dated at Oriskany Falls, July 1, 1851]
Poem: Life
Diary entry: Tuesday, April 17, 1844.



Spencer - whose name and means of advertising have help wright among publishers. I think of giving the title Story to the printer next Monday when I come in from West Newton. * I spoke of "The Story for the Girls" which R. B.'s asked you to write. (And find that they expect il-

* Little Women.)

[This manuscript was sold in 1954 by the Seven Gables Bookshop.]

and would like to have it ready by September at longest — They want a book of 200 pages or more just as you choose. Mr. Niles, the literary partner, spoke in terms of admiration of your literary ability, thinking most highly of your writing (same and) prospects, He obviously wishes to

She did. The manuscript was ready for the publisher by July. In October, 1868, Roberts Brothers published Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*, and, in the same year, Bronson Alcott's *Tablets*. The former made Louisa's fortune.

A.L.s. "Your Father," 4 pp., from Bronson Alcott to Louisa, dated "Concord Feb. 19 68." The letter describes his visit on the preceding day to Roberts Brothers, and reads in part, "I spoke of *'The Story for the Girls'* [here in Louisa's hand is inserted an asterisk directing attention to a footnote: 'Little Women'] which R. B.'s asked you to write. And find that they expect and would like to have it ready by September at longest. They want a book of 200 pages or more just as you choose. Mr. Niles, the literary partner, spoke in terms of admiration of your literary ability . . . He obviously wishes to become *your* publisher and *mine*. Now I suppose you will come home soon and write your story . . ."

[THE APPENDICES FOR THE PRECEDING ARTICLE APPEAR ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.]

[A]

A. Bronson Alcott.

Journals

and

Papers

of

Junius S. Alcott.

[B]

My brother's Prayer.

"My Father! I now come to thee with a desire to thank thee for the continuance of our love, the one for the other. I feel that without thy love in me, I should be alone here in the flesh. I cannot express my gratitude for what thou hast been and continuest to be to me. But thou knowest what my feelings are. When nought on earth seemeth pleasant to me, thou dost make thyself known to me, and teach me that which is needful for me, and dost cheer my travels on. I know that thou hast not created me and placed me here on earth, amidst its toils and troubles, and the follies of those around me, and told me to be like thyself, when I see so little of thee here to profit by; thou hast not done this, and then left me to myself, a poor, weak man, scarcely able to earn my bread. No; thou art my Father, and I will love thee, for thou didst first love me, and lovest me still. We will ever be parent and child. Wilt thou give me strength to persevere in this great work of redemption. Wilt thou show me the true means of accomplishing it. . . . I thank thee for the knowledge that I have attained of thee by thy sons who have been before me, and especially for him who brought me so perfect a type of thy goodness and love to men. . . . . I know that thou wilt deal with me as I deserve. I place myself therefore in thy hand, knowing that thou wilt keep me from all harm so long as I consent to live under thy protecting care." Dial July 1842

68

ABOVE: Junius's "Prayer" printed by Emerson in The Dial, III, no. 1 (July, 1842), p. 80. The annotations are in the hand of Amos Bronson Alcott.

LEFT: The title page of the manuscript, in the handwriting of Amos Bronson Alcott, who apparently assembled the loose leaves and had them bound for his personal library.

[C]

[D]

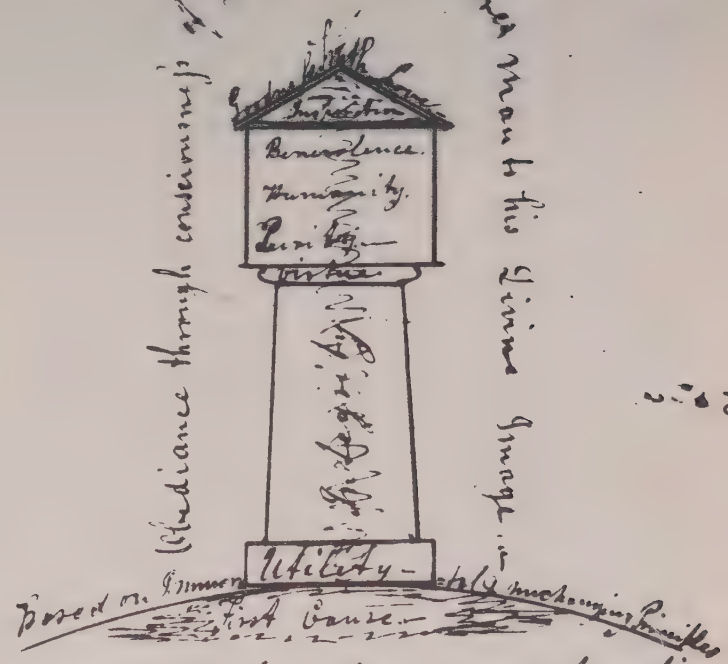
Esbjel
its
Experience & Progress.—

The Soul doth labour, and the Body waits,
Till Mind shall learn what 'tis that emulates,
The beggar world from Errors baneful debt,
That's not been paid by all its offsprings yet;
Nor learned by all that such a debt is due,
Christ can be paid by simply living true
To all things God.—

Lisbon Falls New-York—
Concord, Mass—
1842—

[E]

January—
Analysis of Man—



Man's structure is not entire until he shall stand perfect in all his parts. This is only arrived at by the regenerating influences of the Divine Spirit as it flows through our Constitution.—

feeling to the Heart of Principle
man calls it out through all
his feelings, thought, & flesh
by consenting willingly to
be guided by its instinct
and life. As he does this his
Heart, Head, & Body are reg-
enerated for it to pass through
pure & good.

Mankind suffer because
they see not the good that arises
from it. Could they see this
they would have fortitude
sufficient to render all
suffering merely nothing.
Herein lies our duty to await
in faith under all circumstan-
ces until we are shown the
truth and goodness resulting
from it. The bitter precedes
the sweet and thine shall drink
the draft in faith & hope of the
receive his reward. My expe-
rience has proven to me that
this is true however ungenerous
it may seem. But thine it is that
the innocent do suffer for the guilty
All things work for good to
those that love God & goodness

Analysis — Week

Spirit
- Spirit is the actual life of Soul
- Soul is the actual life of Mind
- Mind is the actual life of nature
- nature is the actual life of individuals
- Individuals are the actual life of Society
- Society is the actual life of man
- Man is the actual life of God
- God is the actual life of Light

Mind
- Light is the actual life of air
- Air is the actual life of water
- Water is the actual life of atoms
- Atoms are the actual life of action
- Action is the actual life of Creation
- Creation is the actual life of Time

Body
- The heart is the life of the head
- The head is the life of the stomache
- The stomache is the life of the blood
- The blood is the life of the lungs
- The lungs are the life of the Body
- The body is the life of the man
- The man is the life of Spirit

XVI The game of life

Cast our frail thought by all its shuffling round
The secret of the game that's played in man
we shall reveal it when we solve the laws
Mind by obedience each explains the cause

Let each one play and as he wisdom gains
His thought expands and happy in his pains
At each new move to learn the faults before
And more and more again mistakes over

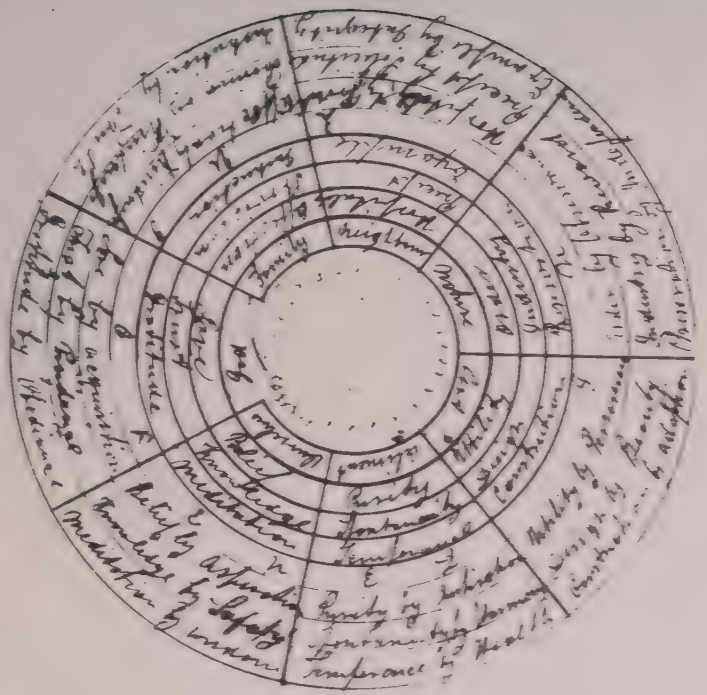
We play with God our dice our fellows men
Our tables earth our conscience is the plan
Our motives shuffle and our mind doth move
And life rewards us as this game doth prove

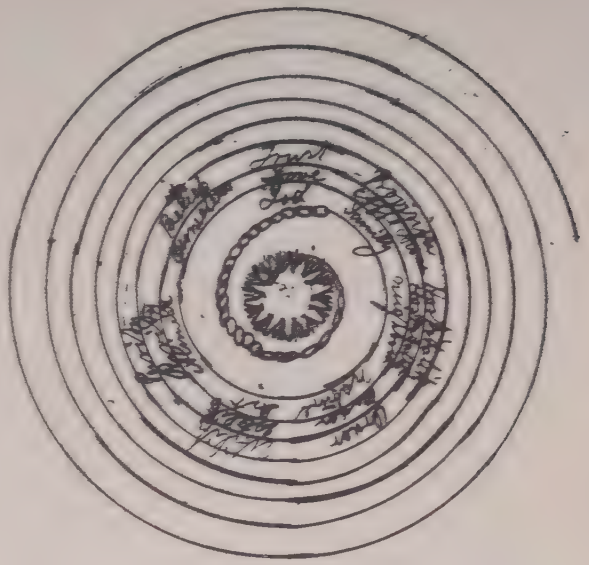
Knowest thou that day is lost if in moveing you
Hast not feed the priest & hopeful more anew
And each successive day to leave thy former moves
Like old tradition false to what the present proves

72

[G]

[H]





Life is sevenfold and manifested through seven distinct Unities, each deriving its Light from Unity to God The Sun is the centre of the solar system as the Heart is the centre of the spiritual system from which we receive Love Light Life

seen & heard the sublime
feelings, thoughts & life reflected
by him upon this ~~dead~~ living world
~~around him~~ distinct as I am I
feel most deeply the absence
& ~~the~~ such loving loving spirit
surpasseth knowledge it is associate in
full communion with & union in
the joyous love ~~light~~ life of
that unborn, unworking light
in which the true also can dwell
in its eternal presence

How long shall I wait
How long yet how long
For the love living being
To shout the sweet song
Of the soul feeling love
Of the soul thinking true
Of the soul eternal life
When we meet ~~to~~ brother men
Of the everlasting nations
Of the everliving light
Welcome yes welcome
all thrice in its light

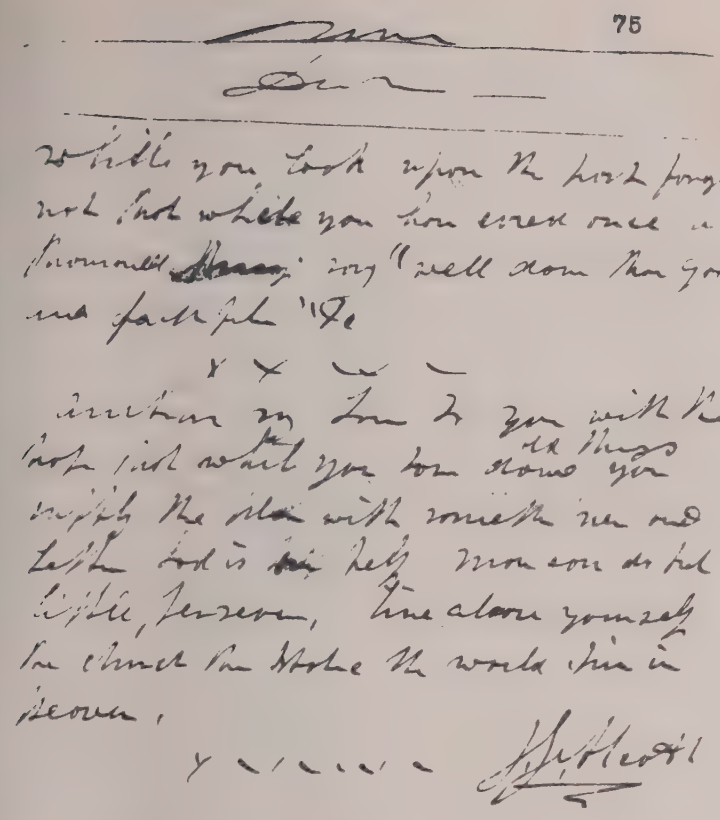
[I]

Diary
for
1843.

[J]

Diary
&
Experience in
1843.

[K]



POETRY.

The following sweet and excellent effusion is from the pen of a young friend whom I found in my recent tour through a corner of Massachusetts. Alluding to him in my journal published in the Telegraph, I said he ought not to remain in obscurity. I am happy to have called him out so soon.—Thank him for his contribution to the Telegraph. Would be happy in giving his name to the readers of the Telegraph, if I felt at liberty to do it. Hope to hear from him again. —

year, both of Wolcott. He lived near "Potucco's Ring," near his father's, and died May 21, 1818, ae. 59; his wife, Pamelia, died Aug. 20, 1810, ae. 49.

Children: 79 *Lydia*, m and d in Ohio; 80 *Hannah*, m 1st, Richard Withington of Bucks Hill, and 2d, Capt. Gates Upson of Wolcott; 81 *Seth*, d in Ohio; 82 *Solomon*, d in childhood; 83 *Leonard*, d near Cleveland, O., where Seth resided in 1857.

36 SAMUEL.

SAMUEL ALCOX, son of Capt. John and Mary (Chatfield) Alcox, married Lydia Warner of Bucks Hill. He died at the Mill Place, on Mad River, June 9, 1819, ae. 49; his wife, Lydia, died May 2, 1848, ae. 82.

Children: 84 *Jairus*, m Sarah W. Warner of Waterbury and d in Western New York; 85 *Mary*, m Isaac Hotchkiss of Wolcott, d Dec., 1840; 86 *Cleora*, d Feb. 16, 1826, ae. 33; 87 *Statira*, m Oct. 4, 1819, Amos Shepherd of Southington; 88 *Candace*, m George Griswold, and moved to Iowa, thence to Washington Territory, where she now resides.

37 JOHN BLAKESLEE.

JOHN B. ALCOX, son of Capt. John and Mary (Chatfield) Alcox, married Lois Gaylord of Wolcott, and resided near his father's homestead, on Clinton Hill. He died Sept. 17, 1837, ae. 73; Lois, his wife, died April 7, 1839, ae. 70.

Children: 89 *Riley*, m 1st, Ruth Frisbie, 2d, Olive Warner, settled in Waterbury, and d there, May 21, 1857, ae. 74; 90 *Almon*, b Feb. 22, 1790, and is still living; 91 *Jedediah G.*, b June 24, 1793; d May, 1872.

39 ISAAC.

ISAAC ALCOX, son of Capt. John and Mary (Chatfield) Alcox, married Isabel Lane of Wolcott, sister to Mary, the wife of Mark Alcox, his brother. He lived at East Church Parish, near Terryville, in Plymouth, where he died Sept. 12, 1809, ae. 40.

Child: 92, he had an only child which died an infant.

40 JOSEPH CHATFIELD.

JOSEPH C. ALCOX, son of Capt. John and Mary (Chatfield) Alcox, married, Oct. 13, 1796, Anna, daughter of Capt. Amos Bronson of Plymouth, and sister of Rev. Tillotson Bronson, D. D., Rector of St. John's church in Waterbury. Joseph first lived near "Potucco's Ring," but in 1805 he settled near his brother, John Blakeslee, at Clinton Hill, or New Connecticut, the highest land in Spindle Hill district. He died April 3, 1829, ae. 58; his widow, Anna, died at West Edmeston, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1863, ae. 90.

Children: 93 *Betsey*, b April 4, 1798, d Nov. 5, 1798; 94 *Amos Bronson*, b Nov. 29, 1799; 95 *Chatfield*, b Oct. 23, 1801; 96 *Pamelia, and* 97 *Pamila*, b Feb. 4, 1805. Pamelia m James Bailey of Wolcott, moved to Pennsylvania, and d Feb. 11, 1849. Pamila m Ransom Gaylord of Bristol, went to Stockbridge, N. Y., and d June 14, 1833; 98 *Betsey*, b Feb. 14, 1808, m Linus Pardee of Wolcott, and removed to West Edmeston, near Oriskany Falls, N. Y.; 99 *Phebe*, b Feb. 18, 1810, m William Norton of Wolcott, lived on the family homestead, where she d July 28, 1844, ae. 34; 100 *George*, b March 26, 1812, d July 10, 1812; 101 *Junius*, b July 6, 1818, m Nancy Jane Pritchard of Litchfield, Conn., lived at Oriskany Falls, N. Y., and d April 16, 1852, ae. 34; 102 *Ambrose*, b Sept. 10, 1820, m Anna V. Upson of Wolcott, and resided at Plantsville, in Southington, and removed thence to Fair Haven.

41 MARK.

MARK ALCOX, son of Capt. John and Mary (Chatfield) Alcox, married Mary Lane of Wolcott, in 1795. He lived on his father's homestead several years, then settled near James Alcott's, where his son Thomas resided many years. In winter he engaged largely in the manufacturing of clock cords. He d Nov. 21, 1846 ae. 74; she d Oct. 8, 1834, ae. 61.

Children: 103 *Alma, and* 104 *Amanda*, twins, d in infancy; 105 *Thomas*, never married. He lived on his father's homestead and died at his sister Salina's home, Oct. 30, 1872, ae. 73. He traveled in the Southern States, mostly in Virginia and the Carolinas, over twenty years, selling various articles of merchandise. It was Thomas and Amos B. Alcott who bought broadcloth suits with ruffled shirts, in Broadway, New York, on their first return from the south. This was the last fancy "rig" Thomas ever put on. 106 *Emily*, m Amos Newton; 107 *Albin*, m Chloe Finch,

Orcutt, op. cit., 430–431.

THOREAU AND EMERSON IN CHANNING'S LETTERS TO THE WATSONS

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

The gift last November of letters by William Ellery Channing the younger to Marston Watson and Mary (Russell) Watson, of Plymouth, was appropriately announced in The Concord Journal of December 4, 1958, by Mrs. Caleb Wheeler,[1] who was largely instrumental in securing them from the donor (Mrs. Robert B. Bowler) for the Concord Free Public Library. The two Watsons were close to all the major Transcendentalists--to Thoreau particularly--as may be seen in their published correspondence.[2] In the Appendix will appear the major outlines of the life of the husband, who knew Thoreau at Harvard in the fraternity known as the Institute of 1770.[3] Mary before her marriage for a time lived with the Thoreau family and is supposed to have been the young lady celebrated in Henry's early poem, "To the Maiden in the East."[4] A chronological outline of Thoreau's known association with the Plymouth family deserves here to be recorded:

1842, March 2: H.D.T. in a letter to Mrs. Lucy Brown, at Plymouth, asks to be remembered to Mary Russell of that town.[5]

1851, July 31: H.D.T. records observations made on a visit to Marston Watson's hill in Plymouth and to the town.[6]

1852, ca. Feb. 17: H.D.T. writes Marston Watson that he will come to Plymouth to lecture on Sunday, Feb. 22, taking the Saturday afternoon train.[7]

1852, May 23: Thoreau is visiting in Plymouth. He records Mary Watson's observations on flowers.[8]

1852, Dec. 31: H.D.T. to Marston Watson, reporting that he has no "sacred" lectures to read at this time. His present writing is secular. He will let Watson know when he has something of the right kind for the Plymouth group.[9]

1854, Sept. 17: Writing from "Hillside," his home in Plymouth, Marston Watson asks H.D.T. to come down on Saturday, Sept. 23, and read a paper on Sunday morning, Sept. 24, promising an honorarium of $10, which has been gathered by a group of his friends.[10]

1854, Sept. 19: Thoreau writes Watson that he will come for Sunday, Oct. 1.[11]

1854, Sept. 24: Marston Watson writes of a conflict of events in Plymouth and asks H.D.T. for Sunday, October 8. Thoreau accepted[12] and, while on the coast, surveyed "Hillside."

1857, June 13-15: Thoreau records observations made at Plymouth in and about Watson's estate.[13]

1857, Aug. 8: Thoreau describes glow-worms sent from Plymouth by Watson on July 20.[14]

1857, Aug. 17: Thoreau writes Watson, thanking him for the phophorescent worms and explaining the delay in acknowledging receipt of them because of his absence in the wilds of Maine. A friendly letter about the genus Lampyris.[15]

1857, Sept. 16: Thoreau walks with the Watsons in Concord and Lincoln.[16]

1858, Apr. 25: Thoreau thanks Watson for the gift of pear trees, reporting further on phosphorescent worms and recalling pleasantly his former visits to Plymouth.[17]

About this time, Watson advertised frequently in Plymouth and other papers, the following notice being typical [March 27, 1857]:

> A NEW FRUIT AND FLOWER CATALOGUE
> FOR 1857,
>
> With description and prices of all Trees and plants needed in the Garden, Lawn, Orchard, Green House, Vinery or Nursery, with the latest novelties, will be forwarded on application. Carriage of all packages paid to Boston or New York.
>
> B. M. Watson,
> Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth, Mass.
> March 27.

The following inventory of the Channing letters to the Watsons is designed to help researchers put them to immediate use:

1859, June (latter part). W.E.C. to "Dear Friend."

1859, July 1. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson."

1859, July 3. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs. Watson."

1859, Sept. 3. W.E.C. at New Bedford to Mrs. Watson.

1859, Sept. 10. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson."

1859, Sept. Friday the [23rd?]. W.E.C. to B. M. Watson, Old Colony Nurseries.

1859, Sept. 27. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson, beginning: "My dear friend."

[1859], Oct. 9 Sunday. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson.

1859, Nov. 2, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs Watson." Contains poem, "To Edith--with the Seasons...."

1859, Nov. 10, Concord. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson.

1859, Dec. 4, Concord. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson.

1860, Jan. 15 Concord. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson. "Mr Emerson has set off this day, on his lecture-tour for the west...and expects to be gone till Feb. 20." Also: "H.T. has been reading Aristotle and found that it is good, a fact which Mr E. says, has been the property of every schoolboy for two thousand years.——Henry you know thought he had discovered A., the good creature (I mean H.)"

1860, Jan. 23. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson. "Nothing has been heard to last night of R.W.E. since he left for the West." "H.D.T's discourse will after a time be printed, in a book with other memoranda concerning the Brown——lunatico inquirendo."

1860, Feb. 14, Concord. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson.

1860, March 9. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary."

1860, March 16. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson whom he addresses as "Dear Mrs Valentine."

1860, April 14, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary." "Mr E. is recovered wholly of the lameness of his foot. Edward has had a fever...."

1860, May 29, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary." Includes a poem.

1860, June 17, Concord. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson, beginning "My Friend."

1860, Sept. 25, Tuesday. W.E.C. to "Dear Madam."

1860, Sept. 29, Concord, Saturday. W.E.C. to "My dear Mr Watson."

1860, Nov. 7 + 15, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "Mr Thoreau has discovered a fine Oake-grove in West Acton eight miles from hence I'll tell you of it,--it belongs to the Inches family...."

1860, [Nov. 30] Day after Thanksgiving. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson. Edited below.

1860, Dec. 10, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs. Watson." Mentions Emerson's new book. Discusses Emerson as poet. Calls him the "happy Dante of New England."

1860, [Dec. 25] Christmas Day, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs Watson." Mentions Coventry Patmore, Edith Emerson and Emerson's books.

1861, Feb. 3. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "I regret very much to say that H.D.T. has not got well and that he has now been in the house ten weeks. His trouble appears to him bronchial, the cold air brings on coughing. He thinks it a trivial thing, but he is reduced much in stature. But R.W.E. says there is too much insurance on his life and A.B.A. says there is too much weather in him to be fatally affected. I know not, None of H.D.T's joy's [or] diseases are like anybody's else, He is of a strange temper and so more difficult to treat. Thus far, I am not anxious but my loss in his confinement is indescribable." Also describes the seating at a meeting of the Saturday Club.

1861, Feb. 13, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary." "Mr Emerson, S. G. Ward and we have since I last wrote I think visited the Gray collection of Engravings at the college, the richest in the new world."

[1861], Feb. 17, Concord, Sunday. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary." Outside is addressed to "Mrs. Watson." Mentions Thoreau's sickness.

1861, March 26, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs. Watson" and signed "affectionately W.E.C." "I hear nothing new of Edith, she and Ellen have been gone for some days but reached back yesterday. Henry is not yet out. I didn't give him your message (I never give messages)."

[1861?], March 29, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "...on returning I found the Town meeting took place on the 23d inst. ...." "Walden pond is wholly covered with ice... Agassiz comes here to lecture tomorrow." Mentions reading a new Chinese book by Lao-Tseu, Le Livre de la Voie et de la Vertu.

1861, April 3, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear

Mrs Watson." "You remember what H.D.T. says of the verse about none of the sparrows, falling without 'our Heavenly father &c'; 'but they do fall.' Rather smart, that 'do'...." Speaks of Alcott, Patmore and Emerson's new course of lectures in Boston.

1861, April 14, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs. Watson." About Nellie and Nellie's house.

1861, April 16, Thursday evening. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "Mr Emersons lectures well attended." "Henry's bronchitis is very obstinate. It does not perceptibly mend; it is understood the physician advises a warmer climate. I have still confidence that Henry may recover...knowing how perfectly obstinate he also is.... Henry has lost much flesh; he is intensely sensitive about cold...."

1861, June 11, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Madam."

1861, June 14, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Madam."

1861, June 19, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson."

1861, Aug. 1, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "I cannot write you anything as to Mr. H.D.T's health. I regard him as about the same...." "Mr. E. was so good about Shakspere's Sonnets...." Mentions Alcott.

1861, Aug. 25, Thurs. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Includes a manuscript poem.

1861, Sept. 3, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "Last Wednesday a pleasant event came off at Mr Emerson's, where Mr Thoreau and myself dined because Edward was going to College next day. It was his finale before entering on the great world and leaving this quiet harbor...." "Mr Emerson has paid great attention to Edward's bringing up, inasmuch that he should have a youth, something which he says, 'I had not.'" Refers to William Emerson and Mary Moody Emerson. "She has had made for her and has worn out a number of shrouds...."

1861, Sept. 6, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs. Watson." "Mr Emerson and myself have walked this P. M. as far as the swamp where the Lednar grows.... I have twice visited our sage this season (Mr Alcott) and lent him the poems of Milton, Cowper, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Coleridge. He had neither of them in his library. You ask for Mr Thoreau's health. He is no better. No hope that he can spend the winter in a cold climate. Elizabeth Hoar sailed this day from Liverpool for home...."

1861, Oct. 2, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Quotes Carlyle. Mentions the Emersons. "I have seen Miss E. Hoar."

1861, Oct. 7, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Quotes from Elizabeth Hoar's letters written from England.

1861, Oct. 21, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "I think Mr Thoreau gains a little. He thinks he is stronger and can walk better. His cough is still very formidable at night, yet should he for another month improve as much as the last I should have a hope of his ultimate recovery. The winter is bad however."

1861, [After Oct. 2]. W.E.C. to Mrs. Watson. Says that Elizabeth Hoar has brought to Mr. Emerson "the Seven bridges of Paris."

1861, Nov. 10, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Signed "Yours tuberculary, W.E.C." "I found Mrs E. the other day hard at work with spade and gloves...."

1861, Dec. 9, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "I spoke to Mr Emerson on Saturday about Dr. Johnson's poor health, he quoted Dr. Channing's saying, brother Furness sickness is a great gift. Mr Emerson has lately gone through a mood. He is much finer. He now believes in the right of Secession, I mean for the South on the principle of 'consent of the governed'...."

1861, Dec. 22, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir."

1862, Feb. 13, Wednesday. W.E.C. to "My dear Mary." "Mr Thoreau has mended a little; I think he will soon get up from his bronchial complaint tho' I don't think he will get out before March. He has been in the house, since Dec. 5th." "I am not anxious about Mr Thoreau. He has greatly decreased if it was possible in flesh; I do not think he weighs to-day but a very little and a few days since, his pulse was at 56. But his system suffers a retardation, it ceases to make blood, hence adipose tissue which is formed of the elements of blood ceases to be found and the lack of respiratory oxygenation combined with the lack of supplying sufficient stimuli to the blood-corpuscles, produces a semi state of metastatic dyscrasia." Mentions the Emersons and Alcott.

1862, [Feb. 28], Last day of Feb. W.E.C. to

"My dear Madam."

1862, Mar. 13, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam."

1862, Mar. 18, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs Watson."

1862, June 13, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam."

1862, Sept. 13, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Writes on the War and "dead niggers."

1862, Sept. 26, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "Our 'national' affairs are so peculiar that they ever set the owls and recluses a laughing."

1862, Sept. 29, Sunday. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." "There was an English liver (German I judge by birth) who dined here yest^{y} at Mr E's, who gave me an idea of how the English people feel about the war. His name was Lehman."

1863, Jan. [?26]. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Discusses gravity.

[1863], April 6, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs Watson." "Prof. Agassiz came up and lectured on Thursday.... Sunday (yesterday) dinner for him at Mr. Emerson's. So much for Fast 1863."

[1863], April 14, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "Spring has almost dawned on us in this place.... All the birds have come (?) and Walden pond cleared himself of ice, on Saturday night last." Mentions Ellen Emerson and R.W.E. Lyell's new book about the antiquity of man and Darwin's theory has just appeared.

1863, June. MS. poem, "The Wigelia addrest to B. M. Watson." "Written at Hillside."

[1863], July 17. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." [18] "Mr Thoreau's last book [? Excursions, Boston, 1863] is now through the press, hardly any original matter. Am looking at his corrected copy of the Week, with a view to a new ed." Includes a poem (apparently his own) taken "From the Cape Cod Notebook May, 1852.) "Please be very careful of enclosed poem, as it is hard to get & keep it for me."

Here the rich blackbird's warble fills the air,
No boys dare shoot this guard, the farmer's care;
Here sings the sparrow without hedge or wall,
Or older orchards, or the willows tall;
And hylas peep from their fresh water pool,
As in the midst of ancient forests cool.
On the dry hills the starving kine appear,
And tread o'er lichens and the Mayflower dear,-
That sweetest bloom in all the fields we know,
Perfumes the sand where flowers most rarely blow;
And violets blue peep in the modest dell,
Where lifts the mouse-ear its small homely bell,
Let prairies green their showy splendor rear,
The oderous Mayflower spreads her perfume here.

1863, July 23, Concord. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs. Watson." Quotes from Thoreau's notebooks passages from Cato and Varro on husbandry. Concludes: "Love to all? Yours W.E.C."

[1863], Aug. 15, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." "I should have said as to the extracts which I sent you from Cato in my last letter that they were in every particular, the work of Mr Thoreau, and taken from his unpublished writings." Speaks of Confucius and quotes from him. A postscript is signed "G. J. C."

[1864], Feb. 19. W.E.C. to [Mrs. Watson]. "E[dit]h E[merso]n is still in N. York. I have not been to Mr Es but once this season. Mr W^{m} E^{n} has hired the Whiting house and is to live here but his son W^{m} I fear, is nearly at his end. He is just married but his former complaint of the lungs...."

[1864], Sept. 16. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Quotes Emerson. "Mr R.W.E. always very hopeful about the war...." Mentions Clough's poems and Charles Emerson, William Emerson's son, who went to the War and to New Orleans. "Some painters have at last found their way to this place, Hunt, Furness, Ordway, & others. Furness lives at the Pritchard's and has been all summer taking Mr E. & Edith. Mr E. says it will add another to the dreadful looking people he sits for,--he always declares his pictures look like malefactors. Mr Thoreau's Aunt Jane (Thoreau) has died this season at 79. Blake and Brown those dry youths came down and spent Sunday last, for the first time visited me. I showed them Henry's house which still stands and they bought maps of the town on which they wrote many of the localities. Poor H. he was very good to these young people (Blake is 55)...."

[1864?], Sept. 22. W.E.C. to "My dear M." Speaks of not being well of late.

[1865], July 22. W.E.C. to "Dear Sir." "S.G.T. [plants] are by no means in a forward state; in fact, they are failures under

potatoes...." "A.B.A. has begun to keep a journal and is now writing the XLIst vol. H.D.T's letters are printed, too much smartness in them for us Latin folk."

[1875?], Apr. 19, Concord. "not 1775." W.E.C. to "My dear Mary."

1877, Feb. 27. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Sends sprig of Hypnum splendens from Olympia, Washington Territory.

188[7?], June 1, Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Cover: Mary Watson Care B. M. Watson Esq. Plymouth Mass"

UNDATED

Jan. 19, [Late]. W.E.C. to "Dear Madam." Signed: "Yours very poorly Melujah G. Jones, S L C &c."

Jan. 22, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir."

Feb. 24, [ ], Concord. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Writes about Lu Alcott: "Lu. wishes to become, a teacher of drawing,--this seems a very doubtful step for her to take...."

May 16, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." He plans another visit to Plymouth. "My age with its infirmities must be my excuse for my long silence."

June 3, [ ]. 4 P.M. Sat. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." "Yr favor of the 2d i.e. Friday did not reach this place in time for me to avail myself of it, being out of town." He plans to visit on Monday.

June 15, [ ]. Conco[r]d Monday. W.E.C. to "Dear Mrs Watson." Says he is feeling poorly.

June 27, [ ]. W.E.C. to [Mr. Watson]. "Haying is going along sparingly." "Mr Alcott is building his fence...." Mentions the Emersons, Alcott and other Concordians. Speaks of the plant, S.G.T. Asks that this note be burned.

July 1, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." "Since my last, we have had showers! S.G.T's up but cannot expect them to succeed as they are covered by potatoes. Japan melon did not come up well." Gives much local gossip. Asks Watson to burn this note. "Love to all Yours Channing."

July 6, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." "On Sunday we had a fine shower, so on Saturday last; the S.G.T. have gone into their 3d leaves.... Haying generally begun...." Gives Concord gossip. Mentions R.W.E. and Alcott. "Burn this."

July 7, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Madam." Speaks of guests at Emerson's house. Quotes from Hood's "I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born...."

Aug. 24, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs. Watson." Much on Indians. Postscript reads: "The autograph of A. is from the Leipzig ed. of the Scarlet Letter given me by the author." Signed: "Ever yrs W.E.C."

Aug. 25, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Announces that he is coming to Plymouth on Monday at 4 1/2 o'clock with Mr. Graeter. Wants to go over to the Island.

Sept. 1, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Marston."

Sept. 7, [ ]. W.E.C. to "Dear Sir enclosed please find a specimen of the genuine Scottish heather...growing wild in the town of Tewksbury Mass. Two young men Edw. Emerson & Horace Mann got this last Sat Sept 5, 10 miles by river to Billerica thence 5 by foot to Tewksbury...."

Sept. 8, [ ]. Thursday. W.E.C. to "My dear Mr Watson."

Sept. 29, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." News of the Emerson family.

Oct. 8, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson." Begins: "A singular event occurred in our quiet village, on the 6th at 1/4 to 4 P.M. what is named a smash-up in Railroad speeds ...."

Oct. 20, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson."

Oct. 24, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir."

Dec. 8, [ ]. W.E.C. to "My dear Sir." "I fancy my 'order' as you name it for vegetables, must have been a poetical one...." Attaches a poem on turnips.

[ ]. Pencilled note from W.E.C. to "My dear Mrs Watson."

[ ]. W.E.C. to "My Friend."

[ ]. W.E.C. to "O best of neighbors." Postmarked "Concord...[Nov. 11?]. Addressed: Mary Watson, Care B. M. Watson Esq. Plymouth, Mass:

[There are some fragments, including a poem, apparently parts of the foregoing letters --enclosures probably.]

Day after Thanksgiving
1860

Dear Mrs Watson

Your letter was very pleasant and once more joined us a little on this shore of time wherein we re cast. Thanks for the fragrant violets.

Yesterday was our Thanksgiving dinner at Mr E's, Edith and Ellen are very charming and grow more so each day. Besides these Sophy was there who is to be married in the spring, (she is a great beauty) and Miss Ripley and Phoebe [Ripley] and George Bradford. Then came Doctor Jackson and the rest of Mrs Emerson's family and I know not how many children,---but there are always just as many as the table can possibly hold. Mr Emerson is so good and constant. There is a swell of God in his existence.

And you have your Thanksgiving dinners like Mr E. and so God to you seems a reality. So my dear one may it ever seem.

Mr Sanborn has preached once at Mr Parker's church, throwing in the prayers and hymn, then he told them of their duties. So he goes to preach again Dec. 23 I believe and means to give a Christmas speech. Should they agree well, it may become possible in time that he may become a sort of lay-preacher or manager, with the aid of star-preachers, like Phillips, Gar'son (so Mr Alcott pronounces it) and Thoreau to help him [with] it. I don't think he'll go. Tis a second-rate berth, like going Second-mate.

That poor Patmore has printed another cotton-woolly poem. Will that unfortunate oracle "of ours" be trepanned into believing there is anything in Patmore again. From all second-rate poets good Lord deliver us.

Mrs Brown has met with a queer adventure lately. She had a girl,--servant of course, so one day she walked in and told Mrs B. that she (the girl) had cut her throat which on looking it up proved to be true. The knife being dull she still lives to perform the same operation. But fancy Mrs Brown's feelings. The girl had said several times before, Mrs Brown I shall kill myself.

Two faces were wanting at our Thanksgiving feast one of little Lucia Simmons, who is dead and tother Charles Emerson, whom the Felton Goodwin dynasty has turned out of college. Poor boy! he posted home to Staten Island at once. I'm sorry Marston and I elected these blunder-heads to office. Had they no thought of us?

I thought that rather florid bust in the corner was of a person named Inches but George B. says the creature's called Brimmer. So I shan't write you about the Inches Wood? But how did his name come to be Brimmer? How did Marston dare to have such a cast as that by my wood stove?

Ever yours &c &c

[Unsigned].

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1 See the Appendix below for a reprint of the announcement. I am grateful to Mrs. Dorothy Nyren, Librarian, for permission to compile this check-list.

2 For Mary Russell (Mrs. B. M. Watson), see Emerson's Letters, II, 85, 403, 410, 411, 420, 431, 439, 447; also II, 402; III, 76. For B. M. Watson, see Emerson's Letters, II, 85, III, 41, 411, IV, 276; V, 83, 479. Letters from him to Emerson are dated March, 1847, and Oct. 18, 1852. Reference to Marston Watson appear in F. B. Sanborn's Recollections of Seventy Years, (2 vols.), Boston, 1909, II, 316, 318-323, 434, 570-572. See The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, 276 et passim. See Thoreau's Writings (Walden ed.), VI, 328-329 et passim.

3 References to him in the Harvard University Archives include the following: Corporation Papers (UA I.5.130): Oct. 12, 1847: he requested use of books on botany and horticulture from Harvard College Library. Letter of T. William Harris. Faculty Records, vol. XI: Marston Watson matriculated, 257; awarded a Detur, 297; assigned part in exhibition, 338, 348; assigned Commencement part, 376; recommended for a degree, 378. Overseers Records, vol. X: On Committee to examine students, 203. College Papers, 2nd series, vol. IX: Petitions faculty on Monday, June 17, 1839, for a band of music on Thursday, July 18, Class Day, 251; certificate of Levi Farwell, steward, that he is eligible for the A.B. degree, 313. Vol. XXIX: his name to be added to the Committee on Natural History, 65. His Greek dialogue (with Justin Allen Jacobs) for the exhibition part on May 1, 1838, is entitled "Philodemus and Philippus." (HUC 6837.32). Part for an exhibition on Oct. 16, 1838: "How far the right should be controlled by expedient." (HUC 6838.11). Another part, for Commencement, Aug. 28, 1839: "The Life and Services of Linnaeus." (HUC 6838.60).

4 The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, p. 512.

5 Ibid., p. 63.

6 Thoreau, Journal, II, 363-366.

7 Thoreau, Correspondence, p. 276.
8 Thoreau, Journal, IV, p. 69.
9 Thoreau, Correspondence, pp. 290-291.
10 Ibid., pp. 337-338.
11 Ibid., p. 338.
12 Ibid., p. 340.
13 Thoreau, Journal, IV, 414-415.
14 Ibid., X, 3-5.
15 Thoreau, Correspondence, pp. 487-488.
16 Thoreau, Journal, X, 32-33.
17 Thoreau, Correspondence, 511-512.
18 MS Am 800.6 in the Houghton Library of Harvard University is a collection of the notebooks, poems and journals of William Ellery Channing (1818-1901). Of principal interest to readers of this article are five notebook journals (1852-1864) covering the period of his most important letters to the Watsons. Near the beginning of the first notebook is the heading: "Here begins Cape Cod, 1852." Another journal is located in the Columbia University Library. Students of the correspondence listed in this article should consider it against the rich day-by-day reporting in Channing's six extant diaries. Much of his poetry is still unpublished.

APPENDIX

Library Receives Gift From Plymouth Of Literary Interest

The Concord Free Public Library received on Tuesday a gift from Mrs. Robert B. Bowler of Plymouth of one hundred letters written by Ellery Channing from Concord in the sixties to Mr. and Mrs. Marston Watson of Plymouth. Mrs. Bowler, a granddaughter of the Watsons, lives in the house built by the Watsons and described in Channing's poem THE WANDERER as Hillside.

Channing, although only a minor poet, was a friend and walking companion of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau and Sanborn. Married to Ellen Fuller, sister of the famous Margaret Fuller, he lacked the stability and unselfishness which are necessary to a successful marriage, and his various starts on Cambridge Turnpike, on Punkatasset Hill and on Middle st., never lasted very long. He spent his last years in an upper room at Frank Sanborn's house dying there 1901.

Mary (Russell) Watson, to whom most of the letters were written, was a cousin of Mrs. Emerson and lived before her marriage with her in Concord to help with the young children when Emerson was in England. She knew Thoreau, Channing and the others and tried her own hand at writing. A review of the Waverley Novels from her pen was printed in the ATLANTIC in May 1858, and she evidently sent other articles to Channing to criticize.

The fact that she knew the Emerson circle made it natural for Channing to tell her the latest news of her friends hence the letters have many interesting items, like this dated "Day after Thanksgiving, 1860":

"Yesterday was our Thanksgiving dinner at Mr. E's. Edith and Ellen are very charming and grow more so each day. Besides them, Sophy was there who's to be married in the spring. (She is a great beauty) and Mrs. Ripley and Phoebe and George Bradford. Then came Dr. Jackson and the rest of Mrs. Emerson's family and I know not how many children - but there are always just as many of the latter as the table can possibly hold. Mr. Emerson is so good and constant. There is a swell of God in his existence. And you have your Thanksgiving dinners like Mr. E and so God to you seems a reality.

Mr. Sanborn has preached once at Mr. Parkers' church throwing in the prayers and hymns then he told them of their duties. So he goes again Dec. 23 and means to give them a Christmas speech. Should they agree well, he may become a sort of lay preacher or manager with the aid of star preachers like Phillips, Gar'son (so Mr. Alcott pronounces it) and Thoreau to help him. I don't think he'll go. Tis a second rate berth like going second mate.

Two faces were wanting at our Thanksgiving feast. Little Lucien Simmons who is dead, the other, Charles Emerson, whom the Felton-Goodwin dynasty has turned out of college. Poor boy: he posted home to Staten Island at once. I'm sorry Marston and I elected that blunder head to office." (That blunderhead was the President of Harvard)

[Ruth Wheeler (Mrs. Caleb) was the agency by which these interesting manuscripts reached the Concord library. The above is Mrs. Wheeler's article in The Concord Journal, Concord, Mass., Thursday, December 4, 1958, page 7.]

B. M. Watson

From the Harvard Class of 1839, Class Album. 1839-1879. n.p., [1879].
HUD 239 40B

BENJAMIN-MARSTON WATSON.

Born Jan. 18, 1820, in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Married Miss MARY RUSSELL, Feb. 22, 1846. Lives in Plymouth.

[He has sown the seed and planted the trees in half the gardens of the country. See how this was all prefigured in his Commencement part, — "A Philosophical Disquisition: The Life and Services of Linnæus": —]

AUGUST, 1839.

. . . . . .

THE question is often asked, What are the services of those who devote themselves to Natural History, and to what practical advantage do their researches tend? And it must be confessed that, to minds unacquainted with science and the mutual dependencies of its various branches, there is something neither unnatural nor altogether blamable in the ready occurrence of this question of direct advantage. One accustomed to the study of Nature feels that there is a lofty pleasure in his speculations which should exempt him from such inquiry, and he might surely allege this as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having little capacity and less relish for these pursuits, are constantly annoying him with this inquiry. But if he can bring himself to descend from this high but fair ground, and justify himself, his pursuits, and his pleasures in the eyes of those around him, he has only to point to the history of all sciences where speculations, apparently the most unprofitable, have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practical applications have been derived. It requires the spirit of scientific inquiry, some conviction of the truth of those estimable and treasured principles which lie concealed in the most common and homely facts, — some experience, in fine, of success in developing and placing them in evidence, and announcing them in precise terms, — to cure the mind of this tendency to rush at once upon its object, to undervalue the means in over-estimation of the end, and, while gazing too intently at the goal which alone it has been accustomed to desire, to lose sight of the richness and variety of the prospects that offer themselves at either hand upon the road.

Benjamin Marston Watson.

Plymouth has lost one of her prominent and most esteemed citizens in the death of Benjamin Marston Watson, his demise taking place at his residence on Cushman Street, on Wednesday night, after illness which confined him to the house a considerable time.

Mr. Watson was a son of the late Benjamin Marston Watson of this town, and born in 1820. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1839, with high honors, having as class mates Judge James Gore King of New York, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Gov. Nathaniel B. Baker, of New Hampshire, Kirk Boott, Dr George Hayward, Samuel Eliot, who was principal of the Boston Girls' High School, Francis B. Hayes, Pliny Earle Chase, Caleb W. Loring, and Loring H. Austin. In 1846 he married Mary, the daughter of the late Thomas Russell and sister to the late Judge Thomas Russell, and William G. Russell, the latter of whom has but recently deceased.

Mr. Watson being a great lover of nature decided upon a rural life, and purchased a large tract of wild land a mile out from town, to which he applied his knowledge of forestry and horticulture, and converted it into the charming "Hillside" so well known to Plymouthians and where he made his home. There he established the "Old Colony Nurseries," and during the larger part of his active life carrried on an extensive business, his relations in this connection making him well known all over this country and some places in Europe, whence he often made importations of choice flowers and bulbs. He was always a scholar, exceedingly well read, and he wrote to some extent for various magazines, mainly on historical subjects. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau and Bronson Alcott of the Concord School of Philosophy were intimates of his, and often visited his home, and he was sympathetic with advanced thought and human progress wherever presented.

The Plymouth Public Library found in him one of its earliest friends, and it was largely through his advice and effort, in conjunction with the late Chas. Burton and a few others, that the beginning was made more than forty years ago of this highly beneficial institution.

His ancestral descent was from Robert Watson, who came to Plymouth very early in the history of the Colony, and after a stay here of some time located in Connecticut. Being thus closely connected with the Fathers made Mr. Watson a student of their character, and an admirer of their virtues, and he had been for many years a member of the Board of trustees of the Pilgrim Society.

He cared little for distinction, never holding public office or entering aggressively into political affairs, but always, in our community and elsewhere, was distinguished as a true gentleman of learning and character, ever genial, kindly and polite, whose friendships were sincere and whose acquaintance it was a pleasure to possess.

Those who have intimately known him through his lengthened life, sincerely regret his departure and will hold him in loving remembrance.

The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, at Mr. Watson's late residence, corner of Cushman and Allerton Streets.

[Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 22, 1896.]

B. M. WATSON.

Plymouth, Feb. 20.—B. M. Watson died of heart trouble at his winter home on Cushman st, this morning.

Mr. Watson was one of Plymouth's most respected residents, his learning and social position giving him much prestige in the community. He was the son of B. M. Watson, a prominent Plymouthian, and was born here in 1820.

In 1839 he was graduated with honors from Harvard University, among his classmates being Rev. E. E. Hale, Judge J. G. King of New York, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Gov. N. B. Baker of New Hampshire, Kirk Boott, Dr. George Hayward, Samuel Eliot, master of the Boston Girls' High School, F. B. Hayes, Pliny Earle Chase, C. W. Loring and L. H. Austin.

In 1846 Mr. Watson married Mary, daughter of Thomas Russell and sister of the late Judge Thomas Russell, and W. G. Russell, whose death occurred two weeks ago.

Mr. Watson was a man of scholarly tastes, preferring the companionship of books and the study of horticulture, in which he was much interested, to an active public life. Fifty years ago he purchased a barren tract of land on the outskirts of the village, and laid it out after the approved plans of landscape gardening, planting many choice trees and shrubs. This estate, one of the most delightful spots in the vicinity to the lover of nature, is known as Hillside.

Mr. Watson enjoyed a close intimacy with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, A. Bronson Alcott, and others of the Concord school, and these men were often visitors at Hillside.

He leaves a wife and five children, the eldest being Prof. Benjamin Watson of the Bussey Institute.

[Boston Daily Advertiser]

Boston Journal.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1896.

BENJAMIN M. WATSON.

Death of a Prominent Citizen of Plymouth, Mass.—Classmate of Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston.

Benjamin Marston Watson died of heart failure at his home on Cushman Street, Plymouth, yesterday.

Mr. Watson was one of Plymouth's most respected residents, his learning and social position giving him much prestige in the community. He was the son of Benjamin M. Watson, a prominent citizen of Plymouth, and came of good old Mayflower stock. He was born in Plymouth Jan. 15, 1820. On Washington's birthday, in 1846, just 50 years ago, lacking two days, Mr. Watson married Mary, daughter of Thomas Russell, and sister of the late Judge Thomas Russell, and William G. Russell, whose death occurred two weeks ago.

In 1839 Mr. Watson was graduated with honors from Harvard University, among his classmates being Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Judge James Gore King of New York, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Gov. Nathaniel B. Baker of New Hampshire, Kirk Boot, Dr. George Hayward, Samuel Eliot, Master of the Boston Girls' High School; Francis B. Hayes, Pliny Earle Chase, Caleb W. Loring, Loring H. Austin, Rev. Charles H. Brigham of Taunton, Alexander C. Washburn of Boston and Edmund Law Rogers of Baltimore, whose death has also occurred since the advent of the present year. Rev. E. E. Hale, Mr. Loring and Mr. Washburn are the surviving members of the class here in Boston.

Mr. Watson was a man of scholarly tastes, preferring the companionship of books and the study of horticulture, in which he was much interested, to an active public life. Fifty years ago he purchased a barren tract of land on the outskirts of the village, and laid it out after the approved plans of landscape gardening, planting many choice trees and shrubs. This estate, one of the most delightful spots in the vicinity to the lover of nature, is known as Hillside, and has been referred to by Frank Sanborn, Mrs. Jane G. Austin and other friends of the family in their writings.

Mr. Watson enjoyed a close intimacy with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, A. Bronson Alcott and others of the Concord School, and these men were often visitors at Hillside.

Outside of his library Mr. Watson found a most congenial occupation in caring for his plants and flowers, and at one time he was well known as a raiser of seeds and a grower of nursery stock. He often wrote papers for the magazines on historical subjects, and was a Trustee of the Pilgrim Society.

He was also a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Watson leaves a widow and five children, the eldest being Prof. Benjamin M. Watson of the Bussey Institute at Roxbury.

THOREAU IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS (1854)

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

If, today, one visits the Court House in East Cambridge and asks for the Court of Common Pleas, someone will reply: "Oh, that ceased to exist a century ago!" If one inquires about the records of this institution, he is likely to be told: "Many years back, the W. P. A. did something to whatever old records we have upstairs in the gallery, but I know nothing about them. Here's a key. See whether you can find what you want." A few days ago I discovered that Thoreau was a witness in the December, 1853, session of this court, in Case 814 (Leonard Spaulding et al. vs. William O. Benjamin)--an action involving tort. It will be best to let the evidence unfold in strictly chronological order.

The case began on February 26, 1853, with the issuance of a summons reading in clipped Justice-of-the-Peace English as follows:

> Leonard Spalding, Physician, & Louisa Spalding & Lydia Spalding, Spinster--all of Milbury in the County of Worcester, Albert G. Spalding & Warren Spalding, yeomen of Lincoln & Harriett Spalding of Lexington, Spinster, of the County of Middlesex. In an action of tort. And the Plaintiffs say that the Defendant on the first day of November now last past forcibly entered the Plaintiffs close, situated in said Lincoln near the Defendant's land & Mill, & dug & tore up the soil thereof & erected an embankment thereon & dug up & destroyed the crop therein growing & caused the land to be overflowd with water & greatly damaged.

Benjamin appeared in court on March 7, 1853, replying as follows:

> And now the said defendant comes and on oath says that he verily believes he has a good and substantial defense to the above named action and intends to bring the same to trial.
>
> William O. Benjamin

Through his lawyers, Buttrick and Marrett, on June 11, 1853, Benjamin filed a statement of the grounds on which he planned to defend himself:

> And the Deft comes and says that he is and for a long time past has been the possessor and occupant of a water mill & a dam to raise a head of water to work the same and also of a parcel of land under and around said mill & dam--all situate in same Lincoln--and he says that as the possessor and occupant of said mill and dam he has the right as all prior possessors & occupants thereof have had at all times between the tenth day of October to the tenth day of May in each and every year for forty years past to keep up in the plaintiffs said close a small dam or embankment about eighteen inches high & two feet long across a depression or channel in the side or margin of the Defendant's mill-pond--to keep up a suitable & sufficient head of water in said pond, to work his said mill & prevent the water of said pond from flowing off & to waste, thro said depression or channel, & the Defendant admits that about the time mentioned in the Plaintiff's writ he did as he had a [right] to do--enter the Plaintiff's said close to erect & repair said dam or embankment & did then & there erect & repair the same doing no unnecessary damage--which is the forceable entry & trespass complained of.
>
> By Buttrick & Marrett his atty

After the case had been entered for trial, the defendant sought help from Thoreau who, in his Journal (VI, p. 71) for Jan. 17, 1854, wrote: "Surveying for William O. Benjamin in east part of Lincoln. Saw a red squirrel on the wall, it being thawing weather. Human beings with whom I have no sympathy are far stranger to me than inanimate matter,--rocks or earth. Looking at the last, I feel comparatively as if I were with my kindred." The record of this routine task is preserved on page 99 of his manuscript, Field Notes of Surveys, reproduced herewith. The next day the Court by summons required him to appear in Cambridge at nine in the morning of January 20, necessitating his leaving Concord on the nineteenth to spend the night somewhere near Harvard College. (See Journal, VI, p. 73). He was back in Concord on January 21, writing Harrison Blake: "I have just returned from Court at Cambridge, whither I was called as a witness, having surveyed a water-privilege about which there is a dispute since you were here." (Correspondence, p. 319). The case was by no means ended, and he was obliged to spend all of January 26 in Cambridge. (See Journal, VI, p. 77). No record of his testimony appears in the packet of papers bearing the case number "814," but interesting evidence exists in answers made by a William Abbott, of Sharon, N. H., whose acquaintance with the farms and privileges, through his own experience and his late father's, extended almost as far back as the Revolution. On Janu-

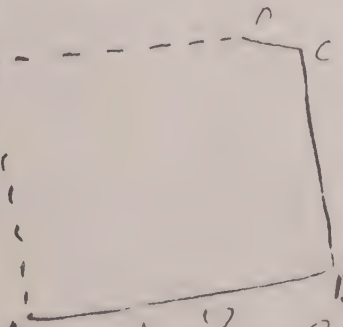
ary 30, the jury found for the plaintiff, assessing Benjamin $25.00 as damages. On February 13, a judgment was imposed on him for that amount and for court costs of $128.33. By this time, Thoreau was probably looking for signs of spring--for that "red squirrel on the wall, it being thawing weather"--for "rocks or earth, feeling as if he were at last with his "kindred."

99

Wm O. Benjamin v. E. Hosmer took level of Dams for Jan 17th 54. Upper Dam about 3 inches higher than Lower. Av. of upper 10 inches higher than waste.

Bank at outlet down, sidehill pointed of Post - 6 inches lower than bank of Upper Dam & 3 inches lower than Lower Dam.

Next trial of point a corner of his wood lot - X - Concluded from meaning that A X was 5 59 1/2 W (the plan I ran from stump at D dated 34 saying 33 1/2) about 31 1/2 rods did the whole ride - getting lost & taking many turns about!



from a white pine S 32 E (the plan and course 8 links E of it

A - B/ a stone mound D X E

G. A Hatchen estimated wood & land in Hosmer Bottom for Early in March. V plan in pencil

Middlesex ss. To Henry D. Thoreau of Concord
in said County of Middlesex

Greeting.

You are hereby required, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to make your appearance before
Justices of the Court of Common Pleas next to be
Cambridge Thursday holden at
within and for the County of Middlesex
on ~~Monday~~ the twentieth day of January instant at 9 o'clock
and from day to day until the Action hereinafter named is heard by the court, to give evidence of what you know relating to
an Action or Plea of Tort
then and there to be heard and tried betwixt

~~William C Benjamin~~ Leonard S Rowell & Others } Plaintiff

and

William C Benjamin } Defendant

Hereof fail not, As you will answer your default under the pains and penalty in the law in that behalf made and provided. —— Dated at Cambridge the eighteenth day of
January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty four

L. Marrett Justice of the Peace.

[Legal Summons addressed to Henry Thoreau, dated January 18, 1854. HM 13198]

April - 51

Tortoise dark in body mar 30
Cat. of alder has leaved - mar 30
Peas - are thinly set - Potatoes 30
Peach & Cork leaf 30 mar

May 51

Yel. water lily in flow May 1st 51

April 52

A robin sings at 5 1/4 p.
Pond hyla ap. 2d 52. song river (mar 31 - 60)
meadow hyla 2 diff kinds lake water 11 - 52
Fish flocks my common about - 16 - 52
Notes of gilead birds frequent 18 - 52
Robin sings strongly mar 18 19 - 52
Bronzes in flower 19 - 52
Hyla arborea [illegible] 27 52
Hyla cat. [illegible] 27 - 52
Pickerel weed [illegible] 27 - 52
Early herb-ground Hyla 28 - 52
Shad ascending in flower 30 - 52
Low grass [illegible] mar Hyla Hyla mar May 1st 52

53

Peas hyla - 13 - 53

May 1st - 53 Ash leaves a little [illegible]

The above are Native Notes for April 1851 and 1852 in the hand of Henry D. Thoreau on the back of a summons to appear at the Court of Common Pleas in Cambridge, in the case of Richard Spalding Lots against William C. Benjamin.

Frederic Rowland Marvin

[The item on this and on the preceding page is reproduced by permission of the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. It is classified there as HM 13198, a legal summons with nature notes inscribed on the reverse side.]

EMERSON'S INFLUENCE ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
A REVIEW *

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Early studies in the influence of Emerson upon Nietzsche were based upon similarities of thought rather than upon demonstrable evidence.[1] Hermann Hummel's useful monograph,[2] only thirteen years ago, was the first to acquaint Americans with the important and almost unexplored resources of the Nietzsche Archive,[3] established in 1894 by the philosopher's sister, Elisabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, who protected it from scholarly exploration until her death. But in 1946, Hummel was hopeful that the Archiv might soon justify its existence and yield its treasures to the student of comparative literature because (1) it had begun to publish a Historisch-Kritische Gesamtausgabe and (2) it had allowed an Eduard Baumgarten to study Nietzsche's notes, "apparently on condition that he refrain from publishing any particulars."[4] Baumgarten's earliest researches on the subject appeared in Der Pragmatismus: Die geistigen Grundlagen des amerikanischen Gemeinwesens (Frankfurt, 1938), in chapter three and in the appendix of which he gave many significant hints. That very year, because of World War II he was forced to leave Goettingen for Koenigsberg, and, at the conclusion of the conflict, Hummel knew nothing of his whereabouts.[5] Baumgarten, however, appears to have been industrious. In 1939, he published an important article, "Emerson--Nietzsche,"[6] probably unknown in America for many months--at least, until after the Armistice. At the end of sixteen years, in 1955, he completed his first detailed manuscript,[7] a year later publishing the first part of it in volume one of the Beitrag zum Deutschen Jahrbuch für Amerikastudien, from which the work currently reviewed--the most exact and authoritative study published to date--has been reprinted. Das Vorbild Emersons im Werk und Leben, therefore, has had a long foreground and manifests the patient and faithful efforts of a true scholar and student of world literature.[8]

Baumgarten's study makes use of Nietzsche's library, marginalia, letters, manuscript notebooks and other records in the Archive to show Emerson's "idea" or "thought pattern" deeply at work in Nietzsche from 1862 until his death in 1900. Considering Emerson to be representative of American life, the German philosopher found in "Self-Reliance" a doctrine translatable into that of his Superman, and in Emerson's optimism, an emotional security and encouragement during troublous years. Although Baumgarten uses parallel columns throughout this part of his study and includes three facsimiles (two of them to be reproduced below) to stress the vital meeting points of the two minds, in his introductory pages he is even more useful to us in stressing contrasts. Whereas Emerson was the fully accepted, healthy citizen of the United States, embedded in its proprieties, Nietzsche was an isolated sick man in the mountains of Switzerland and northern Italy. Emerson and Nietzsche, he demonstrates, nevertheless shared the same kind of existentialism---one different from Kierkegaard's. Part One of of the present work is divided into five sections:

I. Information about the collection of extant manuscripts in the Nietzsche-Archive.

II. Nietzsche's Zarathustra meditation inscribed on an Emerson essay. [See Table one.]

III. Nietzsche's excerpts from "History" and "Self-Reliance" in 1881 and his employment of them in the corpus of his writings.

IV. General outline of Emerson's influence on Nietzsche from 1862 to 1889.

V. Periods of maximum influence: when young Nietzsche repudiated Orthodox Christianity (1862); when he embraced an over-all humanism (1872); when he constructed his Superman on Emerson's model of Self-reliance.

Part Two, yet to appear, will deal with the peculiar epoch-making principle that sprang from Emerson to Nietzsche and with the philosophical enthusiasm which Emerson kindled--binding Nietzsche to him more closely than has hitherto been suspected. The second half will, therefore, have two principal divisions:

VI. Nietzsche's personal stake in Emerson's wholesomeness, vigorous faith and wisdom, indicated chiefly by marginalia in his several editions of the American's works.

VII. A consideration of the differences between Nietzsche and Emerson.

One error of fact appears on page 9: Plate III shows an excerpt from "Spiritual Laws" rather than one "aus dem Essay Emersons über 'Geschichte.'" The passage in English (Works, II, 151-152) reads:

> He may set his own rate. It is a maxim worthy of all acceptation that a man may have that allowance he takes. Take the place and attitude which belong to you, and all men acquiesce. The world must be just. It leaves every man, with profound unconcern, to set his own rate. Hero or drivel-

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Versuche.

(Essays.)

Aus dem Englischen

von

G. Fabricius.

Erste Abtheilung. Geschichte. Selbstvertrauen. Vergeltung. Geistige Gesetze. Liebe. Freundschaft. Klugheit. Heroismus. Die höhere Seele. Kreise. Verstand. Kunst. Tafel I
Zweite Abtheilung. Der Dichter. Erfahrung. Charakter. Sitten. Gaben. Natur. Politik. Nominalist und Realist.

Hannover.
Carl Meyer.
1858.

oder Haseler, die Sache bleibt dieselbe. Der Maßstab, den du selbst an dein Thun und Sein legst, wird sich gewiß immer daraus ersehen lassen, ob du dies Thun und Sein gern umgehen möchtest und deinen Namen verleugnen, oder ob du dein Werk an der concaven Sphäre des Himmels sichtbar werden läßt, wo es eins ist mit dem Umlauf der Sterne.

Dieselbe Wahrheit erstreckt sich auf jegliches Ertheilen von Lehren. Durch sein Handeln lehre der Mensch und nicht anders. Wenn er sich selbst Rechenschaft geben kann, kann er auch lehren, aber nicht durch Worte. Der lehrt, der giebt, und der lernt, der empfängt. Eher ist von keinem Lehren die Rede, ehe der Zögling nicht auf denselben Standpunkt oder zu denselben Grundsätzen gelangt ist wie ihr; eine Transfusion findet statt: er ist ihr, und ihr seid er; dann beginnt ein Lehren, und kein ungünstiger Zufall noch schlechte Gesellschaft kann ihm ganz jenen Gewinn rauben, den er daraus zog. Aber was ihr da aufstellt geht in ein Ohr hinein und aus dem andern wieder hinaus. Wir sehen angezeigt, daß Mr. Grand am vierten Juli einen Vortrag halten will, und Mr. Hand vor der Maschinenbaugesellschaft reden wird, und wir gehen nicht dahin, weil wir wissen, daß diese Herren der Versammlung nicht ihren Charakter und ihr eigentliches Wesen zeigen werden. Wenn wir Grund hätten, eine Mittheilung in dieser Art zu erwarten, würden wir alle Schwierigkeiten und jegliche Opposition überwinden. Die Kranken würden auf Sänften herzu getragen werden. Aber eine öffentliche Rede ist eine Escapade, ein Nicht-Anvertrauen, eine Apologie, ein Knebel, und keine Mittheilung, keine Sprache, kein Mann.

Eine gleiche Nemesis waltet über allen Werken des Geistes. Wir haben noch zu lernen, daß ein in Worte gefaßtes Ding deshalb noch nicht feststeht. Es muß sich selbst seine Sicherheit verschaffen, weder grammatische Formen, noch einleuchtende Darstellung, noch eine geordnete Aufführung von Argumenten können ihm Evidenz geben. Der Spruch muß also seine eigne Apologie in sich tragen, um gesprochen zu sein.

ler, it meddles not in the matter. It will certainly accept your own measure of your doing and being, whether you sneak about and deny your own name, or whether you see your work produced to the concave sphere of the heavens, one with the revolution of the stars.

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* Eduard Baumgarten, Das Vorbild Emersons im Werk und Leben Nietzsches, (Teil I), Heidelberg (Carl Winter: Universitätsverlag, Luther-strasse 59), [1957]. Pp. 68. DM 5,60 [Approximately $1.50].

1 See Régis Michaud, "Emerson et Nietzsche," Revue Germanique, VI (1910), 414-421; Charles Philippe Théodore Andler, Nietzsche, sa Vie et sa Pensée, (6 vols.), Paris, 1920-1931, I, 340-371; Régis Michaud, Autour d'Emerson, Paris, 1924; Julius Simon, Ralph Waldo Emerson in Deutschland, 1851-1937, Berlin, 1937; Rudolf Schottlaender, "Two Dionysians: Emerson and Nietzsche," South Atlantic Quarterly, XXXIX (1940), 330-343; Henry Bamford Parkes, The Pragmatic Test, San Francisco, [1941]; Grace R. Foster, "The Natural History of the Will," American Scholar, XV (1946), 277-287. See also Frederic Ives Carpenter, Emerson Handbook, N.Y., [1953], 13, 85, 146, 210, 244-245, 246-249, 254-257.

2 Hermann Hummel, "Emerson and Nietzsche," N E Q, XIX, no. 1 (March, 1946), 63-84.

3 Ibid., 68. 4 Ibid., 70.

5 Ibid., 70, fn. 19.

6 In Internationale Zeitschrift für Erziehung, VIII (Berlin, 1939), 1-16. [Copy in NYPL.]

7 "Mitteilungen und Bemerkungen über den Einfluss Emersons auf Nietzsche im Herbst 1955 geschrieben und im Frühjahr 1956...erschienen."

8 His introduction bears an interesting subscript: "George Washington Stiftung für Vergleichende Sozialwissenschaften Stuttgart/Mannheim, Mannheim, den 22. Juni 1957."

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONS

By THE EDITOR

Missing from most Emerson bibliographies--and even from Frederic Ives Carpenter's Emerson Handbook--is the definitive history of his paternal ancestors, The English Emersons,[1] printed for private circulation only in an edition of 250 copies--a vast treasure for the genealogist and literary historian. P. H. Emerson, its author wrote R. W. E. at least once--on October 2, 1876[2]--when his researches were in their earliest stages, but the volume did not appear until 1898, sixteen years after the death of the principal American ever to bear the surname. Hoping to interest future biographers in the rich resources which this book puts at our disposal, I give below two obituary notices of its compiler, in the first of which R. W. E's name is carelessly misspelled and he is called a "photographer." They are followed by an excellent book review of The English Emersons, placing the American in his rich family background.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF PHOTOGRAPHY

[July 3, 1936.

Death of Dr. P. H. Emerson, M.B., B.A., a Photographic Pioneer.—After three years' illness Dr. Emerson passed away at Falmouth on May 12. He was born May 13, 1856, at the La Palma Estate in the Island of Cuba. His father, an American, was descended from pilgrim fathers from Bishop Stortford, in Herts, as was his distant relation Ralf Waldo Emerson, the photographer. His mother was a Cornish lady. For eight years he lived on his father's sugar plantations. Then the family went to Massachusetts, and during the Civil War he went to school there. On his father's death his mother returned with her boys to Cuba. Troublous times caused her to return to England. Dr. Emerson was educated at Cranleigh School, and graduated in King's College Hospital and Clare College, Cambridge, in medicine. After his marriage in Cambridge he gave up his medical career and settled in Southwold, Suffolk. He then began photographing in the Norfolk Broads and published several books on East Anglia. His books, such as "Pictures of East Anglia," "Idyls of the Norfolk Broads," "Wild Life on a Tidal Water," "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes of the Norfolk Broads," "East Coast Yarns," and in Norfolk dialect "A Son of the Fens," were published regardless of expense. His "Marsh Leaves" was issued in cheap form by the Great Eastern Railway Co. The most admired book was his "English Idyls." Experiences of his life were portrayed in "Paul Ray" (hospitals) and in "Caoba" (a Cuban guerrilla rebel). Then appeared "The English Emersons," the result of stupendous labour. In his last years he was compiling a history of photography, which he never completed. His "Naturalistic Photography" caused a stir in photographic circles. His "Poacher" gained him a medal; in 1886 he won eleven medals, and in 1895 the Royal Photographic Society awarded him their Progress Medal for his work in the advancement of artistic photography. He exhibited his work in England and abroad. He leaves a widow, two sons, and three daughters.

Eastern Daily Press

NORWICH, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1936

THE LATE P. H. EMERSON M.B., B.A.

Pioneer of the Norfolk Broads

A Bexhill correspondent who has read two letters in our correspondence columns about the late Mr. P. H. Emerson sends us the following further particulars of his career:—

After three years' illness Dr. P. H. Emerson passed away in Falmouth one day

before his birthday. He was born in 1856 on the La Palma Estate, Cuba. His father, an American, was a distant relation of Ralf Waldo Emerson, the writer. The Emersons traced back their ancestry to Bishop Stortford in Essex. His mother was a Cornish lady.

As a boy he lived on the island of Cuba among the sugar plantations—the family moved to Massachusetts, where P. H. E. went to school—at that time the great Civil War was raging. On his father's death the widowed mother went with her two sons back to the estate. These were troublous times then in Cuba and a move was made to England. Emerson entered Cranleigh College and then King's College Hospital and qualified. Then a student of Clare College, Cambridge, and became further qualified.

He abandoned his medical career and settled in Southwold, and then began his career as an author and photographer. He published several books on East Anglia and the Broads, notably "Pictures of East Anglia," "Idyls of the Norfolk Broads," "Wild Life on a Tidal Water," "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes of the Norfolk Broads," "East Coast Yarns," and "A Son of the Fens" (written in colloquial Norfolk dialect).

His "English Idyls" was most admired of his books for its graphic descriptions. Subsequently "Marsh Leaves" was published. His experiences of life were portrayed in Paul Ray (hospital life) and "Caoba" (story of a Cuban guerilla rebel). He published a large volume, "English Emersons," a work that entailed tremendous labour.

The artistic photographs he took in order to illustrate his books were the work of an artist. "The Poacher" won a medal, and "Gathering Lilies" was used by the Edinburgh Photographic Society. He sailed the Broads in his wherry, The Maid of the Mist. He won eleven medals for photographs in one year.

In 1895 the Royal Photographic Society presented him with its Progress Medal for artistic photography. His book, "Naturalistic Photography," raised a controversy.

Emerson was occupied in his last years in compiling a history of photography, but this colossal task was never finished. He moved to Broadstairs, in Kent, and was an active member of the rowing club, competing in the coastal regattas. He had won many prizes for his athletic prowess. East Anglia recalled him, and he lived at Lowestoft and on Oulton Broad, 'near George Borrow's house. Again he moved south to Eastbourne, returning to Somerleyton and subsequently to Cornwall. His mind was clear to the end, and he took a great interest in world affairs. He leaves a widow, two sons, and three daughters.

Anglian Times, Ipswich, England, Monday, Jan. 16, 1899.

THE BOOK-LOUNGE.

Politics, economics, poetry, fiction—all these in their turn engage the attention of that weary Lounger who weekly contradicts the significance of his name by his astonishing industry; which laudable quality has this week led him farther than ever from those familiar paths of belles-lettres in which his feet are supposed lazily to saunter. I return to the vernacular to explain that the courtesy of Dr. P. H. Emerson, which has made me the unworthy but very willing recipient of an imposing and important work on "The English Emersons" (David Nutt) has induced me into the comparatively unaccustomed study of matters genealogical. The Emersons trace their honourable history far back into the beginnings of our national life as an unified English people; and the fact that the greatest bearer of the name was an American, a descendant of early English settlers, does but serve to heighten the interest with which one reads all contributions to the chronicles of their families on this side of the Atlantic.

This latest and most comprehensive historian of the great name demands, I think, by his energetic abilities, a more personal notice than his modesty will welcome, or than my practice usually accords in these columns. But it is the privilege of the Lounge to be elastic, and to take its good things where it finds them. Besides, Dr. Emerson is so well known in many spheres of activity that he should by this time be accustomed to notoriety. Few yachtsmen but recall his stalwart figure at the tiller of the "Maid of the Mist," on Oulton Broad, or beating up the heart-breaking Cut; few photographers who are not acquainted with his daring but invariably artistic methods with the camera, as exhibited at the most famous displays in Berlin, London, and other places where the amateur photographers most do congregate; few rowing-men who have forgotten his feats between Dover and Broadstairs. In literature, his successes have been neither few nor small, and since they have frequently dealt with phases of nature and conditions of existence in Norfolk and Suffolk, it is right that we should here pay tribute to the author of "A Son of the Fens" and "Idylls of the Norfolk Broads." And, finally, I suspect that there are

many who have reason to remember with gratitude the brilliant young doctor who, nearly twenty years ago, was house-physician at King's. So much for some of his accomplishments: the man himself is greater than all, and his not uneventful career has but developed a character which seems specially marked by strength, both physical and moral, and intense energy. Born in Cuba, where his father had a large estate, he had already endured romantic adventures at a time when less fortunate boys have hardly begun to read about them; and three years of his school life were passed in Wilmington, Delaware, when the terrible Civil War was convulsing the States. I do not know whether, in the quiet life at Oulton Broad, where, with his wife and children, he has made so picturesque a home, he ever regrets his more strenuous youth; but at least literature is the gainer, and, apart from the purely literary value of his work, in him the peasantry of Norfolk and Suffolk have found their most sympathetic and faithful delineator.

It is commonly urged against the English that they are, more than any other races, prone to the snobbish worship of rank and wealth. The charge, though not so generally true as is sometimes asserted, has no doubt a large measure of accuracy; and I am inclined to think that an excellent antidote is supplied by those family histories of which Dr. Emerson's work is so excellent example. It is right that the descendants of an old and honoured family should take pride in the accumulation and study of the records of their ancestors; and those corrections of vulgar pretensions, for instance, to arms and crests, which must inevitably accompany all painstaking enquiries into these family histories, must evidently bring confusion to the many snobs who assume arms to which they have no right. On such people Dr. Emerson is rightly severe, and in his earlier chapters he is at some pains to explain what is meant, in strict language, by the much abused word "gentleman." It is hardly practical, I fancy, to suggest that the use of the word can now-a-days be confined to its proper technical sense; indeed, anyone who has been in the United States, and had the word flung at him as one of the commonest words of common speech—in a society where gentle manners cannot even yet be taken as a matter of course, may very well wish, as I have often wished, that the word could be wholly eliminated from the language.

To return, however, to Dr. Emerson's history. The most generally interesting part of it will doubtless prove to be the pedigree which he has drawn up, tracing the American and English branches of the family back to their common stock. The earliest progenitor of whom Dr. Emerson is enabled to speak with absolute accuracy is the Thomas Emerson who, about the year 1638, settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts. Of this worthy the little that is known seems to indicate that he migrated to New England from Bishop Stortford, though, if I understand Dr. Emerson aright, he came originally from the Durham branch. The town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was already established at the time of his exodus, and was remarkable for the wealth and learning of its inhabitants, who included Mr. John Winthrop, the lord of Groton Manor, Suffolk, and afterwards Governor of Connecticut. Here Thomas Emerson quickly made his mark, and in 1646 was a deacon, one of the seven "select men" charged with the administration of the affairs of the community, and a considerable holder of landed property. From him descended in the direct line that American family which, two centuries later, was to issue in the great philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, while the collateral branch leads down, through Henry Ezekiel Emerson, of Cuba, to the author of the volume with which I am now dealing. It should be noted that, though at first glance it might be supposed that this pedigree is American, it is not so in reality, since all those born in the States before 1776 are, of course, English subjects. Dr. Emerson, therefore, is entirely English, and, I make no doubt, he would be properly indignant if any one ventured to call him an American.

It is, however, but a small part of his book which Dr. Emerson devotes to his American-born ancestors. He is naturally occupied more directly with the English representatives of his name, and though it is beyond my province to follow him into his genealogical excursions, I can at least bear testimony to the thoroughness with which he has done his work, and the profound loyalty to the traditions of a great name which has inspired him. There would seem to be no existing representative of the clan who is ignored by the historian, and I find myself sharing the Doctor's obvious regret that he is unable to trace any descendants who are, according to the stringent laws of heraldry, entitled to bear the beautiful coat of arms granted to Ralf Emerson of Foxton (Durham), about 1535. For the benefit of heraldically-instructed readers, I may say that this coat bears: per fesse indented or and vert, on a bend engrailed azure three lions passant argent; the crest being a demi-lion rampant vert and bezanté, holding a battle-axe, shaft gules and head argent. It seems, by the way, that this crest has generally—even in Burke—been given incorrectly, a lion rampant nearly always replacing the demi-lion. Although the connection of Thomas Emerson, of Ipswich, with this Ralf Emerson, of Foxton, cannot be established with the legal accuracy demanded by the College of Heralds, presumptive evidence of his descent is, to some degree, afforded by the fact that this coat of arms is carved on the tombstone which, in the old burying-ground at Ipswich, Mass., marks the grave of Thomas Emerson's son.

Here I must leave this book, which, fascinating as it must be to all bearers of the ancient name so worthily commemorated by Dr. Emerson, cannot fail to interest all Englishmen who have any sense of the value of ancestry, and are accessible to the fascinations of the genealogist and the herald. To have succeeded to a title in the Peerage is by no means an invariable guarantee of high moral worth; but to have carried on unbroken the traditions of those untitled families of gentlemen who have supplied so large a share of our national energy, is certainly to have established a claim to consideration and respect. Those who keep alive the instincts of reverence for our old houses of commoners, therefore, are doing (it seems to me) a very excellent thing; and it is because Dr. Emerson, in the discharge of his particular task, has shown so much energy, learning, and good taste, that I have thought it incumbent on me to direct attention to the charm and importance of his book.

LOUNGER.

1 The English Emersons. A Genealogical Historical Sketch of the family from the earliest times to the end of the Seventeenth Century, including various modern pedigrees, with an appendix of authorities. By P. H. Emerson.... Illustrated with four photogravures, nine line drawings and seventy-six illustrations from photographs, and including eighteen sheet pedigrees. Printed for Private Circulation. London (David Nutt, Publisher), 1898. Pp. xiv + 168 + cxxxv.

2 This letter is in the Houghton Library at Harvard, a part of the vast Emerson correspondence. P. H. Emerson enjoyed considerable American cooperation in his venture. Edward W. Emerson's letter is printed in the Appendix.

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By THE EDITOR

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„Die große, wenn auch weithin unheilvolle Wirkung Nietzsches auf das deutsche und europäische Geistesleben läßt die Frage nach den Vorbildern dieses revolutionären Denkers, nach den Quellen seiner die Welt in Erstaunen setzenden und erschreckenden Gedanken wichtig genug erscheinen, um einer neuen Entdeckung bzw. einem zwingenden Hinweis in dieser Hinsicht ein wohlberechtigtes allgemeines Interesse zu sichern. Ein solcher Hinweis, der beinahe einer Entdeckung gleichkommt und auf sorgfältigen Studien im Nachlaß Nietzsches beruht, ist u. E. gelungen in dem Aufsatz von Eduard Baumgarten, des Titels: ‚Mitteilungen und Bemerkungen über den Einfluß Emersons auf Nietzsche'). Der größte und beständigste geistige Einfluß, der auf Nietzsche überhaupt gewirkt hat, geht von dem Amerikaner Ralph Waldo Emerson aus. Dieser Einfluß ist älter als der Schopenhauers und Wagners, und er hat unvermindert angedauert, als Nietzsche sich von diesen beiden wieder gelöst (ja, im Falle Wagners: losgerissen) hatte. Er hat das Werk Nietzsches gezeichnet im Ausdruck und im Inhalt wie nichts sonst. Daß er der allgemeinen Aufmerksamkeit so wenig entgangen ist, kommt wohl vor allem daher, daß er im stillen, als ein stetiger, von dramatischen Auseinandersetzungen freier Prozeß, verlief."

„Staatsanzeiger für Baden-Württemberg" v. 12. 9. 1956

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FRANKLIN B. SANBORN AND THE HANDCUFFS

By THE EDITOR

Sanborn's stirring experiences in Concord on the eve of the Civil War have been frequently put into print--notably in his Recollections of Seventy Years, (2 vols.), Boston, 1909, I, chapter 8, and in my own Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers, Hartford, 1958. The following letter, now among the Sanborn papers in the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts, refers to the handcuffs of which Sanborn, for many years, spoke proudly. It is addressed to John B. Moore, Concord, Mass., and postmarked "Concord, Mar. 1." Moore was deputy sheriff and coroner, farmer, prison keeper and justice of the peace, son of Abel Moore and brother of George Moore.

Concord Feb 28, 1866

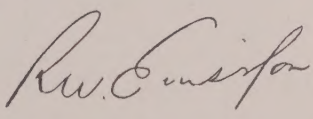
My dear Mr Moore;

I am under great obligations to you for remembering my desire to have the handcuffs which you removed from my wrists so long ago, and sending them to me tonight. I should have made a public acknowledgment of them, but for my dislike to introduce my own matters in connection with the story of Captain Brown--which I had undertaken to tell. I trust you will excuse me for not doing so.

I shall carefully preserve these irons, and if they go out of the possession of my own family, I shall direct to have them given to the town of Concord, as a memorial of one of its good deeds, in which you had a large share.

Truly yours

F. B. Sanborn



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